









# CAMP AND FIELD.

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## PAPERS

FROM THE

PORTFOLIO OF AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

BY

THE REV. JOS. CROSS, D.D.

BOOKS THIRD AND FOURTH.

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## BOOK THIRD.

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### FRONT, FLANK, AND REAR.

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“All civilized nations offer to the admiration of the thinker this circumstance—war: but war—civilized war—exhausts and sums up every form of banditism, from the brigandage of the Trabucaries of the gorges of Mount Jaxa to the marauding of the Camanche Indians in the Doubtful Pass.”—*Victor Hugo*.

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I.  
CIVILIZED WARFARE.

NUMBER ONE.

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July, 1863.

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“ Pardon is for men,  
And not for reptiles: we have none for Steno,  
And no resentment: things like him must sting,  
And higher beings suffer.”—*Byron*.

An interesting document has recently been published—the report of a special committee, consisting of one senator from each of the Confederate States, raised under a resolution of the Senate at its last session, to collect and report the outrages committed by the enemy on the persons and property of our citizens, in violation of the rules of civilized warfare and the rights of humanity. The committee say that they have received statements from only four states—Arkansas, Alabama, and the two Carolinas; that these statements embrace but a small part of what our people have suffered in those states; but that they are sufficient to show that our invaders have been utterly regardless of every principle of the Christian religion and every sentiment of enlightened humanity; and that, in a spirit of wanton and vindictive malice, or of robber-like rapacity, they have destroyed or carried

off property for which the estimates, made almost invariably under oath, amount in the aggregate to about \$15,000,000. Then follows a catalogue of outrages, robberies, cruelties, insults, and murders such as were never before perpetrated in any Christian country, and the mere mention of which were surely enough to make an angel weep, a devil blush, and anything but a Yankee relent. In conclusion, the committee ask permission to continue their labors during the interval of Congress, and report more fully the results at the next session. This report, when completed, will be one of the most important state papers ever given to the public, and will stand as a historical exponent of the Yankee character to other nations and future ages—a monument of Yankee civilization and Christianity to the whole world for all time to come.

In the light of such a record, how suggestive is the cant of our invaders about the rules of civilized warfare! They have come, full of craft and cupidity, bestial lust and demoniac revenge, with the sword in one hand and the torch in the other, “breathing out threatening and slaughter” against the Southern people; polluting our hearths, desolating our homes, and “turning the fruitful field into a wilderness;” destroying our fences, our harvests, and even our implements of husbandry; stealing our horses and mules; killing our cattle and swine; cutting down our fruit-trees and vineyards; robbing our larders, corn-cribs, smoke-houses, and hen-roosts; plundering both palace



and cottage, and shipping their booty northward to enrich their own habitations; dashing to fragments fine sets of glass and chinaware, splitting up rosewood and mahogany furniture for fuel, and cutting elegant carpets to pieces for horse-blankets; rifling ladies' wardrobes, bureaus, band-boxes, and jewelry-cases; draggling costly silks, velvets, and broadcloths in the mud, and stripping them into shreds; tearing open graves, and robbing dead men of their vestments; making bonfires of valuable libraries and precious manuscripts, the records of courts, the archives of states, and the products of the author's toil; burning hotels, churches, colleges, court-houses, and other public edifices; devoting whole towns to the flames, and driving hundreds of hapless families into the fields and forests; demolishing mills, manufactories, granaries, railway depots, bridges and trestles; carrying away the carpenter's plane and saw, and the blacksmith's hammer and anvil; counterfeiting our currency, and advertising their villany for gain; violating the sanctity of our cemeteries and mutilating the monuments of our departed friends; torturing the hearts of the bereaved by wresting from them the fondly cherished relics of their deceased relatives and kindred; arresting, imprisoning, and murdering unarmed and inoffensive citizens in revenge for the death of some miscreant killed by our soldiers in a legitimate war of protection; forcing multitudes, under pain of confiscation or incarceration, to perjure themselves by an oath of fealty to a government they could

not help detesting; extorting large sums of money from Southern men for the support of the military despotism that was grinding them to the dust; seizing the aged and feeble in their beds, transporting them hundreds of miles from their homes, confining them in dark and filthy dungeons, and retaining them there as hostages till they perished with hunger or pined away in despair; desecrating places of worship by every possible indecency, turning them into barracks and hospitals, stables and slaughter-houses; laying sacrilegious hands upon the contents of the desk and the chancel, carrying off the communion service, hurling the Bible into the street, and trampling it in the mire; plucking the preacher from his pulpit, shutting him up in prison, and prohibiting his friends from administering in any manner to his comfort; driving old men, feeble women, and helpless children from their dwellings at midnight, without food or clothing, to perish of hunger and cold; shutting up delicate young ladies in the common jail, and fastening their limbs to the filthy floor; distressing widows and orphans by depriving them of all means of subsistence; perpetrating outrages upon innocence which might shock the feelings of a Sepoy or crimson the cheek of a Camanche; maltreating the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the lame, the sick, the dementate, and other unfortunate classes; appropriating or destroying articles invaluable to us, and both useless and inoffensive to themselves; kidnapping negroes or enticing them away from their masters, treating them like

dogs, working them like mules, selling them like swine, or exchanging them for cotton; offering freedom to slaves, putting arms into their hands, and inciting them to assassination and murder; stripping our soldiers, when they unfortunately fell into their hands, of their clothing, money, watches, pocket-knives, and every dear memento of home affection they chanced to bear upon their persons; crowding them into narrow and unventilated rooms, without furniture, fire, or light—without any convenience whatever for washing, cooking, eating, or sleeping; forcing them to subsist on mouldy bread, raw bacon, tainted beef, and water that might almost turn the stomach of an alligator; prohibiting them the use of pen or pencil, and denying them all privilege of communication with their friends; keeping them many months confined, in violation of all faith and honor, till devoured by vermin and wasted by disease; loading their limbs with irons, offering them every possible indignity, and shooting them often in the mere wantonness of hate. What deed of villany, perfidy, cruelty, and infamy have they not committed? What law, civil or military, ancient or modern, human or divine, have they not remorselessly trampled under foot? The war which they are waging against us is not for union, but for revenge; not for reconstruction, but for extermination; not for the security of their own country, but for the desolation and destruction of ours. It is not merely savage, brutal, fiendish—it is unmixed and unmitigated Yankee! And now, forsooth,

when the poor shoeless, coatless, capless Southern soldier, fighting for home and family—for life, liberty, and all that is dearest to man—stoops to take from the carcass of the robber, the murderer, the incendiary he has slain, the shoe, the coat, the cap, so necessary to his own comfort, and quite useless to the vile clay he is about committing to the grave; now, when the President of these Confederate States issues his proclamation, ordering that the commissioned officers of the vandal crew, whenever caught upon our sacred soil, shall be handed over to the civil authorities as outlaws, incendiaries, and excitors of servile insurrection, to be dealt with according to their deserts; now, when a regiment of negroes, whom they have enticed or stolen from their masters, armed against our liberties and lives, and fired with something of their own fiendish malevolence, are captured and hanged, as required by the laws in such cases made and provided—laws deemed necessary for the security of private rights and the public peace before the war began, and beyond all question doubly necessary now—these very men, who have committed or abetted crimes against the South of which a demon ought to be ashamed—as if they had monopolized all the truth, justice, honor, purity, and magnanimity of the western hemisphere—forthwith stun the ear of the world with their disgusting hypocritical cant about “the rules of civilized warfare!”

“Civilized warfare,” indeed! Look! There is Lincoln, another Nero, at Washington, gloating

over his satanic plot of servile insurrection, and rejoicing in the hope of emptying ere long all Pandemonium upon our soil. There is Johnson, a modern Jugurtha, at Nashville, exulting like a demon in the incipient triumph of his treachery, and subjecting peaceable citizens and preachers of the gospel to the rigors of penitentiary discipline. There is Butler, a more brutal Tiberius, at New Orleans—

“Upon whose brow Shame is ashamed to sit”—

devouring the very earth in his fury, enriching himself from the coffers of his captives, imbruing his filthy hands in the blood of brave men, making use of his “little brief authority” to insult modest women, and issuing his fiendish edicts to license the abominable lusts of the most despicable gang of brigands that ever sold themselves to a tyrant.

“O villains, vipers, damned without redemption !

Three Judases, each three times worse than Judas !”

And to hear the abject minions and despicable vassals of such miscreants as these—to hear the slimy reptiles that crawl about the feet of these huge red-fanged monsters and feed upon their excrement—descanting so complacently upon “the rules of civilized warfare”—is it not enough to provoke the mirth of demons, and excite the very seraphim to indignation ?

Our enemies have far outdone their Puritan ancestors—thrice worthy sons of pious sires, who burned witches, hanged Quakers, and cured heresy by cropping ears and slitting noses. True,



there are several points of difference, and they must not be overlooked :

First. The sires slew men and women for the Lord's sake, impelled by their jealousy for the Divine glory, their zeal for "the faith once delivered to the saints." Their sons do it for Lincoln's sake and their own, inflamed by a political fanaticism, by the greed of gain, the lust of power, and the demoniac thirst for blood.

Secondly. The sires were honest and pure men, who respected the right of property, guarded the virtue of woman, and sacredly kept their word ; practising themselves the severe code of morals which they prescribed for others. Their sons are thieves and robbers, liars and hypocrites, drunkards and sensualists of the most brutal and abandoned sort ; and destitute even of that proverbial honor which to some extent redeems the character of Spanish brigands and Italian bandits.

Thirdly. The sires, with all their intolerance of what they deemed "damnable heresies," showed some degree of refinement ; being, for the chief part, men of cultivated minds, of elegant manners, and carefully observant of the ordinary courtesies of social life. Their sons are bears in society, beasts among human beings, ignorant of the first principles of common politeness, treating all delicacy of feeling with contempt and scorn, and trampling upon all the wholesome laws which govern the intercourse of men and women in every civilized nation under heaven.

## II. CIVILIZED WARFARE.

NUMBER TWO.

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July, 1863.

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“Soft! the blood of murdered legions  
Calls for vengeance from the skies;  
Flaming towns and ruined regions  
All in awful judgment rise.”—*Montgomery.*

I will here give the reader a few illustrations of civilized warfare as practised by our invaders. The instances adduced <sup>are</sup> ~~rod~~ are equally authentic and *ad punctum*.

The first and second attempts to take Vicksburg proved signal failures. Three divisions were repeatedly repulsed, with a loss of at least five thousand men. Retreating up the Mississippi, the Yankee banditti undertook to wreak their thrice-baffled vengeance upon the plantations as they passed. At Eagle Bend, they burned Mr. Willis' gin-house, negro-quarters, and every building upon the place, killed or carried off all his stock, and murdered the only “American of African descent” they could catch. At Buena Vista, they visited Mr. Kiger's house, found there a German woman and two servants, took the very rings from the ears and the fingers of the former, left her not so much

as a change of raiment, carried the negroes away with them, and stripped the premises of everything portable. At Mrs. Bell's, on the Louisiana shore, opposite Tennessee Landing, they robbed every white citizen of all he possessed, tried to persuade all the colored people to go with them; and failing in this, deprived the poor creatures of their bedding, of the very clothes upon their backs; and left them not a fowl, nor a pig, nor a pound of bacon for subsistence. At the plantation of Matt. Johnson they pillaged and destroyed whatever they could lay their hands on, loaded several of their transports with the cotton which they found stored at his mill, forced the negro men into freedom, and treated their wives and daughters—especially the more handsome among them—*à la* Yankee Doodle. There was scarcely an inhabited plantation on either side of the river which they did not plunder and desolate; and wherever they landed, the poor negro women can tell of outrages too sickening for recital.

And how the demons exult in the ruin they have wrought! One of them, writing from Helena to the Philadelphia Press in reference to the Yazoo Pass expedition, says:

“The expedition is, so far, a great success in this, that it has entirely destroyed all prospects for crops of any kind on the Yazoo Pass, on the Cold Water, and on the Tallahatchie. In addition to the above very important item, all the cotton, cotton-gins, plantation houses, and negro-quarters, all the corn and the cattle, and all the fences on these streams, were utterly destroyed; besides, the rebel loss in killed, and wounded, and in prisoners, and from desertion, was very considerable. Their



greatest loss, however, was in the very large amount of cotton they destroyed to keep us from getting it, and the loss of a great number of their negroes, who were brought out under the provisions of the President's proclamation, and in the complete demoralization of what were left. A portion of the negroes that the Yazoo Pass expedition caused to leave their masters are now drilling at this point as Federal soldiers.

"The breaking of the levee in getting into the pass will destroy all the country adjacent to our route, and will render the whole upper portion of the State of Mississippi so sickly that it will be impossible for their armies to remain in the localities we have just visited. The same may be said of all the Lake Providence country and that of Vicksburg, and, in fact, of all the states on the Mississippi river—for the levees are broken from Memphis to New Orleans, and can not soon be repaired, for the negroes won't work, and Southern chivalry have to fight not only the Yankee but starvation."

A Confederate officer, wounded at Perryville, taken prisoner at Harrodsburg, and recently exchanged, has furnished me with a few facts touching his two months' sojourn within the Yankee lines. He says that he and his fellow-captives were crowded, thirty or forty together, into a room eighteen feet square, filthy and full of vermin; that they were deprived of their blankets, and nearly all their clothing, even the articles presented by the kind ladies of Harrodsburg; that the very pen-knives were taken from their pockets, the brass buttons cut from their coats, and the gold-rings pulled off their fingers; that they were not allowed to read a newspaper, keep a diary, or make a note even with a cedar pencil; that at Lexington no rations were furnished them, and the ladies who came to feed them were repulsed with threats and curses; and that, as they marched

along the street, the officers ordered the guard to bayonet the first man that should shout for Jeff. Davis or the Confederacy. His picture of their sufferings on board the steamer that brought them from Louisville to Vicksburg agrees with the following statement of a lady passenger, an accomplished daughter of Kentucky :

“They were crowded, some nine hundred or a thousand, in the hold of the boat, standing in water four inches deep, and fed on raw pork and spoiled crackers, without blankets, compelled to huddle together to keep warm. All were able to walk at a quick-step on starting; twenty-two died on the way; and on our arrival at Vicksburg eighty of the number had to be carried off the boat. These are our humane brothers and friends of the North. Can a just God prosper such a people?”

A writer from Grant's army, in the *Chicago Times*, informs his Northern brethren that the ladies of Mississippi are openly robbed of their money and their watches in the street; that their houses are ruthlessly entered, day and night, by the civilized soldiery of the United States; and pistols applied to their heads, and bayonets to their breasts, till they surrender their jewelry and their clothing.

A lady of Holly Springs, in the *Memphis Appeal*, gives a shocking account of Yankee civilization in that place after the visit of Van Dorn. She says that officers and soldiers alike robbed the citizens of everything that could be useful to them; that the women who accompanied them loaded themselves down with plunder; that some gentlemen had all their clothing taken from them, while that of their wives and children was torn to pieces or given to negroes; that fine pianos

were split up for kindling-wood or used for horse-troughs; that their civilized subjugators jumped upon their dining-tables, and kicked their contents about the room; that they dashed jars of pickles and preserves against the wall, and scattered their luxuries upon the carpet; that they desecrated the house of God, and literally made it a den of thieves; that they split up the organ of the Episcopal Church, and played cards upon the communion-table; and that Major-General Grant, having used as his head-quarters the residence of a wealthy citizen, coolly pocketed the silver spoons when he departed, and carried away all the silver-ware in the house.

In the western district of Tennessee they have systematically undertaken the policy of starving into subjugation those whom they can not conquer with the sword; taking all the bacon, and other provisions, from the women and children, and leaving no family more than a fortnight's supply.

In Wheeling, three young ladies are thrust into the common jail, and tied to the floor, for no other crime than their sympathy with the South.

In Baltimore, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Carey, whom the correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer pronounces "a high-toned lady, as pure as an icicle," is taken into custody, and arraigned before the awful judges, for displaying a Confederate flag from her window while a New York regiment was drilling in front of the house.

In Northern Virginia, an innocent and interesting young girl, the only child of a widow, is seized

by an armed band in church, while the congregation are engaged in prayer, hurried away to Washington, and locked up in prison. Her half-distracted mother follows her to the railroad station, and begs to be permitted to go with her to Washington; and when, upon being denied this privilege, she weeps aloud, the kidnappers exclaim, "Hear how the old rebel howls!"

In Missouri, eight persons, one of them a judge, another an ex-member of Congress, a third a minister of the Gospel of Peace, are wantonly butchered by Federal soldiers under the eye of their commanding officers; one of the victims being dragged from his bed at midnight, another shot down like a dog in the presence of his imploring wife and children, and a third treacherously killed by order of the officer, who had, fifteen minutes before, given the most solemn pledge of his security; and all this for no other reason than that they had honestly expressed themselves favorable to the Southern cause.

In St. Louis, the Rev. Dr. McPheeters, an eminent Presbyterian minister, is banished from his pulpit, driven from the city and the state, and forbidden to return under penalty of death, because he would not publicly denounce the Southern cause, and pray for the success of the Northern despotism.

The wife and children of Captain McCann, near Nashville, are turned out of doors, the house set on fire and consumed with all its contents, and horses and wagons stolen, because the husband

and father, a gallant cavalier of the Confederate army, in a legitimate war of self-defence, had impeded the invader's progress by destroying a railroad bridge.

The fine residence of Judge Ridley, a few miles from Murfreesboro', is doomed to the same fate; not an article of furniture spared, not a bushel of corn nor a pound of meat, every negro marched off to Nashville, and a wealthy family reduced to beggary in an hour.

Harper's Weekly, of January 10th, contains an advertisement of "Counterfeit Confederate notes of all denominations, warranted *fac similes* of the genuine—Five Hundred Dollars' worth to be sent by mail, postage paid, on the receipt of Five Dollars, by W. E. Hilton, 11 Spruce street, New York;" and many of the Yankees captured at Murfreesboro' actually had their pockets filled with these incontestible proofs of puritanical civilization.

On Sunday, the 3d of May, while General Lee was routing Hooker's host at Chancellorsville, Sedgwick was assailing the little band of Confederates on Marye's Heights. After having been twice repulsed, he sent in a flag of truce asking leave to collect his dead. This was a mere pretence for the purpose of gaining time to make a new disposition of his forces, which had otherwise been impracticable. As soon as the change was effected he withdrew his treacherous white rag, and the hill was flanked and carried. Thus the only success of the enemy, and that a very brief one, during the seven days' contest, was gained by



a base, perfidious trick, peculiarly Yankee—a trick which our invaders have practised several times before, and the like of which has never been resorted to by any other civilized people.

Take a fact or two from Nashville—the once cheerful and beautiful Nashville—now despoiled, and dreary, and tomblike, and broken-hearted.

Let it be premised that in Nashville the Federal government has employed a lot of detectives, whose system of espionage equals that in France during the most terrific and bloody days of the revolution of 1789. It is the duty of these men to watch suspected citizens, both male and female, at all hours of the day and the night, and in every place, not even excepting the privacy of their bedchambers.

Very recently one of these detestable creatures was given a number of pistols, and charged to convey them to the house of some secession sympathizers, for what purpose may be well imagined. He discovered that Mrs. Samuel, a widow lady, with only two daughters, who made her living by sewing, was obnoxious as a friend of the South. Accordingly he visited her with a basket of unmade clothing, beneath which the pistols were concealed. He pretended to be a Southerner, and only wanted to hide them for a short time. The good woman, anxious to serve the holy cause in which were embarked all her hopes, readily accepted the fire-arms. That night a guard of abolition soldiers visited and searched her premises, and, of course, found the pistols. They had only

laid a decoy-duck for her detection. Mrs. Samuel was arrested, and, with only the clothes upon her, hurried off to Louisville and the North. A friend and neighbor who attempted to furnish her with clothing and food was repulsed by the guard, with the remark, "We 'll have you in Camp Chase next."

The following official document needs no explanation. "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord:."

"HEAD-QUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,  
NASHVILLE, Tennessee, February 7, 1863.

"The general commanding at this post desires to express his admiration of the zeal evinced by certain secession families in administering to the wants and alleviating the sufferings of the Confederate wounded to-day brought to this city. Great praise should be awarded them for their devotion to the suffering soldiers of that cause to which they are so enthusiastically allied. Desiring to give them still greater facilities for the exercise of that devotion which to-day led them through the mud of the public streets of this city, unmindful of the inclemency of the weather; and desiring farther to obviate the necessity of that public and flaunting display, which must be repugnant to the retiring dispositions of the softer sex, the general commanding directs as follows:

"Surgeon Thurston, Medical Director, will select forty-five of the wounded and sick Confederate soldiers this day brought from the front, to be quartered as follows: Fifteen at the house of Mrs. McCall, fifteen at the house of Dr. Buchanan, and fifteen at the house of Mr. Sandy Carter—all on Cherry street, immediately below Church street. As it is desirable that the sick and wounded should not be agitated by the presence of too many persons, no one will be admitted to the rooms in which the wounded are, except their surgeons, without passes from Surgeon Thurston.

"Each family above named will be held responsible for the safe delivery of the Confederate soldiers thus assigned when called for by the proper military authority, under penalty, in

failure of such delivery, of forfeiture to the United States of their property and personal liberty.

“By order of

ROBERT B. MITCHELL,  
“Brigadier-General Commanding Post.”



### III.

## CIVILIZED WARFARE.

NUMBER THREE.

---

July, 1863.

---

“O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,  
My soul is sick, with every day's account  
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.  
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;  
It does not feel for man. The natural bond  
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax  
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.”—*Cowper*.

William Driver is an honest old sea-captain, impulsive, determined, and somewhat blunt in manners, but as generous, honorable, and full of chivalry as is common with men of his profession. Till recently he had always been an enthusiastic and uncompromising “Union man.” His son was arrested and ordered North. The old man went to the Capitol, and demanded by whose authority and for what reason it was done. Receiving no satisfaction, he applied to head-quarters, but with a like result. Failing to obtain his son's release,

he went to the railway station to see him off. Extending his hand to him, the bluff old sailor said:

“Good-by, my boy; hold up your head, and keep a stiff upper lip, and never take the oath of allegiance to a government that treats you in this way! You may have been wrong, but that does not justify the Governor in exiling you from your home without any charge having been preferred against you, or any trial being allowed you.”

Then, turning to the crowd, he said: “I have followed that flag all over the world, and it has always afforded me protection; it has always been my pride to say, ‘I am an American citizen!’ If this is the liberty we are to enjoy, if this is the manner in which American citizens are to be treated, we have a worse despotism than ever was seen in Vienna. If this is the government we have to support and protect, then I say, away with such a government! It is a well-known fact that I am the only Union man in the city who had the daring, during the rebel term here, to stand up and speak his sentiments.”

Here the captain was interrupted by the guard, who said, “I see what kind of a Union man you are; you have advised your son not to take the oath of allegiance.”

Driver replied: “So I do; and if he has the pluck of his old father, he will never yield to oppression of any kind. I have now said all I wish to say.”

An officer here ordered him to “dry up.” Driver replied: “I will not do it, sir; I am a free

American citizen, and it has always been my privilege to express my sentiments when and where I pleased. Who are you, sir? and from whom do you derive the right to prevent free speech? We, the people, make shoulder straps and such men as you!"

The officer threatened to arrest him. Driver replied: "You are a commissioned officer, in the employment of the United States government, and I a citizen; and as such I am superior to you, and I defy you, sir!" Here the whistle sent forth its shrill sound, and the exiles were on their way.

John Corbitt, Esq., a man seventy-three years of age, was a highly respectable citizen of Nashville, and had been for upwards of twenty years a magistrate in that ill-fated city. One night, after he had retired to rest, three Federal soldiers attempted to drive off his cow and calf. He arose, went out, and remonstrated with the thieves. They broke his skull with a stone. Mr. Tovel, a British subject, was requested by the afflicted family to deliver a discourse at the funeral. A large concourse attended, among whom were forty or fifty Yankee soldiers. The speaker, in the course of his remarks, adverted to the robberies and outrages which had been so frequent of late, as presenting a strange anomaly in a community where extraordinary measures had been adopted, professedly for the more effectual maintenance of law and order; and probably he animadverted with some just degree of severity upon the crime which had occasioned this funeral, and the men

by whom it had been perpetrated. He had scarcely left the ground when he was arrested by a band of soldiers, conducted to Negley's head-quarters, detained three hours in the guard-room, and then brought into the presence of the general. "I am informed," said that just and benevolent official, "that you have been abusing me and speaking disrespectfully of the military authorities." Mr. Tovel assured him that he had done neither the one nor the other. He owned that he had spoken in terms of strong detestation of the atrocities perpetrated by those who, in the garb of Federal soldiers, prowled about the streets by night, robbing hen-roosts, stealing cows and calves, and beating out the brains of peaceable citizens; but added that, among the numerous soldiers present at the funeral, there was not one in whose veracity the least confidence could be placed, who would state that any allusion—the most distant—had been made either to General Negley or to the military authorities. No witnesses were called, however, and Mr. Tovel was escorted to his future quarters in the penitentiary. He has since written an interesting narrative of his experience among the civilized soldiery in the captive city, from which I extract the following paragraphs:

"But, as showing the mean and malignant spirit that seems to actuate the Federal authorities, I will state an occurrence which took place some three or four weeks ago, in relation to five of my own messmates. Two of them were lawyers, one a merchant, and the other two were proprietors of large plantations and a full force of negroes. All of them were men of mark and of high social position in their respective neighbor-

hoods. Well, the provost marshal sent a guard to bring these men to his office at the capitol. This was about noon. The functionary I have mentioned, after a few interrogatories, told them that he should send them North, and they might expect to start toward Louisville the next morning, and, on account of its lying directly in the route of their march, he would have them lodged for the night at the workhouse, to which they would at once proceed.

"Now these five gentlemen, with five others, who were prisoners of war, having arrived at the workhouse, were thrust into a low cell, fourteen feet by eight, without a single article of furniture, or even so much as a bench to sit on. There were no windows, but in their stead were three openings in the wall, each about eighteen inches by six in measurement. These were at best but contracted quarters for ten men, but the evil was increased tenfold by the fact that in an open shed opposite were posted a guard of Federal soldiers, who kept fire continually burning, the smoke of which soon filled the cell, being driven by the wind through the openings in the wall. The effects of the smoke became so intolerable that they began to fear suffocation, and besought the lieutenant to open the door and grant them access to the open air. But this he refused them, and kept it locked. They had then no other alternative but to lie flat on the floor, filthy and saturated with urine as it was, from four o'clock in the afternoon until five the next morning.

"The Federal authorities, in prosecuting the barbarous enterprises in which they are engaged, have been very fortunate in securing fitting instruments for executing their purposes. Their soldiers are such adepts at theft, rapine, and murder, that they would evidently feel themselves out of their natural element were they placed in circumstances which tended to obstruct them in their favorite pursuits. Their brutal excesses almost surpass belief, and are many of them of a nature that scarcely admit of their being chronicled by the journalist. I will, however, give as a sample one well authenticated instance:

"A few Sundays ago a number of them entered a negro Sunday-school, as a set of pious visitors, who took a benevolent interest in 'Sabbath' schools in this city. After catechising the pupils for a short time they took upon themselves to dismiss the school, requesting, however, on some pretext, purporting that



the older and more advanced scholars might be successfully initiated into the more recondite mysteries of the faith, that certain 'young sisters,' whom they pointed out, should remain for this purpose a short time longer. There were from twenty to thirty young women thus indicated, and not one of them was allowed to escape till these fiends had fully satisfied their brutal lusts upon her person.

"There are no words in our language strong enough to apply to fiends of this stamp. During the dark ages acts were perpetrated that makes one's blood fairly run cold to think of. But the acts of the Lincoln hordes of the nineteenth century far exceed in barbarity those of the uncivilized nations of the past. And what makes these deeds the more infamous, the men who commit them are lauded for their 'zeal in the cause of liberty' from hundreds of Northern pulpits, and are bid 'God-speed' in their savage and brutal work by the abolition occupants of the same. A worse condition of morals could not exist in Satan's dominions."

The following is an excerpt from an article in the Nashville Union, well adapted to give the Southern people a correct idea of Northern civilization :

"The Southern harvests are said to be very flourishing. Now let our cavalry, of which we will soon have an immense force, destroy these harvests in all directions to such an extent as to make them valueless for supplies for the rebel army. The negroes will be the very ones to aid our expedition in this work. Had the advice we urged upon our military authorities been adopted last summer, there would be no rebel raids into Middle Tennessee this side of Shelbyville for provisions, for there would have been none worth coming for. Let our troops destroy all stores which they can not use. To spare them is to leave them to feed rebel armies. We must burn out treason with fire, and then drown its embers in blood."

The Richmond Examiner gives a shocking account of recent outrages in King William county, Virginia. The Rev. W. S. Fontaine, a clergyman

of the Protestant Episcopal Church, an inoffensive and excellent citizen, had an elegant country-seat, with gardens, orchards, and ornamental grounds of unusual extent and beauty. The Yankee General Dix encamped upon the place in the absence of its proprietor. To conciliate the soldiers, the ladies fed them freely, till the family supplies were exhausted; and then the voracious rascals clamored insolently for more, and vowed they would have it or destroy the place. They shot the fowls, hogs, sheep, cows, and calves; destroyed the crops; burned the fences; cut down the shade-trees and shrubbery; demolished the barns, stables, and agricultural instruments; and laid waste the gardens, orchards, and ornamental grounds. For a while they respected the residence; but when the supplies failed they surrounded it with fiendish yells and curses, threatening to burn it over the heads of its inmates unless they were forthwith furnished with more food. Mrs. F. told them it was all consumed, and she had nothing left for the family. At this very time they were roasting some animals of Mr. F.'s which they had just slaughtered. Aided by a number of runaway negroes, with savage insults and demoniac blasphemies, they commenced sacking the house. The ladies fled in terror, with nothing but what they wore. The destroyers now stripped the mansion of everything portable that they deemed worth carrying away, and with a fiendish delight devoted the remainder to the flames. Trunks, bureaus, wardrobes, were broken open; and every piece of

apparel and every article of jewelry was eagerly appropriated. Silver cups, pots, forks, spoons, and waiters were conveyed to the officers' quarters. Window-shades, carpets, feather-beds, and mattresses were torn into shreds and scattered over the premises. The family portraits were demolished, with a number of costly paintings. A well-selected library, theological and miscellaneous, was consumed. Large gilded mirrors and elegant slabs of marble were beaten to pieces with axes and hammers. Every article of glass and china-ware was dashed to fragments, and not so much as a tumbler or a teacup left unbroken. To finish the vandal riot, the beautiful furniture was piled together in the parlor, a quantity of kerosine oil was poured over it, a match applied; and in the light of the lurid flames which rolled up into the evening sky, Diabolus Dix

"Grinned horribly a ghastly smile,"

and saluted the infernal crew with—"Well done, good and faithful servants!"

These demons incarnate were Pennsylvanians. And while they were committing these unrivalled outrages, General Lee was issuing orders for the protection of their property at home; placing guards around their orchards, gardens, and growing crops; making the killing of a chicken, the cutting of a cabbage, or the entering of an inclosure, a crime; paying a liberal price for all he took from the citizens—amazing and amusing the Dutch Yankees by his forbearance, gentleness, and charity.



The Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Alexandria, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Watson, of Wilmington, relates at length an outrage committed upon him while performing divine service in the house of God. Several Yankee officers, well supported by bayonets, came to his church for the very pious and patriotic purpose of compelling him to pray for "the President of these United States and all others in authority." He had begun the Litany, when the gallant leader of the gang arose and commanded him to "read the prayer for the President." The rector paid no attention to the ruffian, but continued with the Litany. A signal was now given, and the whole company rushed forward to the chancel. A sergeant sprang over the railing, snatched the prayer-book from the Doctor's hands, and threw it violently upon the floor. A gentleman of the congregation seized the wretch, and hurled him out of the chancel. The officers and soldiers of "the most mild and tolerant government in the world" instantly drew their sabres and pistols. Women screamed and fainted; some remonstrated with the ruffians; others strove to hold back their husbands; and many fled affrighted from the house. A company hitherto held in reserve at a little distance rushed to the door, and begged the officers to let them "fire upon the damned secession women and children." Amid all this noise and confusion, the reverend gentleman was ordered to take off his surplice, which he very properly refused to do. Two sergeants seized him in the chancel, each holding a loaded revolver

at his breast, and with great violence forced him out of the church and through the streets. His daughter, an elegant young lady, approached them and remonstrated; when they rudely laid hold upon and dragged her along to the guard-room. There arriving, the clergyman was insulted and browbeaten in the most dastardly and contemptible manner. To all their abuse he answered with becoming calmness and dignity—that he had broken no law of the land, and violated no canon of the church—that he was a resident of the city, and could have been arrested, if necessary, at any other time, without such a shameful desecration of the Sabbath and the sanctuary—that even at the peril of death in five minutes, he would not allow the military power to enter the church and dictate prayers to the minister of God at the altar—that the warfare thus waged, by the United States forces, upon non-combatant clergymen and defenceless women and children, for the purpose of crushing out the liberties of the South, was utterly unworthy of the most despicable government on the face of the earth. After all this, he was severed from his family and driven out of the city, to seek religious freedom in exile, and personal safety among strangers.

The rules and regulations of the United States Army declare that “religious edifices are to be regarded as sacred,” and it is the custom of all civilized nations to treat the enemy’s places of worship with respect. But in one county of Virginia, Fairfax, Lincoln’s infidel hirelings have se-

riously injured or totally destroyed every church they found. At Fairfax Court-house they have turned the Episcopal church into a stable, and demolished the Methodist church and parsonage. At Centreville they have burned the Episcopal church, and razed the Methodist to its foundations. At Frying Pan they have irreparably damaged the Baptist church, and utterly destroyed the Methodist. Paine's church, one of the old colonial structures, has been levelled to the ground. Fall's church, another of the same class, has been much injured, and converted to a hospital. Pohic church, where Washington worshipped, and on one of whose pews his name was still to be seen, has been torn to pieces and turned into a stable. Lebanon church has been burned to ashes, Andrew chapel pulled down, with the houses of worship at Anandale, Dranesville, and Mount Carmel. Can the history of any civilized nation, ancient or modern, produce a similar record?

A force of seven hundred cavalry recently made a raid upon Florence, Alabama; remained there only about three hours; and during that time burned three large cotton-factories, two woollen-factories, one hotel, four dwellings, two blacksmith-shops, a carriage-shop, a carpenter-shop, and the Masonic hall; broke open every store in the place, and took whatever they could carry away; went into private houses, and robbed citizens of money, watches, clothing, and jewelry; and when they departed, took with them all the negroes and

horses they could find, and fired several mills, tanneries, and country residences in their course.

In Matthews county, Virginia, a Yankee raiding party, under the command of one Colonel Spears, committed an unparalleled act of atrocity upon the person of Mr. Sands Smith, an estimable citizen of sixty-nine years, famous for his benevolence and moral rectitude. Mr. Smith was fired at by one of the fiends, when he defended his own life by shooting his assailant. Hereupon Spears, after cursing the brave old man in a volley of the most horrible oaths, caused him to be hauled by the neck up to the limb of a tree, amid the yells, jeers, and laughter of the Eleventh Pennsylvania regiment; and, after perforating him with pistol-balls as he hung, buried him in the highway, head downward, feet protruding, and a written notice attached to them, in language so obscene as to prohibit its repetition, threatening a similar fate to every man found in the county with weapons in his hands!

IV.  
CIVILIZED WARFARE.

NUMBER FOUR.

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July, 1863.

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“ They went about their stealing  
With a conscientious feeling,  
And a puritanic prayer that the enslaving of the whites  
Might set the negroes free  
And lead the world to see  
That the Yankee is the hope and the stay of human rights.”  
*Knoxville Chronicle.*

O that Mr. Lincoln could see himself as others see him! Here is an excerpt from an Irish paper, the Belfast News Letter, which is earnestly commended to his perusal. Let it be borne in mind that this voice comes from a country whose sympathies are all against slavery :

“ If Mr. Lincoln were a Brahmin we could understand him, for the religion of the Brahmin teaches him that his sins and shortcomings are not to be regarded as those of common men. The law promulgated by Mr. Lincoln is like that of Menu, which declares that the Brahmin is entitled to all that exists in the universe by his primogeniture and eminence of birth. This eminent Yankee claims sovereign sway from Staten island to the Rocky mountains. He can not bring his mind to the contemplation of the indisputable fact that he is a very humble person after all, and that, in all human probability, he will return to his native obscurity in a few short months, and leave behind him nothing but a name infamous for all time.



"His Emancipation proclamation is nothing more nor less than a premium for murdering men and outraging women. It is the most odious and atrocious outburst of brutal and cowardly vindictiveness that ever emanated from a pagan or 'christian' tyrant. The author of it, and the 'christian' people who approve it, are more debased than the besotted savages of the Feejee islands; and, if the great powers of Europe do not step in to prevent it, they will deserve, as assuredly they will incur, the execration of posterity. Heretofore the patriots of the South have scorned to avail themselves of servile defenders. The last and foulest crime just perpetrated by the Lincoln administration will, however, justify any use to which they may now convert the enormous and undeveloped power within their hands.

"Another feature in this cruel and most unnatural war, which appears to have escaped the attention it deserves, is the fact that the people of the Confederate States have imposed upon themselves burdens and taxes without a precedent in the history of the world. What would be said in the United Kingdom of such sacrifices? Yet this sacrifice has been voluntarily made by this heroic people, who will perish to a man before they will consent to the hateful yoke of the detested Yankee."

The London Times speaks of the war waged against the South by the North as disclosing "a cruelty and ferocity far surpassing all that is recorded of the wickedness and barbarity of men in former wars," and affirms that though men may wrangle and dispute about the causes, the rights and the wrongs of this great quarrel, yet as to the measures employed by our enemies "posterity can have but one verdict to pronounce—a verdict of horror and execration." The editor finds it difficult to express the abhorrence inspired in the British mind by "acts so wanton and ferocious as that of letting loose the waters of the Mississippi over the plantations of the South, and overwhelming with the waves that which they found it im-

possible to subdue." From a long article, in which he animadverts with just severity upon this most diabolical deed, I copy a few sentences:

"Not satisfied with all the destruction which modern science has enabled mankind to wreak upon each other, the North has called to its aid the mighty agencies of nature, and seeks to ruin and mutilate half a continent in the vain hope to overthrow or intimidate its inhabitants. It is calculated that, by the action of the Federals in cutting the levees, or dams, which keep the Mississippi in its course as it runs through the level land toward the sea, a district as large as Scotland has been drowned in the State of Mississippi, and five thousand square miles in the State of Louisiana.

"Had some enormous strategical advantage been obtainable by this proceeding, mankind must have deplored the harsh and dreadful necessity which, in a continent of which so small a portion has as yet been reclaimed for the use of civilized man, drove the Federals to lay waste and devastate so considerable a portion of its surface. But there is no reason to suppose that any advantage in the least degree commensurate with the amount of wanton and cruel destruction which has been perpetrated, could anyhow have obtained. Most certainly no such advantage has been gained. The expedition from Yazoo Pass, so far from reaching its destined point near Vicksburg, had been encountered and defeated by Confederate batteries, and driven to take refuge in another river to avoid further injuries. The act, therefore, stands out in all its naked deformity. Those who have called the mighty Mississippi to their aid have proved themselves unworthy of their potent ally, and, powerful only for mischief, have been singularly discomfited in the endeavor to profit by that new and singular enterprise.

"At the beginning of the war the North went forth to battle in all the presumption of overweening strength and numbers. Their notions of success were thoroughly Oriental. They had the largest number of men under arms, and doubted not of the victory, especially as they had the largest resources to feed, arm, and recruit them. Received in the field by troops far less numerous than their own, they found to their astonishment how little the leaders of the South had to dread from them in the



open field. From that time the whole aspect of the war has entirely changed. In proportion as success has become more difficult, the means employed for its attainment have been more odious and cruel. Every effort has been made to light the torch of servile insurrection, and, as if this was not dreadful enough, water has been called in to supplement the tardy vengeance of that fire which, kindled by the hands of slaves, would, if the pious and decorous North could have had their will, wrap in one mighty conflagration the labors of a hundred years. Men may wrangle and dispute about the causes, the rights and the wrongs of this great quarrel, but as to these measures posterity will have but one verdict to pronounce—a verdict of horror and execration.

“It is difficult to say what time—what interest may not effect. Nations have shed each other's blood like water on fields of battle. They have covered the ocean with the wrecks of their naval engagements and the bodies of their seamen. These things may be expiated, may be forgiven, may at last be forgotten; but deeds like those by which the Northern States are making their present war with the South singular and execrable among the worst and bloodiest annals of mankind, can never be forgiven or forgotten. The moment any idea of reconciliation is entertained, these dreadful memories will rise up like a spectre between the two parties, and forbid every attempt at reconciliation.

“No one can presume to say what are the reverses and vicissitudes which fortune, not yet satisfied with the sufferings of the American people, has in store for either party. But the information which has just reached us make it abundantly evident, if it were not so before, that the choice henceforth for the South is between victory and extermination, for the North between peace and ruin—ruin certain if the war is protracted, as it easily may be, to a point which will leave the President without a revenue and without an army—ruin still more certain and complete if the wicked aspirations of fanatical hate be accomplished, and the central government, already triumphant over the liberties of the North, shall obtain, as the price of success, the unenviable duty of holding down, under the heel of military despotism, the struggling and palpitating remains of what were once the Southern States.”

Here is a pretty picture, drawn by a Yankee

pencil. The author glories, like a very fiend, in the destruction which he describes, and seems to take a special pleasure in the devilish cruelties inflicted upon the innocent and defenceless. The article is copied from the Memphis Bulletin :

“The repeated aggressions of the guerillas on the opposite side of the river appeared to the authorities on this side deserving of punishment. It was known that some of them were harbored in Hopefield—the village immediately opposite this city. It was alleged and believed that, although the residents of Hopefield had taken the oath of fealty to the United States, that they were not loyal in heart or conduct. This was deemed to be especially evident in the fact that the rebel guerillas had free access there at all times, and received the hospitable attentions of the inhabitants. The names of some of the guerillas were known who were constantly in the place, and generally spent their nights there. It was deemed proper, therefore, to condemn the village of Hopefield to the fate that has befallen other places on the river banks where the guerillas have committed their depredations.

“About noon the gunboat Cricket, convoying the transport Mill Boy, left its moorings at the mouth of Wolf river, and started on the mission of vengeance. As the Cricket crossed the Mississippi she opened the coming tragedy by throwing shells into the woods beyond Hopefield. The hoarse roaring of the guns brought the citizens on this side to the river-side, and a multitude of persons watched from the height of the bluff in Memphis the progress of events, which all who witnessed will never forget.

“The first result of the shelling was the hurried galloping from the woods of various horsemen. The citizens were then seen marching from their dwellings. (Of course we describe the events as seen, with the assistance of glasses, from this side of the river.) The Mill Boy in the meantime landed at the upper part of the village, and toward it the residents were seen running on foot and galloping on horseback. The business of the Mill Boy was to bring to this side the women and children

who might wish to come, and others who might have claim to the privilege.

“Men were landed and proceeded with their work of destruction. A house immediately opposite the foot of Court street, in this city, and in the rear of Hopefield, just at the edge of the woods, was first fired. A strong steady south wind—the precursor of the coming spring—was blowing. Under its influence the flames spread rapidly. Leaping from doors and windows; springing from front, rear, and gables; enveloping the roof with their red terrible tongues, surmounted by the black smoke that had hid from the blue heavens the sacrifice to the dread genius of war, the fire went on its devouring way. Soon other fires added their terrible flames—other censers their gloomy smoke of destruction. House after house was fired; flame after flame added its lurid horrors to the scene; and the black, dark, heavy column of smoke rolled before the southern breeze up the Mississippi, carrying toward the north the tidings and destruction.

“As we are writing these lines the work of annihilation is proceeding. The white houses, with their green shutters and little fenced yards around, that looked so peaceful as we gazed upon them from our bluffs yesterday, are at this moment smoking cinders or red pillars of vengeful fire.

#### “LATER.

“We last night conversed with some of the parties who participated in this expedition. There were but few men seen at Hopefield on the occasion. Those who were there were sullen and indignant. The women, on learning that their homes were to be burned, their hearths made desolate, and the place, clustering with all the thousand recollections of home destroyed, generally burst into tears; and, in grief sometimes too deep for expression, aided in removing their furniture and provisions.

“In two cases only did those whom we conversed with see any departure from this course of conduct. One was a case of a woman who soundly rated those who told her what had to be done, and declared that she would not move a peg, nor no one else, until her old man came home, and that would not be for a day or two. She found the matter was too serious to be trifled with, however, and in the end gladly accepted the assistance of

the marines, which was kindly tendered her to clear her house. Another woman, a very pretty young widow, received the intelligence laughingly, accepted the proffered assistance of the men to remove her furniture readily, and furnished the officer—whose bland courtesy she appeared to consider very consoling—with the matches by which her home was set fire to.

“The first place fired was the railroad depot; the second was the church; then followed the private residences. The two companies of soldiers, and the marines from the gunboats that were taken over, very readily afforded their assistance, where there were no men, in removing the goods. The orders about plunder were strict; not a pin or a tobacco-pipe was one of the men engaged allowed to carry off. The war was one of reprisal, not of plunder.

“The Mill Boy steamboat lay by the shore to bring over to this city such loyal persons as preferred to come. But few availed themselves of the offer. They preferred to stay and take care of their goods. Pickets were placed by the military around the whole village during the time the work of destruction proceeded.

“One place was visited with extreme severity—it was the residence of two brothers, guerillas, named Hills. Two shells were sent through the place a couple of days ago, and on this occasion it was burned to the ground. An old man lay sick in the house, at the point of death. He was put on the Mill Boy to bring to this side, though it was doubtful whether he would survive the transit.

“While proceeding with the work, a gang of six men were seen riding and rapidly walking along the neighborhood to make good their escape. A shell or two was sent in their direction, and they were seen no more.

“The village at sunset was a heap of smoking ruins; here and there a column of flame still lingered in its work of devastation; but generally only blackened chimneys and smoking ruins told where the work of devastation was performed.”

The Town of Darien, in Southeastern Georgia, has suffered a similar fate. A negro regiment, commanded by Yankee officers, with three gunboats, came and laid it in ashes, destroying prop-

erty to the amount of five or six hundred thousand dollars. An eye-witness of the scene says:

"Darren is now but a mass of blackened chimneys. There are only three small houses left in the place. The Methodist church was fired, but did not burn. All the other churches, with the court-house, clerk's office, jail, etc., are gone. The villains broke open the houses, took what they wanted, then poured spirits of turpentine over the floors and applied the torch. They shot the milch cows and calves in the streets, took some of them on board their vessels, and left the rest lying where they fell. They pointed their loaded guns at the poor negroes, threatening to shoot them, and thus forced them on board their boats. One woman ran away from them, and they shot her in the head. A single contraband was left—a very aged female, who told them she was from Africa, and did not like to go again upon the big water. It is a sad sight now to see the smoking ruins."

The following letter was received lately at the War department. It seems almost inconceivable that beings in human form could be found so brutal and diabolical as to treat with indignity an emaciated and dying lady, and then deliberately fire the house and leave her to the flames; but here is official proof of the fact, published by order of the Secretary of War, that the world may see the infamy of the armed demons now invading our land:

"HEAD-QUARTERS ——— DIVISION,

"JACKSON, MISS., May 25, 1863.

Col. B. S. Ewell, A. A. General:

"COLONEL: I desire respectfully, through the proper channel, to bring before the Secretary of War the particulars of a gross outrage of decency, and an utter disregard of the claims of humanity, perpetrated by the forces of Major-General U. S. Grant while in possession of this city (Jackson).

"I am the A. A. General of Major-General ———'s division, and was absent from this city and on duty with the command,



between Vicksburg and the Big Black river, when the United States forces became possessed of the City of Jackson. My family, consisting of wife and two little children, were domiciled at the Confederate House, a hotel kept for public entertainment by Richard O. Edwards.

"My wife was helpless, being confined to her bed in the last stages of pulmonary consumption—given over by physicians as beyond the reach of medical skill. The other families and transient boarders at the hotel, together with its proprietor, left as the enemy's forces came in and took possession, and my own family were the sole occupants left of those who of right belonged there.

"After violating the privacy of my bedchamber, searching my baggage and papers, and treating with contempt the entreaties of my dying wife, the men, belonging to the United States forces, deliberately applied the torch to the building in several places, including the apartments immediately above and immediately beneath that in which she was lying helpless.

"By the most active exertions only my servant succeeded in getting the services of two citizens, and my wife was lifted out of the building while it was being burned to the ground, and in this manner alone was she and the remainder of my family saved from the fiendishness of a brutal enemy. I deemed it my duty, as an officer in the service of the Confederacy, to lay this statement before the proper department.

"Very respectfully,

"\_\_\_\_\_,  
"Major and A. A. G."

On the thirteenth day of April Major-General Burnside, commanding the Army of the Ohio, issued an order stating that all persons found within the Federal lines, committing acts for the benefit of the rebel cause, would be tried as spies or traitors, and, if convicted, would suffer death. This order is declared to include, among other offenders, "all persons found improperly within our (the Federal) lines, who could give private



information to the enemy." "It must be distinctly understood," adds the magnanimous general, "that treason, expressed or implied, will not be tolerated in this department." He advertises the world also that no one is to be allowed any longer to declare sympathy for the rebels.

Under this order Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, was arrested at midnight in his own house, dragged before a military tribunal, and finally banished from the United States, for publicly expressing his disapproval of Mr. Lincoln's administration, and denouncing the infamous atrocities of the Yankee war. This insolent act of tyranny has shocked the whole world, and aroused throughout the North such a spirit of indignant resistance as is likely to prove in the issue not altogether agreeable to the Dictator and his minions. Should Mr. Lincoln recede from the position he has taken; he will render himself irredeemably contemptible in the eyes of all men; should he maintain it with his characteristic stupidity and pertinacity, who can guess what scenes of revolution and popular violence shall attend the subversion of his throne?

V.  
CIVILIZED WARFARE.

NUMBER FIVE.

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July, 1863.

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“I fear, Orsino,  
That thou must be a villain.”—*Shelley*.

A Southern soldier, recently returned from Northern captivity, draws this vivid and revolting picture of his prison experience among the Yankees :

“The Alton penitentiary was, some three or four years ago, condemned by the state authorities as totally unfit for criminals even. Yet thirteen hundred officers and privates, two hundred of which had the small-pox, were confined in the basement, five feet below the ground, almost shut off from daylight, sunshine, and air; stone floor covered with water, trickling from the walls on either side, and, midwinter as it was, the only provisions for fire was a small stove to eight men. The berths were after the fashion of horse-stalls, one above the other, with a passage so narrow as barely to admit of one person passing at a time, and soon there was an average of more than every other berth occupied by some unfortunate Confederate with small-pox, and as fast as they died others from St. Louis prisons supplied their places. During January the average of deaths reached for a time eight, and eventually thirteen per day; and in February the mortality became so great, and burying Confederates became such a tax to the government, and so lucrative to the undertaker, that the commander of the prison advertised in one of the Alton papers: ‘Proposals for burying the Confederates

will be received and let to the lowest bidder.' This same enterprising undertaker was detected by one of our number, who suspected him, and privately marked one of the coffins, in the work of 'Yankee swindling,' by closing the coffins in the 'dead-room,' and on arriving at the cemetery would dump the corpse into the grave and return the same coffin for another subject, until nine had been thus buried, and he of course receiving pay for nine coffins, when he had really supplied but one.

"The quality of rations supplied was altogether unfit for the sick. Well men (I've seen it) would go to the sweepings of the prison dining-room, and gather up scraps of bread and meat and eat them with a perfect relish; and of the sick, those of them that were fortunate enough to recover, were supplied by their fellow-prisoners with rats which they killed and prepared with their own hands.

"No record of the dead was kept until February. One of the officers of my room wrote to General Curtis, commanding at St. Louis, requesting that inasmuch as the small-pox was raging to such an extent, would he not order that we might be sent to some other prison. His reply was that, 'under the circumstances, he would advise immediate vaccination.' During the prevalence of small-pox, besides pneumonia, erysipelas, and diphtheria, the scoundrels would propose to release any who would take the oath. Many, believing it to be between the cath and death, availed themselves of the devilish proposition, and had most of us, under such circumstances, been offered the oath to the African or 'Yahoo' government, or any other heathen or ungodly government than the United States, might have swallowed it to have escaped a death which seemed inevitable. President Davis may rely with certainty upon the true allegiance of the men who passed such an ordeal.

"The small-pox having done its work, we were sent to Camp Chase, where we were somewhat better provided for, and free from contagious disease. We were then ordered to Fort Delaware, Pennsylvania. The day previous to leaving we were ordered to place our baggage in their hands for examination, which consisted of a very scant supply, some of the fortunate having received clothing from friends in Kentucky and Missouri while in prison, but the most of the stock had been purchased of the prison sutler. The result of the examination was

not known until we reached Fort Delaware. Each dressed himself in his best, but after robbing our baggage under the plea of examination, we were marched out upon the commons, where we were surrounded by Yankee soldiery, and there required to give up coats, blankets, sashes, spurs, gloves, and in every instance the best shirt where two were worn—even requiring the rebels to strip to the skin in order to get the best of his shirts; and this disgusting sight was witnessed by ladies who sat in their carriages and enjoyed the spectacle with seeming delight.”

The Philadelphia Evening Journal speaks out thus boldly concerning the infamous conduct of some of the Federal generals :

“Whatever may be the result of the presentsanguinary war—whether the seceded states become subjugated or independent—the future impartial historian will pronounce the judgment of posterity against a few names that have figured conspicuously in the Federal service.

“One of these worthies is Ben. Butler, who commenced his military career at Big Bethel and ended it at New Orleans, where he played such fantastic tricks against humanity that the administration was compelled to remove him and appoint a man whose instincts are not so brutal—who, in comparison, is a gentleman—we mean General Banks. Another one is Turchin, of Illinois, a colonel who was tried by court-martial for permitting and encouraging his men to arson, murder, plunder, and rape; who was condemned and ordered to be dismissed in dishonor from the service; whose sentence was approved by General Buell, and promulgated, but who was immediately promoted from his colonelcy to a brigadier-generalship by Mr. Lincoln, and is now in service under General Rosecrans.

“Another is an adventurer from the land of the Blue-noses, named Mc Niel, who in cold blood ordered ten innocent non-combatants to be shot because they resided in the neighborhood of one who had been abducted from his home by a guerilla band. The flimsy pretext for this barbarity was that it was done in retaliation for his murder, but his subsequent return, safe and sound, destroyed the last prop upon which an infamous whole-

sale murder was sought to be justified. If the heart-rending agony of the ten widows and the wailing of their orphan children do not reach his conscience, then he will suffer all the more in hell, where there are saints in comparison to him.

"Another name is that of Milroy, a canting methodistical preacher, who has embraced the opportunity of civil war to wreak the petty vengeance and malice of his narrow soul upon the unfortunate, heart-broken, and impoverished women and children of Virginia. His conduct in West Virginia was bad enough, but his ferocity in the valley around Winchester is shocking. But a short time since he ordered a family out of the lines, and would not permit them to take their clothing with them. It is said that even their crinoline was denied them, although they had treated our troops in the most kindly manner.

"He moved into the mansion immediately, and appropriated it for his head-quarters, together with the spoons, pianos, etc., and in a fit of generosity presented one of the pianos to a female who was residing in one of the camps thereabouts. This family, although it was well known to have sheltered and succored our soldiers when the fate of war had thrown them captive in the neighborhood, was thus cruelly and unnecessarily thrown helpless upon the world to gratify the lust of pillage of this general.

"Another name is that of Steinwehr, whose complicity in the shocking scene of the burning of New Market will be remembered. It was proven that those who were trying to escape from the burning houses were driven back into the flames with the sabres of ferocious soldiers. Can the mind of man contemplate a greater scene of horror than was presented by frantic citizens, driven from their homes by the torch of the incendiary, shrieking and terror-stricken? How they must have cried for mercy; how their piercing shrieks must have risen above the roar of the crackling flames enveloping their own homesteads! But they did not pierce the heart of this general. No! nor were any of his accomplices punished for this deed of infamy and horror.

"The incarnate fiends, without having any military ability whatever, have driven the people into hostility, when they might have been secured as friends. This article will be construed into disparagement of our army and its officers; but let



us tell those who would do so, that nothing disparages our army so much, either at home or abroad, as the neglect to seek out and punish such offenders. The administration can not plead ignorance of the facts. The acts of Butler, McNeil, and Milroy were brought to their notice by the protest of the enemy, while those of Turchin and Steinwehr were brought forward in the evidence before the court-martial. In every case they were protected and promoted by the administration, while Lieutenant Edgerly was dismissed for voting the Democratic ticket in New Hampshire, and Lieutenant Van Buren for permitting his soldiers to rifle a hen-roost. To insure promotion—rob, murder, and destroy; to incur dismissal—abstain from robbery and inhumanity, or vote the Democratic ticket."

Another Philadelphia paper—the *Inquirer*—tells a story which every Southern man knows to be false, and no intelligent Northern man can believe. It is an instance of Yankee mendacity perfectly in keeping with other developments of Yankee character during this war. The employment of false colors in battle, and the prostitution of the hospital flag and flag of truce to purposes of treachery, are acts of which the Confederates have frequently had to complain. What credit can be given to such a tale as this, coming from those who constantly resort to these despicable tricks, or who can fail to discover the infamous motive which prompts them to its publication?

"Blood-hounds are being made use of all through Alabama and Mississippi, and we have no doubt in other of the Southern States, to hound down white men hiding in the woods to escape the fierce conscription act which is now seizing about every man under sixty years of age able to carry a gun. Nor is this the worst. It is found that those camped out are supplied with food brought them by their children, who go out apparently to play in the woods, and then slip off to carry provisions to their



fathers. To meet this exigency blood-hounds are employed to follow these little children on their pious errands; and the other day a beautiful little girl was thus chased and overtaken in the woods and torn to pieces, alone and unaided, by the trained blood-hounds of Jefferson Davis! Nor is this a solitary case. It appears that many white men, women, and children are thus now sacrificed in order to carry out the Conscription act in all its terrors.

“In a large number of cases those who are thus hunted down are such as have in some way exhibited Union proclivities—for although such have ceased to offer any opposition to the rebels, they do not like taking up arms against the flag of the Union, to which many of them have, in former days, sworn allegiance. These persons, and all suspected, are especially marked out as objects of the conscription and the blood-hounds, be their age and fighting utilities what they may. And these are the men hunted down with dogs, and their wives and children, if they attempt to follow them! There are, however, many men not Unionists, and willing to contribute of their property to any amount to support the rebels, but now being drawn into the conscription, or having tasted the desperate neglects of the rebel service, have deserted, and will not again take up arms. Their wives are ladies, most delicate and tender, and their children brought up with a refinement and delicacy of the most perfect character until this war began. And these are the women that now have to wander alone in the woods in search of their husbands, or brothers, or sons, and these are the little girls who, going to carry food to their relatives, are liable at any moment to be overtaken by swift hounds let loose and set upon their track by the agents of Jefferson Davis.

“It may be doubted if war itself ever but once in the history of mankind proved so disastrous to a people by the hands of those carrying it on. Perhaps in the final destruction of Jerusalem there may have been scenes of greater and more fiendish cruelty by the factions of John and Simon, destroying each other, while both were at war with the Romans. And what must be the state of the South when a delicate woman, who would hardly set her foot on the ground for delicacy, and used to have servants to attend upon her every wish and want, is reduced to straits like these, and children are torn to pieces by

the dogs of human hunters after white flesh for Jefferson Davis' shambles?"

The New York Christian Inquirer records these items of puritanic civilization and religion :

"In several libraries of New England clergymen we have seen choice volumes of great cost, bearing the names of Southern ministers, to whom they still belong, although they had been sent North by Yankee soldiers who had appropriated them. Some Massachusetts parlors are said to be carpeted with spoils of another kind. At Beaufort, South Carolina, tombs were violated. At Holly Springs, Mississippi, a communion-table was used in behalf of "euchre" and "old sledge." Such tales of wrong have infuriated many who were disposed to be friends of the Union, and their righteous indignation has had something to do with the reverses that have overtaken our arms."

A letter writer from Fortress Monroe, in the New York Times, giving an account of a Federal raid in Eastern Virginia, says :

"The rebel farmers were all taken by surprise. They had not expected a demonstration of the kind. Not only were they made to surrender everything that could be of the least use to us, but they were compelled to be silent spectators of the destruction of their agricultural implements."

Another account of the same expedition says, "Horses were taken from the stable and the field, from the carriage and the plow," and then gives the following incident :

"While riding along through Westmoreland county a female was heard crying bitterly, as though her lamentations were caused by the deepest grief. Approaching, we met a little girl some twelve years old, and in agony she cried, because the soldiers had taken their only horse. The mother was expressing both sorrow and indignation, and giving utterance to the sentiment that she did not believe a government which permitted these things could prosper. Every officer who witnessed the

grief of the daughter was moved to pity, and all regretted the military necessity which rendered it imperative to impress that particular horse into the Union service. Poor little girl, even your sorrow would be heightened were your only brother to fall on the battle-field before the cruel war is over!"

When Saunders and his gang of thieves were on their way to Knoxville, they killed Dr. Harvey Baker a few miles below the city. He was an excellent citizen, and had given them no provocation. They savagely slew him in his own house, and in the presence of his wife and children. As he was lying helpless upon the floor, having been twice shot, two of the murderers struck him with their bayonets, and one of them punched him in the mouth with the muzzle of his gun. When his wife was trying to protect him, they threatened to shoot her; and when she said the dying man needed air, one of them kicked the window sash out instead of raising it. During these devilish proceedings, the chaplain of the gang, who had witnessed the whole without remonstrance, mocked the departing soul with a prayer for its salvation!

Jackson; the Capital of Mississippi, was a few weeks ago one of the most delightful little inland cities of the South. The greater part of it is now a heap of ruins, and what remains unburned gives equal evidence of Yankee barbarism and brutality. An actual witness of its desolation says:

"On every side, where once stood splendid stores and warehouses, and magnificent residences embowered in tropical shrubbery and flowers, naught remains but charred ruins. Even the shrubbery and flowers have withered and died, and only make the scene sadder to look upon. Pen can not do justice to the

sad reality of the scene of devastation. Even the few inhabitants who have remained seem to have shared the fate of their beloved city; and the little children peep around the corner as you approach with a nervous look and fear of something similar again occurring, and if spoken to run as if for their lives.

"Of the outrages committed by the enemy upon the defenceless inhabitants it would require too much space to enter into details, but I will give you one or two instances which I know to be correct: Henry Layton, of Farmer's battery, who was killed in the action of the 11th ultimo, was buried in the garden of a relative, and the vandals, in their search for plunder, found the grave, and immediately went to work to exhume the body.

"His aunt, an old lady, implored them to desist, telling them what the grave contained; but no attention was paid to her entreaties and tears, and soon the coffin was dragged from the vault and torn open before her eyes, and with the remark, 'T is only a d—d rebel after all,' was thrown into the grave uncovered.

"Another instance of the same kind: Dr. Cabaniss, an old citizen, had left an old and trustworthy servant, with a little grandchild, to take care of the house and furniture during his absence. During the investment of Jackson the child sickened and died. The old servant, with the assistance of another, buried the child in the garden. This grave was also torn open, and the body of the child left lying in the walk.

"The neat little Episcopal church was burned to the ground, and also the beautiful residence of Dr. Green, the venerable Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese, because he had two noble boys defending their homes against such vandals. How long, oh! Lord! how long must this continue? Even if the house of God and those of His ministers are to be given up to the brutal foe, must the grave give up the dead, and every feeling of humanity give way to appease the wrath and avarice of a fiendish foe?"

Another, lately from the scene of desolation, draws an equally revolting picture:

"The half has not been told touching the vandalism of the enemy while in occupation of that ill-fated city. Every house in the place that was unoccupied, and nearly all of those whose owners remained to protect them, was sacked and gutted. Officers as high as colonels were seen to enter and steal articles of

value and *vertu*, and carry them away. Some of those officers were heard to say, "Well, I have never stolen anything before, but I will take this." Mahogany and rosewood bedsteads, with mattresses, mosquito-bars, and all the appendages of a complete and elegant couch, with bedsteads set up, and the whole standing as if in a bedchamber, together with rosewood, marble-slabb'd dressing-cases, bureaux, chairs, sofas, fine tables, pianos, ottomans, mirrors, and all the costly furniture of the citizens, were scattered all along the entrenchments from the southern bend of the Pearl river to the extreme northern line of the works. On these beds the Yankees slept and carried on their hellish debaucheries with the negro wenches of the town: played cards and gambled, ate and drank on the tables, and amused themselves among the stolen plunder during their drunken carousals in their own refined and elegant way, and, at their departure, broke them into a thousand pieces. One general, said to be a General Logan, carried off two fine parlor chairs from Mr. Helm's residence, telling Mr. Helm that he would return them, but he failed to perform his promises. The fine state library in the Capitol building they hauled off in wagons, took what books they desired, and destroyed the rest. This library was one of the most select and costly in the Confederacy. Its destruction is not only a loss to Mississippi, but to mankind, and can not be replaced. In Mr. Hobson's residence they cut his family portraits, and mutilated everything they could not carry off; cut large square pieces from the centre of his carpets, and wrote vulgar and obscene sentences upon the walls. But these things seem to have been their peculiar mission in every house—for, in addition to the pillage, destruction, and mutilation of private property, the slime of their wretchedly low and libidinous language can be traced on every wall, the witnesses at once of their vulgarity, barbarism, and crime—the blasting and deformed, but still full and ample evidence, that they are Yankees."

These are only a few illustrations of Yankee character—of Yankee honesty, veracity, and magnanimity—of the Yankee idea of civilized warfare. Such instances might be multiplied indefinitely; and others might be added, with unquestionable



vouchers, of a still more shocking character. Not until the war closes, and the frightful catalogue of dark and bloody deeds is completed, will mankind be able fully to appreciate the motives and achievements of our invaders. Yet the cases I have recorded are enough to damn to everlasting infamy any civilized nation on the face of the earth. They hold up the Yankee people, the Yankee army, the Yankee government, to the scorn and execration of universal humanity. The name is henceforth, throughout the world, the synonym of perfidy, trickery, tyranny, cruelty, covetousness, unmitigated meanness, and irredeemable disgrace.

And now what say our Northern friends? What plead they in justification or extenuation of their crimes? What reason have they to offer why sentence of death should not be passed upon them according to law? Will any one allege the necessity of his position, or the order of superior military authority? This was the only vindication urged by a number of captive Federal officers with whom I conversed at Murfreesboro'. The shocking policy of their government they denounced in no measured language, while they sought thus to excuse their own participation in deeds so repugnant to the laws of God and the sense of universal humanity. And what was this but another instance of Yankee mendacity? Have not these men the privilege of resigning their commissions and avoiding the responsibility? Does not their voluntary obedience render them *particeps criminis* in the unparalleled atrocities of their commanders



and of the government at Washington? And does not the "civilized warfare" which they are waging deserve and require the civil punishment with which they are menaced in the retaliatory proclamation of the Chief Magistrate of these Confederate States?

"Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies:  
He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies;  
And if he will be cheated to the last,  
Delusion strong as hell shall bind him fast!"

## VI. GETTYSBURG.

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July, 1863.

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“ On, to the combat, on !  
Go where your sires have gone !  
Their might unspent remains ;  
Their pulse is in your veins !

“ On, to the battle, on !  
Rest will be sweet anon !  
The slave may yield, may fly ;  
We conquer, or we die !”—*Montgomery.*

Hooker's army occupied a formidable position before Fredericksburg. Its direct attack by General Lee would have been difficult and dangerous. He determined upon a flank movement. It was hoped that an opportunity might thus be obtained of striking the invader a decisive blow. The manœuvre would oblige him at least to withdraw from Virginia, and, perhaps, to call to his aid troops designed to operate against the South in another quarter. “ In this way it was supposed,” says General Lee in his official report, “ that the enemy's plan of campaign for the summer would be broken up, and part of the season of active operations be consumed in the formation of new combinations, and the preparations that they would require.”

Early in June, Longstreet and Ewell, with their respective commands, commenced their march toward the mountains; while A. P. Hill, with his corps, remained for the protection of Fredericksburg. On the 9th Stuart encountered a large force of Yankee cavalry, supported by infantry, near Beverly's Ford; and, after a severe conflict, which lasted nearly all day, routed them completely, taking four hundred prisoners, three pieces of artillery, and several stand of colors. On the 14th Winchester was invested by Ewell, the Federal works stormed and carried by Early, and the greater part of Milroy's command captured. Most of those who attempted to escape were intercepted by General Johnston, who had taken a position for that purpose between them and the Potomac. Their infamous leader, with a small party of fugitives, in woful plight, made his way to Harper's Ferry. On the same day General Rhodes entered Martinsburg, took seven hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery, and a considerable quantity of military stores. The enemy at Harper's Ferry withdrew to Maryland Heights.

These operations cleared the Shenandoah Valley, and transferred the scene of conflict to the other side of the Potomac. Northern accounts indicate the magnitude and importance of this achievement. The New York Herald says :

"Nothing was saved except what was worn or carried upon the persons of the troops. Three entire batteries of field artillery, and one battery of siege guns—all the artillery of the command, in fact—about two hundred and eighty wagons, over twelve hundred horses and mules, all the commissary and quar-

termaster's stores, and ammunition of all kinds, more than six thousand muskets, and small-arms without stint, with the private baggage of the officers and men, all fell into the hands of the enemy. Of the seven thousand men of the command, but from sixteen hundred to two thousand have as yet arrived here, leaving to be accounted for five thousand men."

Lee now entered Maryland. Hooker withdrew his whole army from the line of the Rappahannock to the south bank of the Potomac, apparently to protect the Capital. Hill, thus relieved at Fredericksburg, hastened to follow the main body of the army. Our cavalry had several skirmishes with the enemy near the base of the Blue Ridge, resulting in the capture of some four hundred prisoners, with a considerable number of horses, and a good supply of arms. Meanwhile Imboden was busy in destroying the bridges of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from Cumberland to Martinsburg, and doing no little damage to the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. On the 27th our army was encamped near Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania.

The news of this invasion spread terror and consternation throughout the North. Lincoln called for a hundred thousand men to defend the Capital. The Governor of Massachusetts offered the whole military strength of the state. Seymour summoned McClellan to solemn consultation. The bells of Brooklyn, with their iron tongues, published the alarm. Greeley raged like a wild bull in a net, and "the man that curses at the Church of the Pilgrims" ranted with desperate sublimity. Mass-meetings were called, and stump-orators foamed

at the mouth. Regiment after regiment was dispatched to the scene of danger. The stream of living patriotism, muttering vengeance and blasphemy, flowed day and night through Philadelphia. The Dutch farmers in the valley drove their cattle to the mountains, and the archives of the state were removed from Harrisburg.

The Capital of Pennsylvania was Lee's intended prize. But on the night of the 29th information was brought by a scout that the Federal army, having crossed the Potomac, was advancing northward, and that the head of the column had reached South Mountain. For the preservation of our communications with Virginia, it was determined to check its progress. Lee marched his army to Gettysburg. The enemy had passed through the town when our advance under Hill met him on the morning of July 1st. Ewell soon joined Hill, and a spirited engagement ensued. The Yankees were driven back through Gettysburg, with a loss of five thousand prisoners and several pieces of artillery. They retired to a range of hills south and east of the town, where they took position, and began industriously to entrench themselves.

Lee's preparations for renewing the attack were not completed till the afternoon of the 2d. Ewell occupied the left, Longstreet the right, and Hill the centre. About two o'clock the artillery opened, the infantry followed, and for four hours there was an incessant roar of musketry. Longstreet succeeded in dislodging the enemy in front of



him. Ewell carried some of the strong positions which he assailed. Wright's brigade charged with bayonet the heavy batteries on the crest of the hill, and captured them; but was obliged to relinquish them for the want of timely support. Still our troops were in excellent spirits, and everything looked promising. As night came on the battle ceased; and our brave boys lay down upon their arms, and longed for the morrow.

The morrow dawned. Longstreet, reinforced by Pickett, advanced his batteries to the place from which he had driven the enemy. The Yankees had strengthened their position with earthworks, so that it was apparently impregnable. In the afternoon the battle was renewed, and raged with great violence till sunset. It is described by an eye-witness as one of the most terrific of modern times. "Three hundred cannon," says he, "were belching forth their fires at once, and nearly two hundred thousand muskets were being discharged as rapidly as men, hurried with excitement and passion, could load them." It was a determined attempt to wrest from the enemy the height which seemed to be the key to his position. Pickett's command, in the advance, moved steadily up the mountain into the tempest of fire and steel. They recked not the sheeted flames from the batteries, nor the bristling bayonets of the infantry. Forward they pressed unbroken, stormed the formidable entrenchments, shot the artillerists at their guns, and planted their banners upon the heights. Several other strong positions were carried, some



of them at the point of the bayonet. But there was a higher ridge beyond, completely commanding this; the enemy had massed his guns upon our flank; and our artillery ammunition was nearly expended. After a most determined and gallant struggle, our troops were obliged to relinquish the advantage they had gained, and fall back to their original position. Slowly and sadly they retired, in perfect order, but left many a gallant comrade behind them. The Yankees were masters of the field.

“No vulgar crop was theirs to reap—  
No stinted harvest, thin and cheap—  
Heroes before each fatal sweep  
Fell thick as ripened grain;  
And ere the dark'ning of the day,  
Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay  
The ghastly harvest of the fray—  
The corpses of the slain.”—*Scott*.

Lee remained at Gettysburg during the 4th, and at night began to withdraw, though the rear of the column did not move till the dawn of the 5th. He carried with him about four thousand prisoners, having already paroled nearly two thousand; but the enemy's numerous wounded, who had fallen into his hands, with many of his own, were left behind. A severe storm impeded his march, and the Yankee cavalry harassed his rear; but he reached the Potomac, with but little loss, on the night of the 6th.

The river, swollen by the recent rains, was found unfordable. The trains were obliged to await the subsiding of the waters and the construction of

boats. By the 13th a good bridge was built at Falling Water. On that night the army began to cross. At 1 o'clock the next day the transit was completed, and the bridge was removed. Nothing was lost except two pieces of artillery, a few disabled wagons and ambulances, and a number of weary stragglers, who fell behind in the march.

In this terrible series of battles many brave men fell, including several excellent officers. Major-General Pender received a wound, of which he soon afterward expired. Major-Generals Hood and Trimble were also severely wounded, and Major-General Heath slightly. Brigadier-Generals Pettigrew, Barksdale, Garnett, and Semmes were killed; Brigadier-Generals Kemper, Armistead, Seales, Hampton, Anderson, Jones, and Jenkins were wounded; and Brigadier-General Archer fell into the hands of the enemy. Every brigadier in Pickett's division was killed or wounded. Of twenty-four regimental officers only two escaped unhurt. Five regiments lost their colonels. One of them went into the battle with two hundred and fifty men and came out with thirty-eight. Others suffered in the same proportion. Our entire loss did not exceed fifteen thousand, perhaps twelve thousand. The Yankee depletion was much greater, probably amounting to twenty-five thousand. Lee brought safely away with him a very long train of captured wagons and ambulances, with a large quantity of quartermaster, commissary, and hospital stores. Had he been equally successful in capturing ammunition, he

would have renewed the contest instead of retreating, and probably would have given the Yankee army "for meat to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air."

"Hark! 't is the cannon's voice that seeks  
Your Southern pride to tell!  
It comes o'er each deserted hearth,  
Like Hope's funereal knell!  
Young manhood in its strength lies low,  
Drenched in the foeman's gore;  
Weep, for the vacant place is theirs—  
The brave return no more!"—*Anna Savage.*

## VII. VICKSBURG.

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“The hand of Fate is over us, and Heaven  
Exacts severity from all our thoughts;  
It is not now a time to talk of aught  
But chains or conquest, liberty or death!”—*Addison.*

Synchronous with Lee's failure at Gettysburg was Pemberton's surrender of Vicksburg. Long and strenuously had the enemy toiled, and much blood and treasure were expended before he gained possession of the heroic little city. He had tried to float past our batteries by night, but the attempt had proved disastrous. He had endeavored to divert the Mississippi from its course by means of canals; but the Father of Waters spurned the Puritan authority, and to this day

“The river floweth at its own sweet will.”

He had made an effort to get into the rear of the city by the way of the Yazoo Pass, the Cold Water, and the Tallahatchie; but Fort Pemberton taught him a lesson of caution, and sent him back with damaged gunboats and many a mangled Dutchman. At length, when all these projects failed, some of his iron-cased alligators succeeded, by a desperate venture, in running the gauntlet of our batteries. Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, and Bayou Pierre were now successively abandoned. Our forces retired

across the Big Black, within less than twenty miles of Vicksburg. It was impossible to penetrate the enemy's plan, and our officers vigilantly awaited its development. General Joseph E. Johnston, in obedience to orders from Richmond, hastened to Mississippi, but arrived too late, and was obliged to fall back upon Canton for the protection of the railroad.

Jackson, the Capital, was taken, plundered, and half destroyed. It was a melancholy sight—fine buildings in flames, elegant furniture shattered to fragments, and shelterless women and children flying in every direction from the spoiler. The Confederate Hotel was fired, and the proprietor was about to abandon it to the devouring element. At this moment several Yankee officers ran up into the observatory to take a hasty view of the city and the army. A young man saw them and said,

“ For who goes up your winding stairs  
Shall ne'er come down again.”

He then struck a match against the wall and touched it to a pile of fat pine in the closet below. In five minutes the stairs were a sheet of flame. The officers “ ne'er came down again !”

Flushed with victory, Grant's army now advanced upon Vicksburg. Pemberton went forth to meet him. A fearful battle at Baker's creek resulted in a disastrous defeat. What better was to be expected with such tremendous odds against us? The enemy followed up his success the next day, and beat Pemberton again at Big Black creek.



Pemberton retired to his defences at Vicksburg. A terrific clamor was raised against him. He answered with heroic words. "Sell Vicksburg?" said he. "Follow me, and you shall see at what price! Surrender the city? Never, till the last man dies in the last ditch!"

Grant closely invested the place, interposing his forces between Pemberton and Johnston. His right rested upon the Yazoo above and his left upon the Mississippi below, his line forming a crescent in the rear of the beleaguered city. He sent a flag of truce to Pemberton, demanding his surrender, and allowing him three days to consider the matter. Pemberton replied that he did not want three minutes, and was ready any moment for the contest.

The Yankees were confident of an easy victory. They believed that to assault our works was to take the city. They invited the young ladies in the country to go in and see their sweethearts, if they had any among the rebels; for the latter, they said, were to be sent up the river in a few days.

An attempt was made to storm our fortifications, but was repulsed with dreadful slaughter. A Yankee writer in the New York Times says: "The rebels mowed our gallant fellows down with grape, canister, and musketry; we had nothing to shield us from the deadly storm; every brigade in the charge had from three to five color-bearers shot down while advancing upon the rebel works." Another Northern account states that our men hurled hand-grenades at their assailants with most



destructive effect, and rolled shells down among them after having ignited the fuses, scattering dismay and death throughout their ranks.

Three days afterward the assault was renewed, but with slight result. The charge was brave, fierce, and terrific, and many a Yankee-Dutchman died in the Confederate ditches; but the assailants gained no ground, and in half an hour three thousand of them lay breathless in their blood within a few yards of our works. General Sherman is said to have pronounced this charge more deadly than anything of the sort that took place at Sebastopol. The stench soon became intolerable, and Pemberton requested the Federal commander to remove his wounded and bury his slain.

During this assault the following incident occurred: A Yankee ensign was shot down as he advanced. Springing up, he waved his flag and shouted, "Come on, boys! We'll take it, or die!" Leaping upon the parapet of our defences, he waved the colors again, when he was shot through the heart, and fell dead within the works. A party of his comrades rushed forward, but every one of them was killed or captured.

Grant now issued an order for new ladders, preparatory to a renewal of the attack; but his officers remonstrated, and his men refused to advance. Reduced to the last expedient, he sent for picks and spades, and began digging his way into Vicksburg. The delvers were obliged to lie low and keep quiet during the day—for as often as one of them showed his head above the embankment, it

became a target for a score of Confederate rifles. By night, however, they were busy as bees in their ditches, and each successive morning showed them somewhat nearer our defences.

Meanwhile the gunboats on the river were constantly shelling the city, though several of them were sunk by our batteries, and others paid a heavy price in blood for their temerity. One of them ventured up under the very muzzles of our guns, and towed off the steamer *City of Vicksburg*, which was lying moored at the wharf. A shot struck her, and cut her loose from her captor in the middle of the river; but she had acquired sufficient headway to carry her to the farther shore, where the Yankees made her fast. General Pemberton issued an order offering sixty days' furlough to any person or party that would go over and burn her. The following night four or five men ventured across in a skiff and set her on fire. The blaze lit up river and shore for miles; and the adventurers escaped under a tempest of iron missiles, but the steamer was totally consumed.

The condition of our men in the works was by no means enviable, though they maintained a cheerful and heroic bearing. Their entire loss in the several Yankee assaults they had repulsed was less than a thousand. The enemy was much disappointed, and his officers began to despair. They magnified the Confederate garrison into seventy-five or a hundred thousand, and confessed that the siege had cost them at least forty thousand lives. Colonel Womack, chief of Grant's staff, expressed

his opinion that six months would not suffice for the reduction of the place.

Our own people were confident and boastful. They believed that the garrison was sufficiently strong, and well supplied with food and ammunition for three months; and that Johnston would be able to harass Grant's rear, so as materially to retard his operations, if not oblige him to abandon the siege. Official reports, telegraphic dispatches, and letters from the scene of action, gave such assurances to the public, and they were hailed throughout the Confederacy with exultant confidence.

After all this, how astounding was the announcement, without the least premonition, that on the 4th day of July the city was quietly surrendered to the foe, and twenty thousand brave men, who had eaten mules and rats, and would rather have starved in the trenches than have yielded themselves up as prisoners, were, without being consulted at all, or even made acquainted with the intentions of the general in command, turned over into the hands of a treacherous and savage enemy! The consternation occasioned by the suddenness of the shock, and the settled gloom resulting from the greatness of the calamity, aggravated as it was by the date of its occurrence, could have been equalled only by the effect of a universal earthquake.

Future developments may justify General Pemberton's action, and I will not now speculate concerning his motives. Vicksburg, however, was the key to many important positions in the West;

and its surrender was the surrender of the Mississippi, and of a vast amount of disputed territory beyond. The act, therefore, was far from being satisfactory to the Southern people, and became the subject of severe animadversion by the press.

One of its immediate consequences was the capitulation of Port Hudson. Our garrison there had resisted a protracted siege by land and water. A furious assault had been made upon them, on the 22d day of May, by an overwhelming force of infantry, with a brigade of negroes in front. The poor darkies were forced forward by bayonets in their rear, and six hundred of them perished within a few yards of our entrenchments. This is the Yankee method of negro emancipation. The helpless creatures are made breastworks for cowards, and driven like sheep to the slaughter.

On the 13th of June General Banks demanded the unconditional surrender of the place. General Gardner promptly replied in the negative. The next morning the enemy opened all his guns upon the little band of patriots; and, under cover of the smoke, his infantry advanced along his whole line; but they were bravely repulsed, and many of them left weltering in their blood.

During the six weeks' siege the Yankee batteries and gunboats hurled seventy-five thousand shot and shell at our men; yet not more than twenty persons were killed by these projectiles. When their meat rations were exhausted, the gallant fellows cheerfully agreed to subsist on their mules and horses. They numbered little more than five



hundred, of whom not over half were fit for duty. Their ammunition was nearly spent when they heard of the fall of Vicksburg. What could avail any further resistance? A council of war was called, and the place was sorrowfully surrendered to the foe.

The siege of Vicksburg lasted forty-seven days. The Yankees state that during that time their artillery cast twenty-five thousand tons of iron at the devoted city! Colonel Duff, Grant's chief of artillery, reports that, from the time of crossing the Mississippi, on the 1st of May, to the capitulation of the city on the 4th of July, they expended eighteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine solid shot, sixty-two thousand three hundred and fourteen shell, forty-seven thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven case, and two thousand seven hundred and twenty-three canister, making a total of one hundred and forty-one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three—an average of six hundred and fifty-three shots for each gun engaged in the action. Add to this the musketry, with its myriads of bullets, and what an amount of ammunition must have been used, and what a tempest of death had our gallant garrison to brave! But to every Southern heart it must be gratifying to know that the brutal invader paid not less than seventy-five thousand lives as the price of his victory!

Connected with this memorable history are many instances of noble daring, which ought, if possible, to be rescued from oblivion. Some of

them may, perchance, hereafter obtain publicity; but by far the greater number will for ever remain unknown, except to their chief actors, immediate witnesses, and a few others in the army. The adventure of young Lamar Fontaine, the author of a well-known popular song of the war, in order to refurnish our garrison with gun-caps when their supply was nearly exhausted—mounting his horse with his crutches in his hand, wending his way through the enemy's picket lines, concealing himself in the thickets by day, threading the mazy swamps by night, floating down the Yazoo and the Mississippi in a dug-out, passing close under the bows of the Federal gunboats, and running the gauntlet of a hundred unheard-of perils—is one of the most remarkable instances of indomitable energy and perseverance under difficulties ever communicated to the ear of man! What bard will indite a song to Lamar Fontaine?



## VIII. IN BIVOUAC.

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September, 1863.

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"Ghosts of the mighty dead,  
Your children's breasts inspire;  
And while they o'er your ashes tread,  
Rekindle all your fire!"—*Montgomery.*

Farewell, Knoxville! God preserve thee from Burnside, the barbarian! We go to join General Bragg in North Georgia, who is falling back with his forces before the Dutchman and his demons. Every true citizen that can get away follows General Buckner; while thugs and thieves, tories and traitors, wait to welcome the despoiler of the patriot's home. Many a noble fellow, bidding a hasty adieu to wife and children, takes his gun, mounts his best horse, and leaves all else behind him. It is a sad exodus, but his country needs his services, and to tarry were to die.

Some very tender partings must have taken place about this time, between Confederate soldiers and East Tennessee damsels. For the following melancholy memento of one of these I am indebted to the kindness of the General. The literary world owes me a vote of thanks for rescuing such a gem from oblivion.

“ 'T is hard for you 'uns to fight the Yanks ;  
'T is hard for you 'uns to live in camps ;  
'T is hard for you 'uns and we 'uns to part,  
For you 'uns have done got we 'uns' heart ! ”

And now the bridges over the Tennessee and the Hiawassee are in flames. Ever and anon we hear the sound of cannon. Our cavalry are skirmishing with the enemy in the rear. Through another's negligence my trunk is left at Loudon, reducing my shirts to the twelfth of a dozen, and furnishing the Yankees with certain manuscript notes on the war not likely to increase their love for the writer.

I spend a night by the way in the beautiful Sweetwater Valley, at the house of the hospitable Mrs. Johnson. She is an excellent widow lady, with three accomplished daughters, all thoroughly Confederate in faith and feeling. The next morning it is ascertained that four of her best horses have been taken from the field during the night. Two soldiers, who slept in the yard, report that an attempt was made upon the stable, which, if it had succeeded, would have deprived me of Fanny. In guarding their own animals, they secured mine.

Alas, how vainly ! Two days afterward the beautiful creature is incurably foundered, and I am obliged to abandon her at Ultowah. A citizen furnishes me a substitute—a blooded filly of four summers, awkward and uneducated, but handsome, tractable, and full of fun. I have backed her but once, and am disburthening her of the saddle, when she makes a dental requisition upon

my ribs for rations; in consequence of which, for several days, I painfully cultivate Hogarth's "line of beauty." Little, indeed, like her illustrious predecessor, was that ungracious nab!

If I forget thee, O Fanny, let my right hand forget the rein, and the spur fall from my heel for ever! If I do not remember thee, let me never mount one of thy noble race again, and when I die let detestable donkeys drag my unworthy carcass to the grave!

Ah! talk not to me of Alborak, of Bucephalus, of Incitatus, of swift-footed Zanthus, of Salathiel's matchless barb, of the black charger Savoy—"the brauest horse that man eyer saw"—of the Chevalier Bayard's "gude steed Carman," which so marvellously assisted his lord in battle, seizing the naked swords of his assailants, and wringing them vengefully with his teeth—or even of the long-tailed Andalusian cavalcade made famous by Southey, no sooner unbridled and abandoned, and finding no foe to cope with, than they unanimously resolved on cancelling their dishonor in one another's blood, and instantly fell to with hoof, heel, and grinder, charging in squadrons, and waging such *guerre a mort* as never before or since was waged by horses, till the whole eleven hundred were somewhat more thoroughly demolished than the immortal feline belligerents of Kilkenny! Certes, no Arabian prophet, nor Macedonian conqueror, nor fantastical Roman tyrant, nor peerless Prince of Naphtali, nor all too gorgeous Gallie warrior, nor he—the knight renowned—*sans peur*

*et sans reproche*—nor, finally, the redoubtable Romano, at the head of his Castilian cavaliers, so glorified by the poet laureate in his history of the Peninsular War—ever bestrode a comelier back than thine, my faithful, docile, much-enduring Fanny!

Balaam's donkey, "speaking with man's voice, forbade the madness of the prophet;" and Achilles' "solid-hoofed steed"—very officiously, it always seemed to me—predicted his master's death. Thou, O gentle creature! ever commendably alive to the reputation of thy reverend rider, and tenderly regardful of his feelings, hast never been the audacious brute to rebuke his impetuous courage, nor the messenger of evil tidings to anticipate his funeral knell.

The timely neigh of his palfrey made Darius the Mede a monarch. Whether was greater—the sagacity of the act, or the malevolence of the motive? Ah! how much nobler art thou, not to have cantered with me to the dangerous elevation of a throne, nor to have brought down upon my brow the intolerable curse of a crown!

Alas! how often it moistens these spectacles to think of all thy excellent qualities—the weary marches and perilous campaigns we have shared together—my midnight naps and noonday nods in the saddle, lulled by the familiar monotony of thy firm and steady footfall—thy patriotic deportment at Perryville, thy valorous bearing at Murfreesboro', thy lofty scorn of Yankee clay, and sublime disgust at Yankee blood—with all thy kind con-

cern for my comfort, thy habitual recognition of my voice, thy cheerful obedience to orders, thy patient endurance of hardships, and thy rational regard for corn!

Canst thou forgive, poor victim! the guilty carelessness that occasioned thy great misfortune? Reflect, I pray thee! Was it not the first and only instance since our original "covenant of salt?" Did thy master's unkindness ever cause thee a moment's pain, or his weight produce the slightest abrasion of thy beautiful back? Did the spur ever touch thy ribs too roughly, or the bit wound the fair corners of thy incomparable mouth? Did thy neigh of recognition or of hunger ever want its prompt response and kind requital! Who fed, and housed, and groomed, and guarded thee so tenderly and laboriously,

"In summer's heat and winter's cold?"

Nay, did I not once even dream of weeping at the thought, that if thou hadst had thy birth and being at the beginning of the fifteenth century, thou mightest have had *Filippo-Maria Visconti*, Duke of *Milano*, to thy master? in which case thy tongue had probably been mutilated for neighing unseasonably, and thy teeth extracted for champing the bit!

I have read of a monarch who shod his horse with gold, and adorned his gear with diamonds. Caligula made his nag a consul and a priest, and stabled him in a palace of marble. Juno's steeds, if Homer knew anything about it, were "tied in



high celestial stalls," enclosed with "walls of crystal;" and Venus' coursers, after arduous duty in mid air, if Pope has properly translated the Blind Bard, were unyoked from the chariot, duly rubbed down, bathed with *eau d' Olympie*, and

"Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food."

The sable charger of Charles VIII, of France—though, according to *Philippe de Comines*, "having but one eye, and being meane of stature," and, according to *Paulus Jovius*, but little better than the commonest Parisian dray-horse—was arrayed, like his royal rider, in cloth of white and violet, richly embroidered and barded with Jerusalem crosses, while his *chanfrons* and *testiere* glittered with the rarest gems.

Had thy master, O Fanny! been one of the Olympian immortals, or only an Oriental monarch, or even a crowned Frank of the fifteenth Christian century, thou hadst doubtless fared quite as well as the very best of these favored quadrupeds. Though "but dust and ashes"—a poor army chaplain—I have at least given thee an honorable record in the annals of the grandest revolution that ever rocked the world; and as long as these pages shall be read, and as long as patriotic valor shall be admired, and as long as Perryville and Murfreesboro' shall be mentioned among the battle-fields of history, and as long as the memory of Bragg and Buckner, Bate and Breckinridge shall live enshrined in the Southern heart, and as long as the names of Lincoln and Seward—of Butler,

Burnside, and Rosecrans—shall be “a hissing and a by-word among all nations,” so long shall the fame of thy virtues flourish, green as the ilex of our sunny clime, and fragrant as its magnolias and its bays!

Forget not, I adjure thee, O deeply injured! my former loving kindness and my present tears, and let the memory be a sweet drop in the bitter cup of thy sorrows!

“And now—for ever—farewell!” If horses hear not the last trump, I shall see the white star in thy face no more!

“This shall be for a lamentation.”

Forward—march!

Over the hills and through the valleys. All sorts of curves and angles. More swearing than praying. Sweat running in rivulets and lying in pools. A serpentine cloud of dust for a hundred and forty miles. At length we join Hindman in McLemore's Cove, between the Pigeon mountains and the Look-out, twenty miles south of Chattanooga. The enemy, in large but uncertain force, is in our front, under General Thomas. Crittenden is reported advancing on Cheatham in the direction of Ringgold.

Now for a little strategy.

General Buckner recommends a march, with the main body of the army, upon Crittenden's isolated corps; while Cheatham, simulating a retreat, shall draw him farther to the south. A rapid movement would then bring us upon his right flank, and so cut him off from Chattanooga. This accomplished, we might crush him at a blow; and

then, hastening across the Tennessee below, intercept the retreat of Rosecrans; or turn upon the remaining fragments of his army, and destroy them in detail. This was Buckner's scheme, which is said to have been advocated in council, and urged by Hindman upon General Bragg in a letter. It was not adopted, however; but an attack was ordered upon the enemy's position in front by the joint forces of Hindman and Buckner, while Hill, by the way of Dug Gap, was to fall upon his rear.

This was the 10th of September. On the morning of the 11th we advanced toward Davis's Cross Roads, with orders not to attack the enemy till something more is ascertained of his strength and position. It is noon before a satisfactory reconnoissance can be effected, and Buckner's forces deploy in the dense forest. Hindman is not yet in motion, and Hill's exact position is uncertain. At 3 in the afternoon Buckner is about to advance under orders from Hindman, when the latter receives a dispatch from General Bragg directing him, if, in his judgment, an attack would be imprudent, to retire at once by Catlett's Gap to Lafayette. This induces hesitation and an additional reconnoissance, which shows the enemy in retreat toward Lookout mountain. The attack is now ordered, and we move forward at double-quick time about 5 o'clock. The engagement is slight, resulting in the death of about a dozen Yankees. The pursuit is continued till dark, when all the troops are ordered to Lafayette, leaving guards at the passes through Pigeon mountain.

My troubles, like Job's, "come not single-handed,

but in battalions." This was to me the bloodiest battle of the war. I was sitting upon the ground, reading a borrowed copy of the *Spectator*, and listening to the music of the artillery, when a soldier, in fierce pursuit of some retreating fowls, threw a stone at the patriarch of the feathered family, which struck me in the forehead, knocking me down, covering me with blood, producing a frightful contusion, and exciting within me a very profound sympathy for Goliath of Gath.

On the 12th we are at Lafayette. McCook is at Summerville. Thomas is in McLemore's Cove. Crittenden is following Cheatham on the Ringgold road near Peavine church. Polk, with his own corps and Walker's division, is ordered to march and foil him. He takes position at night near Rock Spring church, with Crittenden in front, and awaits his attack. The next morning he moves against the enemy, but finds that he has decamped during the night, and formed a junction with Thomas at Lee and Gordon's mills, on the Chickamauga. The same day McCook pushes a reconnaissance toward Lafayette; and, finding Hill's corps near that place, retreats from Summerville to Alpine, thence moving northward along the top of the mountain to join Thomas and Crittenden. Buckner's command, meantime, having marched five miles on the Chattanooga road, is ordered back to Lafayette, where we remain till the 17th, preparing rations, and getting ready for the bloody work in which we are so soon to bear a hand beyond the Chickamauga.

IX.  
CHICKAMAUGA.

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September, 1863.

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“Vengeance was the word;  
From man to man, from rank to rank, it passed;  
By every heart enforced—by every voice  
Sent forth in loud defiance of the foe.”—*Southey*.

The long delays and indecisive movements related in the foregoing paper had afforded Rosecrans a fine opportunity for concentrating his army; and he was now seated in compact form upon the northwest side of the Chickamauga. It was determined to move him. Buckner proposed that we should march across the mountains toward Bridgeport and Stevenson, basing ourselves upon Rome in case of failure. He argued that if we should advance directly upon Chattanooga, Rosecrans would meet us at the Chickamauga; that if we should be victorious there, he would retire behind his works, whence he might defy an attack; that to get him out, we must then flank him with a crippled army, which we could better do with our forces intact as now; that the object of the campaign was not to fight for Chattanooga, but to win it, if possible, by a march as the enemy had done, and then contend for the country beyond, which could be effected by compelling Rosecrans to evacuate the town and



meet us somewhere upon his line of communication in the rear. The question of supplies, however, presented a serious difficulty, in consequence of which these suggestions were not adopted. It was finally understood that the movement was to be made by the whole army in such a way as to press the enemy's left, with a view, in case of success, to intercept his retreat upon Chattanooga.

We began our march at nine on the morning of the 17th of September. Buckner's command bivouacked for the night upon Peavine creek, about a mile and a half from Rock Spring church. Bragg's head-quarters were at Leet's tan-yard, three-quarters of a mile distant.

The next morning we advanced three or four miles to the Chickamauga. The enemy was on the other side of the stream, with his forces concentrated in strong position at Lee and Gordon's Mills, where the road from Lafayette to Chattanooga crosses the creek. General Bragg ordered his army to cross in several columns at different points below, and then move up the stream to attack him.

Early in the afternoon, after a brisk skirmish, Buckner occupied the crossing at Tedford's Ford with Stewart's division, and at Dalton's Ford with Preston's division. About the same time Walker, against desperate resistance, and with a loss of over a hundred men, forced his way to Alexander's Bridge; but being unable to cross on account of its partial destruction by the enemy, he was obliged to move below and cross at Byram's Ford, which

he did after dark. Hood had already passed over Reed's Bridge and bivouacked in the forest beyond. Orders were sent to Buckner and Walker to cross during the night and effect a junction with him; but the impracticability of the march by unknown paths through the darkness and without a guide, at the hazard of mistaking each other for the enemy, being strongly represented to General Bragg, the movement of Buckner's corps was delayed till daylight.

Night, therefore, found Buckner *à cheval du* Chickamauga, with Cheatham in his rear. Polk, meantime, was in front of Lee and Gordon's Mills, Hindman at hand to support him, and Hill covering his left flank to guard against any advance of the enemy from McLemore's Cove upon the rear.

After dark Buckner sent an urgent message to Bragg by Major Solare to this effect: That the demonstrations of the day had developed our programme to the enemy; that he would certainly make dispositions during the night to meet our attack in the morning; and that, in order to carry out our plan, our attention should now be directed to points lower down the Chickamauga; or that, in case of success, we should endeavor to interpose our forces between the enemy and Chattanooga. If the message was received, General Bragg doubtless thought he had good reasons for disregarding its suggestions. Orders were given to cross at daylight, and execute the movement prescribed for the previous day.

At daylight, however, it was evident that the

very thing predicted by Buckner had taken place. During the night a constant rumbling, apparently of artillery carriages, tending to a position north of Lee and Gordon's Mills, had been heard by many of our officers. Hood and Walker had observed it from their bivouac, together with the sound of many axes, indicating, as they believed, a movement of the enemy toward his left, and the construction of breastworks in the forest. They urged upon General Bragg, therefore, the impolicy of the movement which he had directed until a reconnoissance should ascertain the enemy's position. Moreover, Colonel Shelihe and Major Wooley, of Buckner's staff, reported that, from a height in the neighborhood of Alexander's Bridge, they had discovered, after daylight, a dense mass of dust over the Chattanooga road, which they estimated to be five miles long, and which, in their opinion, indicated a concentration of the Yankee host upon their left. The result of the reconnoissance showed them formed in a partially intrenched line facing toward the Chickamauga and covering the Chattanooga road, with their right near Lee and Gordon's Mills and their left in front of Reed's Bridge.

All this, however, did not alter General Bragg's plan. The order was given that, as soon as Buckner's command should be deployed, the whole front line should move by the right flank, so that Preston's division should be uncovered by the creek, preparatory to a general advance. Cheatham was to support Buckner in this movement, and Walker was to support Hood.

It was now ten o'clock, when a furious fire of musketry, soon followed by artillery, opened in the direction of Walker's extreme right, which was the right van of the general line as it faced toward Lee and Gordon's Mills. "What does that mean?" exclaimed Walker; "I believe it is an attack upon my crowd!" instantly mounting his horse and galloping away to the scene of action.

A despatch from the Yankee commander Thomas to Palmer, dated at nine o'clock that morning, and subsequently captured near Buckner's bivouac upon the battle-field, will explain this firing:

"The rebels are reported in quite a heavy force between you and Alexander's Mills. If you advance as soon as possible upon them in front, while I attack them in flank, I think we can use them up."

To which Palmer replied:

"Colonel Grose is gone upon a reconnoissance on our flank. As soon as he returns I will advance as you propose."

Thomas made his attack upon Walker's flank and rear. Two of Walker's brigades had been sent to support Forrest in the protection of Reed's Bridge, which had already been fired by the Yankees. His remaining force met the fierce onset of Thomas' corps, and was driven back before the fearful odds. The gallant commander rallied his men, and led Liddell's two brigades to their assistance. The enemy was immediately repulsed, but Walker's brave division was again compelled to recoil before such preponderating numbers. Cheatham was hurried from his position to sustain Walker. He checked the foe and drove him back,

but was obliged, in turn, to retreat. Stewart's division was sent to sustain Cheatham. He entered the action on Cheatham's left, drove the enemy, and captured guns and prisoners; but Thomas' reinforcements came forward like a wave of the sea, and he was compelled to relinquish the ground he had gained.

In the meantime Palmer attacked Hood, who had advanced, making a partial conversion to the right. For a time our men yielded to the pressure of overwhelming numbers. Hood's left was forced back a short distance, and the enemy penetrated near the right of Preston, who had been deployed in single line to occupy the space vacated by Stewart. But the Virginia veterans rallied, took a firm stand, and gradually repelled the foe. In the afternoon they were aided by Trigg's brigade, of Preston's division, under whose valorous fire the Yankees paid dearly for their audacity.

At the beginning of the action orders had been sent to hasten the march of Hill's corps and the absent half of Polk's. They could not be expected, however, till late in the afternoon. Meanwhile the brunt of the battle was to be borne by the troops already engaged, with two brigades of Preston's command to hold the height upon the left of the line, which might serve as a pivot upon which to turn in case of disaster. About four o'clock Hindman came up, and was ordered to the assistance of Hood. General Polk had now arrived and assumed direction of this part of the line. He sent Cleburne to sustain Wright. Cheatham rushed



forward and took possession, after a brave and bloody contest, of an advantageous position in his front.

From this account it will be seen at once that the object of this whole struggle on Saturday was to relieve the brave Walker from his perilous position, and retrieve the consequences of what has been regarded as a very serious blunder in the plan of the battle. It was a fierce, sanguinary, but indecisive effort. The roar of musketry, with an occasional explosion of artillery which shook the forest and reverberated among the distant hills, was incessant from ten o'clock in the morning till five in the evening, when it suddenly went silent, as if by magic. The achievements and repulses of the day were about equally balanced. We had fought, as it were, by detachments against concentrated masses. Our loss had been great, but that of the enemy greater. Part of Stewart's line had at one time crossed the Chattanooga road, but had been obliged to retire. After dark Breckinridge arrived, crossing at Reed's Bridge, and was placed in line on the extreme right, ready for the morrow.

Sabbath morning dawned, the memorable 20th of September. Longstreet, having arrived the preceding night, now took command on the left, with Buckner's corps, consisting of Stewart's, Preston's, and Bushrod Johnston's divisions, under him; Hindman's also, and parts of Hood's and McLaws'. Hill had the right wing, composed of Breckinridge's and Cleburne's divisions. Polk's command occupied the centre. Walker's men,

who had suffered so severely on Saturday, were held in reserve.

The battle began about ten o'clock on the extreme right, and in less than an hour the engagement extended along the whole line to the extreme left. The sound of the musketry was like the beating of hail upon a roof, and the forest quaked with the continuous roar of the artillery.

The enemy's movements on Friday night and Saturday had made him very strong upon the right, and during the forenoon all our attempts upon his position were effectually resisted. Walker was now ordered up with his reserves. He moved forward promptly, and fell upon the foe like a tempest; but the Yankees obstinately maintained their ground, and he was obliged to fall back.

During the preceding day I had been frequently at the front, and in positions of no little danger, gathering up the wounded, and conveying them to the hospitals in the rear. Colonel Shelihe, General Buckner's chief of staff, had remonstrated against what he was pleased to call "the unnecessary exposure of life," and kindly insisted that I should remain to-day with the surgeons. Anxious, however, to witness "the fiercest of the fray," as well as to aid any who might need my attentions, about twelve o'clock I rode forward again. A negro boy belonging to Captain Shelby, influenced, doubtless, by the same chivalrous and philanthropic feeling, begged leave to accompany me. He was well mounted, and promised to "keep close to my horse's tail." We arrived at

the line amid a perfect shower of missiles, just at the moment when a portion of our troops gave way before an impetuous charge of the foe, and came rushing down upon us like a living avalanche. Resistance was not to be thought of, and truly there was no time for thinking. With scores of others, Filly and I were forced headlong into the Chickamauga. It would have been ludicrous had it not been dangerous, and to a mere looker-on it must have been a little ludicrous spite of the danger—to see men and horses plunging into the stream, tumbling one over another down the bank, floundering and splashing in mud and water, while ball and shell went crashing through the trees above them and burying themselves in the opposite bank of the stream. Thanks to Filly and her aquatic accomplishments, I was borne safely to the farther shore; but the bank, full ten feet high and almost perpendicular, presented a formidable obstacle to my perseverance. The John Gilpin just in advance of me attempted to urge his steed up the steep, but midway of the ascent his steed fell backward with him into the water. Whether horse or rider got out first, I did not stay to ascertain; but, leaping from my saddle, I seized the bushes and climbed to the top of the bank; and my faithful Filly, responding to my call, bounded after me with the agility of a mountain-goat. I remounted, and a few moments bore me beyond the reach of danger. Then I paused to wait for Bob. Bob did not make his appearance, and I could learn from others nothing of his fate. But

here come John Gilpin and his charger, both of them well disguised with Chickamauga mire.

"Well," said the human mud-wall, "I have been baptized at last, Doctor!"

"Yes, my friend," I replied, "and, like many others, 'washed to fouler stains!'"

An hour after I arrived at the point of departure Bob came riding up in woeful plight.

"Why, Bob!" said I, "I was afraid the Yankees had got you."

"Yankees never coteh dis niggah, Doctah! shuah!" rejoined Bob.

"Why did n't you keep close to my horse's tail, as you promised?"

"Lor, Doctah! when dem ar big tings comes a buzzin an a bustin, niggah could n't keep nowhar! I was skeered, yes I was, a'most to def! I tought dis niggah done dead, shuah!"

"Well, what became of you? where did you go? how did you get back?"

"Why, I could n't go nowhar, sah! dey push me plum in de creek, sah! de sojers push me right in; an I should n't got out no more, I don't blieve, if white man had n't 'av holp me!"

I now repaired to the hospital and spent the remainder of the day in my appropriate duties among the wounded and the dying.

Brigade after brigade had been withdrawn from Longstreet to reinforce Hill; yet all attempts of the latter to drive the enemy from his position had hitherto failed. His brave troops had been repeatedly repulsed, and some portions of his command

had sustained a heavy loss. Longstreet at length determined to make the left retrieve the disasters of the right. He ordered a new disposition of his artillery, massed his forces, and moved forward. Before his concentrated fire the enemy wavered, broke ranks, and retreated in disorder. Two miles and a half our lines advanced, taking prisoners, batteries, and breastworks as if they had been toys. The fugitives then rallied and reformed upon a lofty ridge. This stronghold was vigorously assailed by our troops, but obstinately maintained by the enemy. Preston at last made a gallant charge and carried the crest, which was the key to his position. Then went up such a shout as never before was heard upon the American continent. Amid the incessant rattle of musketry and the sullen boom of artillery it reached us at the hospital, four or five miles distant, as if all the Indians from beyond the Father of Waters had suddenly descended upon the field.

The Yankee commander now detached a large force from his left wing and centre, and sent it to the support of his routed right. General McLaws, who had succeeded to the command of the dangerously wounded Hood, pushed forward a battery of ten guns, enfilading the reinforcing column as it advanced. Meanwhile the flying foe turned upon Preston, who was pursuing, and made a desperate effort to retrieve his disaster. McLaws' guns opened upon his reinforcements just as the column was about to wheel into position. The shock was insupportable. The enemy gave way,



and fled in wild confusion. Buckner pursued him with his light artillery. His defeat was irretrievable. The panic ran from right to left, and along his whole line he threw down his weapons and turned his back upon the "River of Death," while Polk, Hill, and Walker poured a terrific fire upon his rear,

"Till the dark cope of night, with kind embrace,  
Befriends the rout, and covers his disgrace."

The infantry can now no longer pursue. The greater part of the cavalry has been sent to the rear for forage. The army is in good condition and better spirits. We might move at dawn tomorrow morning as on a review. Rations have been lately issued, and the cartouch-boxes refurnished. The shout of exultation is succeeded by the cry, "Let us pursue! let us march upon Chattanooga!" Forrest, who has followed the fugitives almost into the town, and had his horse shot under him within half a mile of the river, reports to General Bragg that the enemy is crossing the Tennessee in disorder upon two pontoon bridges.

Bragg, however, waits till Monday afternoon, then orders a movement in the direction of Chickamauga Station, almost at right angles to the course taken by the Yankees. There is but one road, and that is soon crowded, so that only a small part of the army is able to move. The second day we make eight miles, still going at a tangent. The third day we turn toward Chattanooga, pass over Missionary Ridge, and take up our position in two parallel lines before the town. Had we pursued

promptly and vigorously, who doubts that we might have taken the place, and driven the routed Yankees over the Cumberland mountains,

“With hideous ruin and combustion dire?”

As it is, we have captured thirty thousand small-arms, forty-three pieces of artillery, and twenty-five stand of colors; have taken eight thousand prisoners, besides the twenty-five hundred wounded in our hands; and left dead upon the field three thousand thieves, many hundred horses, and one honest bear, who, like “poor Tray, was very cruelly treated for having been found in bad company.” It is thought that the Federal loss must amount to twenty-five thousand, while ours is not more than ten thousand, one thousand of whom are killed, perhaps two thousand severely wounded, and the remainder but slightly. Several valuable Confederate officers have fallen, among whom is the gallant Brigadier-General B. H. Helm, of Kentucky. Major-General Hood has lost a leg, but escaped with his life.

On Monday after the battle I rode over the field in every direction. Many of our soldiers were employed in burying the slain, and others were busy in gathering up the spoils. In some places the Yankees were lying in heaps. Where the batteries were taken, the horses were piled one upon another. Wounded men were crawling about the woods. One poor fellow, with a broken leg, had kindled a little fire, and was making himself a cup of coffee. Where the leaves and brush had

been fired by the shells, were a score of blackened corpses, some of whom had evidently perished in the flames. On the Chattanooga road were the smouldering ruins of a house which the Yankees had used for a hospital, and amid the ashes and embers were the charred bones of men. The cowardly surgeons had fled and left the disabled wretches to their fate!

Rosecrans made no application for permission to bury his dead. Bragg ordered a large detail for the purpose, but some time elapsed before the carcasses were all interred, and numbers probably were never interred at all. In many instances a few shovels full of earth were thrown upon them where they lay, which the first rain washed off, exposing heads and hands and feet. Four weeks after the battle I saw hundreds of carcasses thus uncovered, and dogs and buzzards were doing their best to remedy the evil.

The timber in the vicinity of Preston's memorable charge showed plainly the character of the conflict upon that part of the field. Hundreds of large trees, both oak and pine, were bored through by shot and shell, or shivered as by the flaming bolts of heaven, while many smaller were marked with scores of bullet wounds. I counted sixty-four distinct shots upon a sapling not more than eight inches thick, all within ten feet from the ground, and above that height it was cut off by a shell. And all these were on the northwest side, showing that they came from the enemy. How men could live where the deadly hail fell so fierce and fast,

it seems difficult to imagine; yet through this terrible storm Preston's brave division, with Kershaw's and Humphrey's brigades of McLaws' division, forced their way to take the enemy's position. Here Gracie, Kelly, and Trigg won their immortality, and Bushrod Johnston swept like a hurricane through the forest.

No officer that day distinguished himself more by his brave and heroic bearing than Major-General Buckner. He rode through the fiery tempest as calmly as if he knew himself invulnerable, and seemed as thoughtless of danger as if he were out on an equestrian pleasure excursion. He was everywhere among his troops, in front and flank and rear, directing their movements, and cheering them on to victory. To his cool courage, in connection with Longstreet's superior strategy and heroic resolution, more than to the management or energy of any of their compeers, is attributable the triumph of the Confederate arms upon the field of Chickamauga.

Yankee letter-writers, from the scene of the disaster, say that the Dutch general led the grand "skedaddle" of his defeated hosts, making all practicable speed to Chattanooga, and reporting that the day was lost. They confess that he was outgeneralled by Bragg, that his campaign was a disgraceful failure, that his troops were dispirited by his unskilful management, and that to Thomas is due all the credit that the Federal army bore away from that unfortunate field. The whole Northern press has taken up the same melancholy strain;

speaking of<sup>d</sup> the results of the battle as "painfully different from all that had been hoped, and much more humiliating than anything that had been feared;" and describing the situation of the Army of the Cumberland as a very critical one, "with lines of communication and a base of operations dangerously long and formidably open to attack."

On our side it is alleged, by certain military critics, that General Bragg blundered at Chickamauga: first, in persisting to press his troops up the stream toward Lee and Gordon's Mills, when the enemy was manifestly concentrating for his main attack on the Confederate right; and, secondly, in delaying so long to pursue the routed foe, and then marching off at right angles to the line of his retreat, thus giving him an opportunity to recover from the shock he had received, and strengthen his position in Chattanooga. *Humanum est errare*; and if Cyrus blundered in Scythia, and Alexander in India, and Cæsar in Africa, and Napoleon in Russia, and all the Yankee generals in Virginia, let it not be deemed unpardonable that Bragg should blunder at the Chickamauga.



## X.

### ON FURLOUGH.

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October, 1863—April, 1864.

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“Nothing can be more ludicrous, my dear friends, than to hear people stigmatizing a man as cowardly and hare-hearted, who, perhaps, is struggling all the while with precisely the opposite faults, those of the lion.”—*Jean Paul*.

In this sentiment of “Army Chaplain Attila Schmelzle” I cordially concur. This same Schmelzle was accused of taking leg-bail on the eve of an important battle; and when afterward the chaplain was called for to preach a thanksgiving sermon for the victory, no chaplain was to be found. Schmelzle was a wise man, however, if not a very brave one. Is not a good retreat justly regarded as the masterpiece in the art of war? and when can such a movement be so certainly and securely executed as before the battle? Naturalists tell us that animals with large hind-quarters are always timid; and if the converse of this proposition is true, a lean man like Schmelzle and me has only to turn his back to prove his courage; and, therefore, there is no better evidence of a chaplain’s heroic qualities than a prudent and timely retreat. It is an unquestionable verity, also, that the carnivorous animals are more courageous than the

herbivorous ; and I suspect that Schmelzle, as well as myself, was by no means wanting in this additional proof of his bravery ; for it is recorded of him, that having devoured his own rations of roast beef, he levied, wolf-like, upon the bacon of his brother-officers. Like Schmelzle, also, and Martin Luther, and “ Good King James,” though I fight not with the sword, I do valiant battle with the pen ; and pending these campaigns, what Southern patriot has written more energetically against the villanous invader ? I can not say with Schmelzle, that I never was in any action whatever ; but this will I steadfastly maintain in the face of the universe—that I have had dreams of which no Cæsar, Alexander, First Napoleon, or even Stonewall Jackson, need to have been ashamed. Is not foresight often mistaken for cowardice ? and yet there is nothing else so much to be feared as fear. Schmelzle carried a wax-cloth umbrella, with a string of gold lace depending from its apex, at the end of which was a key trailing along the ground ; with which *paratonnerre partif* in his hand, he bravely defied any chance bolt from out the tranquil depths of the cloudless azure ; and yet, with all this demonstration of courage, was he terribly afraid of the moonshine, as he shall now confess for himself :

“ Is it not bad enough that we have nothing to defend us from the moon, which is at present bombarding us with stones like a very Turk ? For this paltry little earth’s train-bearer and errand-maid thinks, in these rebellious times, that she too

must begin, forsooth, to sling somewhat against her mother. In good truth, as matters stand, any young catechist of feeling may go out o' nights, with whole limbs, into the moonshine, a-meditating; and ere long, in the midst of his meditation, the villanous satellite hits him, and he comes home a pounded jelly! Alas! new proofs of courage are required of us on every hand! No sooner have we, with great effort, got thunder-rods manufactured and comet-tails explained away, than the enemy opens new batteries upon us in the moon, or somewhere else in the blue!"

At this point I confess to a want of sympathy with Schmelzle. I never had any special apprehension of danger from lunar batteries. With respect to Yankee batteries, the case is somewhat different. At the base of Missionary Ridge I stood behind trees, while bombshells went crashing through the branches above me; but upon the Lookout mountain, like the eagle that soars above the storm, I enjoyed the thrills of a sublime emotion—may I not call it courage?—while the fierce missiles fell like thunderbolts ten thousand feet below!

Therefore let no officious poltroon stigmatize me with cowardice for quitting the field some weeks previous to the disastrous battle before Chattanooga. The truth is, that my health was so much impaired by the labors, exposures, and manifold hardships of the campaign, as to disqualify me altogether for duty; while rough rations, despicably cooked, with damp feet by day and wet blankets at night, were

not well adapted to promote the comfort and facilitate the recovery of an invalid. General Buekner, therefore, kindly offered me leave of absence till I should not only regain my voice, but also thoroughly recuperate my wasted energies.

I left his quarters in camp on the 15th of October, and after much tribulation—a long detention by high-water at the Chickamauga—a tramp thence to Tyner's Station, six miles, nearly knee-deep in mud, with my satchel upon my shoulder—the loss of my haversack containing “hard tack” for the journey—supper and breakfast of corn, picked up by the grain from the ground, and parched upon the borrowed fragment of a superannuated skillet—a night's lodging upon a bleak hill-side, in a bitter wind, with the roots of an oak for my couch, its branches for my canopy, and only my clothes for warmth—a deck-passage upon a freight car by night in a cold rain-storm, to the tory town of Cleveland—an interesting controversy across the breakfast-table with a lady of very fierce logic about “this wicked rebellion”—an uncomfortable ride on foot in an overcrowded car to Dalton—sundry detentions—disagreeable company—weariness, hunger, and headache—much senseless talk, with many irreverent expletives—tobacco-smoke almost dense enough to be rolled into balls and hurled at the heads of the smokers—I reach Madison, where I spend several days with my dear old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Ogilby; thence, by way of Augusta, proceed to Milledgeville, where I remain three weeks, preach fifteen sermons, and receive

all sorts of kindnesses ; and then go to Columbus to attend the Georgia Conference, where I meet old friends and form new acquaintances, hear a few excellent discourses and many indifferent ones, and deliver several myself which I can not confidently assign either to the one class or the other.

Great events have taken place in the army since I left the lines, some of which demand a passing notice. One of these is Dibbrell's fight with Woolford at Philadelphia, in East Tennessee. I take the account of this brilliant little affair from a letter-writer in the Chattanooga Rebel :

" Woolford had been encamped here several days, with about twenty-five hundred cavalry and one battery, when Colonel G. G. Dibbrell, commanding the 2d cavalry brigade, planned to dislodge him. In connection with Colonel Morrison, commanding Pegram's old brigade, our forces advanced upon the enemy in two columns. Colonel Morrison proceeded around Philadelphia to get in his rear, while Colonel Dibbrell moved immediately on him from the Athens road. The braggart Woolford, who had only that morning boasted that twenty thousand rebels could not move him, was found ready to receive us, beautifully drawn up in line in two columns along the hills in front of the town. We engaged him at once, and a short fight of an hour ensued, when suddenly the artillery on the hills which had been so attentive to us was seen to face about and open to the rear. We knew what it meant.

" The gallant Morrison was at his appointed work. The decisive moment had arrived, and happily did Colonel Dibbrell improve it. He immediately ordered a charge, and literally ran over them, slaying them right and left with pistol and sword. They could no longer stand the steel and shouts of our boys, and took to the hills in the wildest disorder. The chase lasted for four or five miles, when darkness ended the pursuit. We captured everything they had—together with about seven hundred prisoners—most of whom were taken in hand-to-hand en-



counter. Their loss in killed and wounded is considerable—ours comparatively nothing. Among the spoils taken are six pieces of artillery, fifty wagons, all loaded with stores and ammunition, twelve ambulances, five hundred small-arms, a large lot of salt, bacon, flour, and other commissary stores, a drove of beef cattle, any number of horses and mules, and several stand of colors. Those who escaped have made their way to Loudon, where a portion of Burnside's army is strongly fortified.

“Nothing could be more complete than our victory, and nothing wilder than the flight of the terrified vandals. Too much praise can not be awarded to Col Dibbrell for conceiving and executing so successful an exploit. He is already widely and favorably known as one of our most gallant and able cavalry commanders; and this fight and its results will rank with the most brilliant cavalry engagement of the war. His brigade is as proud of him, as their commanding officer, as he is to be the leader of such a brave band of veterans. Colonel Morrison and his brigade deserve great credit for their invaluable and well-timed assistance. General John C. Vaughan, who has been recently exchanged, and who is not yet assigned to duty, kindly tendered his services to Colonel Dibbrell for the expedition, and, by his counsel and prowess in the fight and charge, fully sustained his high reputation for ability and gallantry.

“Our cavalry are in the finest condition and spirits—their faces are turned toward home, and their constant prayer is that they may not turn back until brave old Tennessee is liberated and free.”

Another interesting matter is Longstreet's unsuccessful assault upon Burnside's position at Knoxville. I quote the description from a letter published in the *Augusta Constitutionalist*:

“To the left of Knoxville, on a high hill, is a large dirt fort, mounting six guns, which commands all approaches to it for more than a mile. In its front and flanks were once a thick field of pine, which were cut down by the enemy, the tops falling in all directions, making a mass of brush and timber almost impassable. In addition to this, they had wires knotted all around their works, and a ditch from four to six feet deep, cor-

responding with the irregularity of the ground, the extreme slope of the parapet-wall making an acute angle with the fall of the ditch. Immediately in their front, for two or three hundred yards, all brush and rubbish were removed in order that their grape and canister might have a clear sweep at any attacking column.

"This fort Bryan's, Humphrey's, and a part of Wofford's brigades were ordered to assault at daylight on the morning of the 29th of November.

"Through this rugged field of obstacles before day Bryan's brigade felt its way, with many a fall and many a bruise, yet quietly, uncomplainingly the men followed the dark figure of their leader guiding us through the gloom to the line of sharpshooters stationed at the edge of the clearing. Here the command rested, waiting daylight. Each man pressed his cap more firmly down upon his brow, and, with lips compressed and steadfast eye, waited for the word to move, whilst Generals Bryan and Humphrey glided noiselessly through their commands, carefully examining the ground before them.

"All was quiet as the grave. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the sharp crack of a minie rifle, when, 'Up, boys! charge!' was given by our commanders. The brave fellows springing up with a shout, on they pressed to the fort, through a murderous fire of shot and shell. Owing to a rain on the day before, and frost on the night of the attack, the earth would give way from under our gallant men, as they climbed upon the shoulders of each other, endeavoring to reach the parapet, and down they would tumble into the ditch. Hand-grenade after hand-grenade were thrown upon them, and yet they still remained climbing and falling for over half an hour, whilst the air sparkled with whistling fuses and incessant rolls of m-ketry from the walls; when, finding all attempts to scale the sides of the fort impossible (only one man—Sergeant-Major Bailey, of the 50th Georgia—reaching the top; he, poor fellow, was killed immediately), we slowly withdrew, under a terrible fire from the enemy.

"It was a sight long to be remembered to see General Bryan at the head of the column, leading and cheering his men, giving orders in a calm and self-possessed tone. Indeed, he seemed to bear a charmed life. Whilst hundred around him were killed

and wounded he was untouched, and when the assault failed, walking away crying, 'Rally, boys, rally! we are not whipped! we could not climb the fort, that 's all!' the men all stopping at his command, and pressing forward to shake hands in grateful delight of his safety. One of the colonels scolded him severely for exposing himself so recklessly.

"Many sons of our sunny South reddened the field with their heart's blood, whilst not a Yankee, that I could see, was slain! Oh! it was a sad sight to see those two old warriors—Generals Bryan and Humphrey—who essayed to speak to each other after the fight, but could not; they turned their heads and wept—yes, wept bitter tears to the memory of their gallant dead. Never did men go so boldly up to death.

"The enemy ran up a flag of truce, and acted very humanely to our wounded, sending all who could be moved to us. The Yankees say it was the charge of the war, and none but Longstreet's corps would ever have made it."

In the late battle before Chattanooga we sustained a much greater misfortune. Grant, having succeeded Rosecrans in the command of the Army of the Cumberland, determined to retrieve its recent disgrace upon the Chickamauga. He had received large reinforcements, while Bragg's strength had been proportionately diminished by the withdrawal of part of his command. Longstreet had gone up the Tennessee, two of Buckner's brigades had followed him, and Wheeler was absent with all the cavalry. The enemy had sent a heavy column across the river some miles below Chattanooga, and, after a severe struggle and heavy loss, had gained possession of Raccoon mountain and the Lookout valley. From these advantageous positions, and from Moccasin Point across the river, he opened his batteries upon Lookout mountain about half-past ten o'clock, A. M., on Tuesday,

the 24th of November. The scene, as described by spectators from the crest of Missionary Ridge, was one of terrific sublimity. It seemed as if the surrounding hills, envious of the superior majesty of the Lookout, had conspired against him, and turned themselves into volcanoes to put him down. Meanwhile, the dense fog which enveloped the mountain prevented our batteries from replying. The fierce bombardment, without a moment's intermission, continued for two hours, during which the enemy pushed a column of infantry across the creek at the base of the mountain. Then the harsh treble of musketry chimed in with the stern bass of artillery; and up the rocky steeps, and along the wooded valleys, wave after wave, rolled the wild harmony of hell.

"Our forces had been much weakened the night before by the withdrawal of Walker's division, which was sent to the right, leaving only Stevenson's and Cheatham's divisions behind, both under command of Stevenson. General Cheatham arrived on the ground late in the afternoon, having just returned to the army. Up to the time of his return his division was under command of General Jackson, the senior brigadier in the division. It was thought that these two divisions would have been sufficient to hold the position against a largely superior force; but not so. The Confederates were steadily pushed back from the moment the infantry opened fire until late in the evening, when General Breckinridge went to the assistance of Stevenson with a brigade. The Federals, who had driven the Confederates slowly around the north face of the mountain to Craven's house, and thence around almost to the road which leads to the top, were, in their turn, forced back after night some four or five hundred yards."

The battle continued till ten o'clock at night, when the bleeding remnant of our troops upon

the mountain retreated across the valley to Missionary Ridge. Guns and ammunition were brought safely away, and nothing but a few commissary stores was left behind.

The enemy now held the key to our position. Bragg attempted to withdraw his whole army across the Chickamauga. Meanwhile, Grant sent a heavy column—cavalry and infantry—across the Tennessee above, evidently for the purpose, if practicable, of turning our right flank. This manœuvre left Bragg no opportunity of executing the movement he had ordered. A line of battle was formed along the summit of the ridge from Rossville to the river. A rude breastwork of logs and earth was extemporized for the emergency. Breckinridge commanded on the left and Hardee on the right. Our chief force was necessarily concentrated toward the Yankee demonstration on our right, leaving the left and centre to be defended by a very small force.

Early on Wednesday, the 25th, the dreadful work began. Every attempt to turn our right flank was handsomely repulsed, and the enemy suffered no inconsiderable loss in the fruitless enterprise. Cleburne's division, on this part of the field, captured five hundred men and four stand of colors. Here the battle raged violently, without a pause, till about three in the afternoon, when the enemy, inflamed, it is said, with whiskey for the purpose, advanced along his whole line. A letter-writer thus describes the scene:

“Witnessed from the top of Mission Ridge, upon which our



line of battle was formed, it was one of the grandest sights that I ever beheld. On they came, four lines deep, through the timber that skirts the old field. Gradually they approached our deserted trenches; halted, as if to rest. A hundred cannon were throwing shell into their midst, yet not a break in their lines was visible. They were at the base of the ridge. Steep and rugged was the path they must ascend before they could hope to cope with us upon anything <sup>on an</sup> equal footing. To them it certainly must have appeared <sup>that</sup> certain death awaited them; but at the word from their commanders they stepped forward with alacrity. When within about fifty yards of the top we opened a terrible fire upon them with our rifles, which sent them back to the bottom of the ridge again. We continued to fire, but they reformed and came again. They soon, however, lost all organization; each man commenced fighting upon his own hook, and crawling slowly toward the crest of the ridge. The firing of our troops at this juncture was rapid and terrible, and in many places along the lines of the enemy their troops staggered under our destructive discharges; but, with a heroism worthy of all emulation, they breasted the leaden storm and planted their colors upon the top of Mission Ridge, in front of Anderson's old brigade upon the right and Adams' brigade upon the left of Breckinridge's division. Almost simultaneously with this feat, our left wing was turned, thus exposing our left centre to a severe cross-fire. The day was evidently lost, and the only hope of safety with the troops from death or capture lay in their heels, and these they used with success. Our right wing drew off the field in good order; the left and centre, with the exception of Bate's brigade, were seized with a panic, and left the field in a complete rout. Bate's brigade occupied the centre of Breckinridge's division, with Adams' brigade upon its left and Anderson's old brigade upon the right. It repulsed the enemy three times, and held its position until the enemy had driven the two brigades upon its right and left back. Being flanked upon both sides, nothing was left them but to fall back, which they did, but with considerable confusion. The brigade, however, rallied at the word from their gallant commander, and checked the enemy from farther pursuit for the night. General Breckinridge publicly complimented the brigade for its gallantry and cool courage. General Bragg saluted them; he knew what they had done, for they fought under his watchful eye."

It is stated by an eye-witness that at one point our lines and the enemy's were not more than twenty paces apart, and that both stood immovable for fifteen minutes, pouring volley after volley into each other's front. He declares that stones were freely used for missiles, and that in one case he saw a real fist-and-skull fight,—a regular Tennessee ground-tussle—between a Federal lieutenant and a Confederate corporal.

The letter-writer last quoted says: "General Bragg and Governor Harris, seeing the lines upon the left centre begin to waver, dashed forward right into their midst, and begged the men to hold the position at all hazards. They seemed perfectly indifferent to danger. In fact, it looked as though the former courted death; for his arrowy form could be seen at all times where danger was greatest. I saw him after the fight was over, and never in my life have I seen a human face wear such an expression. Agony the most acute seemed depicted there."

Another correspondent gives the following account of the closing act of the tragedy:

"As soon as General Bragg perceived that the day was lost and our troops running from the field in great disorder, he despatched a guard to our pontoon bridge across the Chickamauga, with positive orders to allow no footmen to cross until our artillery and ordnance trains were safely over. While these trains were passing over, Generals Breekinridge, Stewart, and Bate, and a host of brigadiers, were busily engaged in reorganizing their commands. The trains over, the army then passed over and made its way to Graysville by the railroad, leaving Cleburne and his division to bring up the rear. At daylight the enemy attempted to cross the Chickamauga at Bird's Mills, but was hand-

somely repulsed. Our wagon trains, in the meantime, had made pretty good time during the night, and were considered out of danger. General Cleburne then fell back upon Graysville, the rear of our trains. Here he again repulsed the enemy and captured a few prisoners; but receiving intelligence that the enemy was pushing a considerable force upon his left for the purpose of cutting him off at Ringgold, General Cleburne hurried forward the trains and his command with all possible despatch to the latter place. Arriving in time, he ordered the wagons to a position in a valley to the right of his command. Forming his line of battle along the crest of the hills around Ringgold, he coolly awaited the approach of the enemy. They soon appeared and commenced a vigorous attack. The fight lasted about one hour, when the enemy's lines began to waver, and our men were ordered forward to the charge. So sudden and impetuous was the dash made, that the enemy fled in dismay and confusion. The result was the capture of two pieces of artillery, horses and caissons, five hundred prisoners, and seven stand of colors. Our loss was very slight. The enemy left upwards of three hundred dead on the field.\* The road being now open, our trains moved on without farther molestation.

"The Yankees gave us no farther trouble until near Tunnel Hill, where they were again repulsed. At Tunnel Hill General Cleburne halted, for it was evident that the enemy would not push his success any farther for the present. The army is bivouacking around this town. The majority of the troops are anxious to wipe out the disgrace of the late defeat. Your readers may mark the prediction—this army will yet teach old Grant and his cohorts a Chickamauga lesson."

The loss of the enemy in this series of severe conflicts is thought to have been greater than at the Battle of Chickamauga. Ours, though probably much lighter, is heavy enough to sadden many a Southern heart and shed a gloom over many a pleasant home. We are minus about forty pieces of artillery and five thousand patriots, of whom fifteen hundred "have fought their last battle."

"Gashed with honorable scars,  
Low in glory's lap they lie ;  
Though they fell, they fell like stars,  
Streaming splendors through the sky.

"From the dust their laurels bloom,  
High they shoot and flourish free ;  
Glory's temple is the tomb,  
Death is immortality !"

General Bragg, at his own request, is now relieved from the chief command of the army. A measure this of very grave importance. General Bragg has his critics, as every public man will have, and some of them have handled his military acts and character very freely. He has his enemies also, as every man of any positive qualities and real worth must have, and some of these have animadverted with great severity upon his conduct as the head of the army. But whether a wiser, safer, more efficient, more successful captain-general is at this time available, is a question for future solution.

Lieutenant-General Hardee is appointed to succeed him ; but he promptly declines the position, alleging his conscious incompetency to its responsibilities. Whereupon General Joseph E. Johnston is designated to fill the vacancy ; than whom, perhaps, there is no man in America, General Robert E. Lee himself not excepted, in all respects better qualified to

"Muster the stormy wings of war."

Persons from the army describe the country from Chattanooga to Tunnel Hill as totally devastated by the enemy. For more than twenty miles there

is not a house remaining, not a mill, nor a shop, nor a barn, nor a shed, nor a fence of any sort. The churches are demolished, the tanneries, the railroad depots, with the bridges and trestles. For many a day after the retreat of our army columns of smoke might be seen in every direction ascending to heaven as witnesses against the fiendish malignity of our invaders, and night after night the flames of burning buildings lit up mountain and sky as with the lurid glare of hell. A Yankee correspondent of the Cincinnati Times says that many of the residences thus destroyed were spacious and elegant structures, surrounded with ornamental trees and shrubbery, of which nothing now remains but naked chimneys, charred fragments, and heaps of ashes. The inhabitants are all gone, starved out, driven away, taken captive, or killed by the enemy; and the fertile valleys and beautiful hill-sides, where but lately hundreds of happy families lived in luxurious security, have become a desert waste. "But the end is not yet." A day of retribution is sure to come, and terrible will be the vengeance of outraged patriotism.

"Though high the warm red current ran  
Between the flames that lit the sky,  
Yet for each drop an armed man  
Shall rise to free the land, or die."—*Bryant*.

Miss Hannah M. Anderson has come out from Nashville. Her two years among the Federals have been like two years of an Israelite among the Babylonians. She tells woeful tales of Yankee Doodle and his Dutchmen. In their treatment of



ladies, they seem to emulate the Lipans and Camanches. They curse them to their faces, and offer them all sorts of indignities. If they have not taken the oath of allegiance, they are entitled to no protection; and when they complain to the officer in command, he tells them he does not talk with rebels, and often drives them out of his office with bitter oaths. In one instance the villain slapped a lady's face, and thrust her out of doors in a most savage and brutal manner. Those noble women have waited for the advent of our army till hope deferred has made the heart sick; and many of them, in despair of such relief, are seeking immunity from military outrage in formal submission to the most execrable tyranny on earth. Even this, however, in many instances, avails but little for the security either of person or of property; and those who have taken the oath are treated no better than others who have refused it—often insulted, and robbed without redress. Miss Anderson had frequently applied for a passport before she obtained it; and once the officer told her he would “give a South Carolinian a passport to hell, but nowhere else.” She came out in company with half a dozen lady exiles from Nashville, all of whom had their baggage rudely overhauled by official freebooters, who relieved their trunks of half their contents, coolly appropriating whatever they fancied most.

Miss Anderson having remained a fortnight with my family at Eatonton, I accompanied her to South Carolina, and spent two days in the poor old Palmetto City. The lower half of Charleston—burn-

ed, battered, and desolate—presents a very melancholy appearance. The damage done by Yankee missiles is much greater than I had imagined. Many buildings have been perforated, and some entirely ruined. No business is now done below George street, and the residents have all removed above Calhoun. In walking down Meeting street from the Citadel to the Battery, and returning by East Bay, I met not more than a dozen persons. It is a dangerous locality, and they call it “the infected district.” Fort Sumter looked like a huge load of bricks dumped down in the sea, or the head of a young volcano just rising from beneath the waters. The Yankee fleet seemed to treat it with great respect, “standing afar off,” as if impressed with a salutary dread of its contents.

“Like leviathans afloat,

Lay their bulwarks on the brine;”

and ever and anon a mass of gray smoke heralded the iron howl of despair which followed. After a siege of so many months, in which the enemy has burned powder enough to blow up the peninsula, and hurled missiles enough to build a metallic city, and spent money enough to buy half a dozen Charlestons, and lost men enough to fill up the Maffit channel with their carcases, our people are in excellent spirits, and confident of final success; while the old palmetto-tree on East Bay still flourishes in defiance of Yankee hate—the green prophecy of a glorious future! Lincoln’s “Greek-fire” has proved a failure, and Brownlow’s “hell-fire” seems to be reserved by his master for a more

suitable purpose ; and, surely, his infernal majesty is likely to need it all for the North, and can ill afford to expend a single spark upon the South !

I found my old friend, Mr. G. W. Williams, with his family, in the northeastern corner of the city, up to his eyes in rice, flour, meal, grits, peas, beans, etc., which he was dealing out to fifteen thousand people per week, in quantities of from two to four dollars' worth to a family, at less than half the market value of the articles. Since the commencement of the siege, nothing is brought into the city for sale ; and without some charitable provision for the poor, many of them must perish. The City Council, therefore, appointed a Committee of Subsistence for them, of which Mr. Williams is chairman. This committee receive contributions, purchase provisions, and sell them at a price which enables the poor to live. Mr. Williams' house is the dispensary, and he devotes his personal attention to the distribution, and seems happier here than I ever saw him at his desk in Hayne street. He informed me that he had already distributed in this manner more than a million pounds of provision, and then had in store and in transitu supplies for three months to come. He contributes largely from his own purse to sustain this noble charity ; and is also one of the principal supporters of the Free Market, where soldiers' families are furnished gratuitously with the necessaries of life. Occupying his parlor for an office, dining in his wife's bedroom, and lodging his guest in the pantry, his present situation contrasted strongly

with his former sumptuous residence in George street, and the manner in which he was wont to entertain his friends there; and before I was aware I caught myself humming the long-forgotten chorus of the good old English song I used to hear the dairy-maids sing in the daisy-fields of Somersetshire.

“Change, change! wonderful change!

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful change!”

Streaks of golden promise now gild our military horizon. Grant had inaugurated a stupendous movement to crush this wicked rebellion. Seymour was to occupy Florida, and make destructive incursions thence into the rich agricultural regions of Southern Georgia. Farragut was to attack Mobile in front; while Banks, by way of Pascagoula, was to approach and invest it in the rear. Sherman from Vicksburg, Logan from Memphis, and Smith and Grierson from Decatur, were to march and meet in Central Alabama, capture Selma and Montgomery, and establish a military depot in the very heart of the Confederacy. At the same time Thomas was to advance upon Johnston at Dalton, whose army, it was imagined, would be considerably depleted to meet these threatening movements in the West, drive the feeble remnant before him, and take possession of Atlanta. Meanwhile a grand raid was to move upon Richmond, liberate the Yankee prisoners, kill Jeff. Davis and his Cabinet, and sack and burn the accursed city. And, finally, Meade was to march and complete the work by destroying the last miserable vestiges of

the devoted rebel host. And thus the Confederacy was to be penetrated in every direction, divided, encircled, "pulverized," and scattered to the winds like "the dust of the summer threshing-floor;" and all was to be finished before the first day of April, 1864. Magnificent conception! Glory to General Grant! But lo! All-Fool's-Day is come, and Jeff. Davis is still extant, and the insurgent capital is as sane as ever, and never were our troops in better condition, or more ebullient spirits. The grand *coup de main* has proved an ignominious failure. The movement was made simultaneously on all sides, according to programme; but everywhere the invaders were met, foiled, defeated, and driven back demoralized. In Florida the Yankee slaughter was terrible, and the Confederate triumph was complete. Grierson was severely punished by Forrest in Mississippi, and Sherman was obliged to fall back to Vicksburg, whence he ascended the river with his troops. The raid on Richmond came to a disastrous end; and Colonel Dahlgren, who was entrusted with the noble enterprise of the President's assassination, perished with the infamous orders in his pocket. The advance on Dalton also turned out unsuccessful, and ended in a retreat upon Chattanooga. In short, the whole glorious project has

"Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were."

The Yankees are grievously disappointed; and now, to cover their disgrace, they have the audacity to say that all these movements were intended only as so many reconnoissances in force.



Some of their editors, however, ridicule this declaration, and denounce it as an infamous falsehood. The Northern press, for the most part, is furious, desperate, inconsolable. It is a terrible blow to the fondly-cherished hope of speedy subjugation. Alas, poor Jonathan! How many and how mortifying thy disappointments since the inauguration of this holy war! Ah, cruel Dixie! not to yield her broad plantations and sumptuous palaces to thy just demands, and die at once for thy accommodation!

“Go to! the prolixity of this paper is quite insupportable!”

Pardon my infirmity, O most generous Confederate public! for seest thou not how my almond-tree is blossoming, and how Time hath carved these features with prophetic hieroglyphics of eternity? and yet indulge me, I pray thee, in one additional statement, which justice alike to thee and to me demands.

Still physically unfit for the field, with but little prospect of speedy improvement, I resign my commission as chaplain, and am duly discharged from the service, on the 21st of April, 1864. For three years past the stream of my life has been a mountain torrent, whirling among rocks and plunging over precipices. Henceforth it flows in a new channel—let me hope, also, with a smoother current and a gentler motion, through balmy groves and blooming fields—but whither? ah! whither? and with what freightage for the illimitable ocean?

XI.  
IN STATU QUO.

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May, 1864.

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"Like the bird of paradise, he slumbers flying; and, on his outspread pinions, oversleeps unconsciously the earthquakes and conflagrations of life, in his long, fair dream of his ideal motherland. Alas! to few is this dream granted, and these few are so often awakened by vampires."—*Jean Paul*.

EDWARD IRVING, the dementate millenarian—so deemed, at least, by the Truncated Pharisaism of Scottish Orthodoxy—was the sublimest genius and noblest orator of the modern Christian pulpit. Chalmers and Robert Hall were to him as rushlights to the sun, Whitefield and Summerfield mere pathetic declaimers, and Spurgeon a plebeian sputterer of commonplace paradoxes. The other evening, enjoying an hour of tranquil leisure, and being in the right mood for communion with such a mind, I sat down to read for the fifty-fourth time his incomparable discourse on Religious Meditation—after his Introductory Essay to Horne on the Psalms, unquestionably his finest production. What a calm majesty there is in it! what lofty poetry! what profound philosophy! what unrivalled sweetness of language! what oriental affluence of illustration! what genuine sympathy with

nature! what inimitable touches of pathos! what more than magical power of truth! How quietly the preacher soars above the world, and looks down upon its storms and listens to its thunder-din! I laid aside the book; but its sentences still floated through my brain like the voice of a remembered melody, and its imagery lingered upon my mental horizon as the gold and crimson behind the setting sun. I took up my pen and wrote the following prolusion; which is here inserted with the humble hope of soothing and comforting some poor, sorrowful brother, overtaken with the toils of life and heart-sick from the sight and smell of blood, who perchance goes out, like Isaac, "to meditate in the field at eventide."

"If from society we learn to live,

'T is solitude must teach us how to die."—*Byron.*

As the boat needs two oars for rowing, and the bird two wings for flight, so society and solitude are both necessary for the great purposes of human life. Each has its own specific good, and each tends to counteract the evils of the other. The excess of either would be injurious; and their proper union, the adjustment of their correlative claims and proportions, is a very nice question, which must depend much upon temperament, mental habitude, the occupations and associations of life, with all that gives impulse to action, and influences the formation of character.

We can not dispense with society. Nature craves it, and the conditions of our being demand it. Isolated from the human brotherhood, we

might avoid much evil, but we should lose much good. The germ is not quickened, and the fruit is not matured, without the sunshine as well as the shower; neither are the latent faculties of the soul unfolded and perfected, in their full harmony and efficiency, without the beneficent influence of society, as well as the more sober discipline of solitude. In the seclusion of the cloister and the hermitage, very meagre is the development, both of the mind and of the heart; a pale and sickly plant, reared in the shade, incapable of bearing fruit, and drooping and dying as soon as it is exposed to the light.

But if we *could* do without society, we *ought* not. The sun shines for other worlds. The bloom of flowers and the song of birds regale the senses of man. Green forest and golden field unite to supply his needs and sustain his being. Rivers, oceans, and breezes carry his commerce to distant shores, and bring him back the products of other climes. All the beneficent activities of nature rebuke a life of perpetual solitude, and prompt to social intercourse for the good of others, the improvement of their minds and morals, the augmentation of their happiness, and the salvation of their souls.

Let no man monopolize the gifts of God and embezzle the blessings of Providence. Every one, instead of being a Dead Sea, always receiving and never imparting, should be a Nile, a Jordan, a Mississippi, overflowing his banks to enrich the plantations of the valley. Shall the dew lie all

night upon the branches of the oak, and he not shake off a portion of it upon the humbler herbage beneath? The selfish recluse resembles a piece of black cloth, which absorbs all the beams of heaven; whereas he ought to be like a polished mirror, which reflects them upon surrounding objects. Nay, he covers his light with a vessel, instead of setting it upon a candlestick. Let us not be stagnant pools, in which the Divine mercies are lost; but Bethesda-fountains, dispensing the benefit to the world. We must garner to scatter, sowing beside all waters. We are blessed, that we may become blessings. "Freely ye have received; freely give."

Did our Divine Pattern habitually seclude himself from society? Nay, he "went about doing good." He travelled over all Galilee and Judea, and more than once he "passed through Samaria," and more than once visited the dwellers beyond the Jordan. He lived to bless mankind.

"And for this,  
With Godlike self-forgetfulness, he went  
Through all his mission; healing sicknesses  
Where'er he came; and never known to weep,  
But for a human sorrow: nor to stay  
His feet, but for some pitying miracle."

And the best, the purest, the noblest of men, in all nations and all ages, have been those who have imitated his example; living not for themselves, but for others; and seeking not their "own profit, but the profit of many, that they might be saved." Their seasons of retirement have been



preparatives for usefulness, and their prayers in secret have been rewarded openly. They have sought the field, the forest, the closet, to refresh their faculties with reading, and meditation, and communion with the mind of God: and afterward they have returned to the world like giants refreshed with new wine, to renew the battle of life for the manifold blessing of mankind.

“When one that holds communion with the skies,  
Has wet his lips where those pure fountains rise,  
And once more mingles with us menial things,  
’T is e’en as if an angel shook his wings.”

But solitude is not less needful than society. Amid the business and bustle of life, nature sighs for its solacements and cries aloud for its reliefs: and many a jaded mind and weary heart would gladly escape from the crowded mart and teeming thoroughfare, from the disorders of the camp and the din of the conflict—nay, would gladly forego the emoluments of office, the applause of the multitude, and the gay festivities of fashionable life—for

—— “a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,”

where he might calmly repose for a season from all his toils and troubles,

“The world forgetting—by the world forgot.”

And religion seconds the demand of nature. In these times of public excitement and universal confusion, particularly, there must be frequent retirement from the turbulent and troublous scenes of the outer world. The tender plant must be shield-

ed from the rude visitation of the northern blast. Ordinarily, if possible, our seasons of retirement should be periodical and regular; but uncommon emergencies, extraordinary trials and dangers, call for special seasons of devout solitude, in which the soul may recuperate her spiritual energies and prepare to abide the storm.

Solitude, like sleep, is "tired nature's sweet restorer." As the boatman, exhausted with rowing against the current, turns into the quiet cove at the foot of the rapids and rests a while upon his oars, to recruit his wasted powers for the mightier effort to which he must now address himself; even so the mind, enervated by the arduous engagements of life, jaded with the perplexities of business or the excitements of battle, needs the shelter of some calm haven, be it but for an hour, where it may refresh its faculties preparatory to sterner duties, and gather up its strength for the renewal of its beneficent activities; and I know not how your commercial men, your military officers, and the occupants of your high places, can possibly live in the perpetual rush and whirl of their manifold engagements, without a single moment for unperurbed meditation

"From early dawn to dewy eve,"

without the slightest opportunity for the much-needed repose of the mind, tossed about by a thousand adverse agencies, as the ship by contending winds and waves.

And if the mind, much more the heart, needs the aid of solitude. If the intellectual powers, much

more the spiritual faculties, require such kindly relief and gentle recuperation. The heart is a garden which we must keep and cultivate—a plantation whose fallow-ground we must break up and sow with the seed of the Kingdom. Society fosters a rank growth of weeds, which the hand of Solitude, with the help of her sisters, Meditation and Devotion, must pluck from the soil and bind for the flames. The church can not make a saint. The public services of religion can not convert the soul. It is the achievement of Divine grace, with the co-operation of the human will. We are called upon to “work out our own salvation with fear and trembling,” while God “worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure.” Place a man in the society of the seraphim and the cherubim, where he should see and hear nothing but truth, virtue, and holiness, and it would not correct his errors or renovate his heart. There must be time and opportunity for devout meditation, thorough self-examination, careful retrospection of the past, earnest consultation of the sacred oracles, the exercise of a godly sorrow for all the delinquencies of life, with the formation of better purposes and supplication for heavenly aid.

We may suppose that God, at the Creation, deposited in the soil the germs of all the varieties of vegetable life that grow and bloom and fructify upon its surface, and made provision for all the animal existences that tenant earth and air; but those germs would have remained dormant for ever, and there would have been no waving forests,

and fruitful groves, and flowery fields, with all their teeming tribes and vocal choirs, had not the globe turned its face periodically to the quickening sun. It is thus with the soul. There are seeds of truth implanted in it, there are germs of grace imparted to it; but they will never develop themselves into the blossom of virtue and the fruitage of holiness without the vivifying power of the Sun of Righteousness, which is to be sought chiefly in solitary communion with God and his blessed Word.

Moreover, we need the chastening influences of solitude to counteract the pernicious tendencies of society. Society is a stream which drifts us away from God and ourselves; solitude is a counter-current that brings us back to both. Society tends to produce shallowness of thought and hollowness of heart; but solitude conducts us down into the depths of our own souls, reveals to us the unsuspected secrets of our own nature, and makes us think profoundly and feel intensely. Constantly, in society, we are likely to lose that lively sense of our individuality and accountability which underlies all true virtue and real usefulness; but in solitude we can not help returning to the practical realization of our personal responsibility, as standing alone before God, with sins for which none but ourselves can answer, duties which none but ourselves can perform, and interests which none but ourselves can secure. Amid the multitude, we are apt to forget or disregard the claims and requirements of Jehovah in the variety and urgency of worldly matters; but when we are alone, the thunders of

his law peal through the avenues of conscience with irresistible power, and make us tremble at the recollection of our delinquencies. In few circles is God acknowledged, and in fewer still is he loved and honored, as the noblest theme of discourse and the sweetest charm of fellowship; but when we sit in the quiet seclusion of our chambers, or walk abroad at eventide amid the holy calm of nature, we hear a small still voice which never reaches us in the turmoil of the outer world, and we seem to draw near to the Father of the spirits of all flesh, and contemplate his beauty of holiness with ineffable delight. The spirit of society, its customs and fashions, and many of its institutions, give edge to the animal appetites and fire to the baser passions, by which intellect is enervated, principle dethroned, and conscience enslaved, and thus the indulgence of the senses becomes the bane of the soul; but when we retire from the crowd into ourselves, Reason resumes her authority, Conscience asserts her prerogative, Volition dashes aside her manacles, and the mirage which the senses spread before us vanishes away. The breath of society often blows out the lamp of devotion; but solitude comes to relight it with fire from the altar of God, and furnish its bowls with a fresh supply of oil.

But if there are evils in society to be counteracted and overcome, there are good things also to be appropriated and enjoyed; and if the influence of sanctified solitude is necessary for the conquest and correction of the former, it is not less important for the apprehension and improvement of the latter.



There are, in society, good books to be obtained, but we must have solitude for their perusal; and good works to be observed, but we must have solitude for their contemplation; and good characters to be admired, but we must have solitude for their discrimination; and truths of transcendent excellence to be acquired, but we must have solitude for their digestion and application. Without society there were none of these, but without solitude they would profit us nothing. The best conversations, the noblest public discourses, and the most solemn scenes of worship, will all prove useless, and worse than useless, if their good effects are allowed to terminate with their first impressions. These impressions must be fostered by solitary reading, meditation, and prayer, till they become purposes, resolutions, principles of action, vital germs of a new character and a holy life; else they will be "as the morning cloud and the early dew that goeth away;" and they will carry with them something of the freshness and tenderness of the heart, leaving it less susceptible to all good and gracious influences in the future. Light and darkness, truth and error, good and evil, are so intermixed and confounded in society, that it is extremely difficult often to discriminate between them; but withdrawn, as we are in solitude, from the pressure of outward influences so unfavorable to a correct decision, we are able to apply the test more successfully, separating the wheat from the chaff, the gold from the dross. Without such discrimination there can be no right appropriation or useful improve-

ment of the good there is in society. Like the bee, we go abroad for sweets, but come home to treasure and enjoy the fruit of our labor. It is in darkness and secrecy under ground that the roots of trees and plants turn the elements of nature into sustenance. It is in darkness and secrecy that the human system assimilates its food, converting it into the means of growth, and building up in strength and beauty its own excellent proportions. And so it is in solitude that the soul digests, and incorporates with the elements of its own spiritual being, whatsoever things are true, just, pure, lovely, honorable, of good report, which it has received from its intercourse with society.

And let us not forget that we live for others; and that while society is the chief theatre of action, solitude is the best school for preparation. There are streams which float the commerce of nations through half a continent, whose fountains are in the unexplored depths of the forest or the inaccessible clefts of the mountains; and so the beneficial influences of good men's lives and actions upon generations and centuries to come have their sources in solitude, in some paragraph of a good book, some moment of private meditation, the noble purpose conceived in secret, the solemn vow which none but God hath heard. In the great congregation we hear the truth; but in the privacy of home and in the chambers of the heart we ponder its evidences, and acquire those convictions of its divinity and experiences of its power which not only render it vital to our souls, but also give it

freshness on our tongues, and the happiest effect with those who hear us. The pride and the prejudices of society, its vain pursuits, and vapid pleasures, and carnal interests, all array themselves against "the glorious gospel of the blessed God;" and he who is constantly mingling in its scenes is likely to imbibe its spirit, and be carried away by the popular current; and he who would avoid the evil must invoke the aid of solitude, and in solitude must cultivate the better feelings and purposes of the soul, the love of "the truth as it is in Jesus," incorporating the words of God's Incarnate Wisdom with his personal experiences of joy and grief, of hope and fear, of desire and aversion, till they become in a manner parts of his spiritual self, filling him with the mind of Christ, clothing him with the armor of righteousness, and thoroughly furnishing him unto every good work. O, if we were more in our closets, with our Bible, and on our knees, we should oftener come forth to our friends as Moses came down from "the Mount of God," with faces all radiant of divinity; or as the three favored disciples returned from the transfiguration, where they had gazed upon the "excellent glory," and beheld the heavenly pattern of their own perfected humanity! We should come as if we came weeping from the cross, or wondering from the empty sepulchre, or rejoicing from the scene of the ascension, or fire-crowned from the feast of Pentecost, or spiritualized in all our feelings and faculties from a Pauline rapture into Paradise!

The purest men that ever lived felt the need of

frequent retirement from the noisy world; and it was in scenes of deep seclusion, with much fasting and prayer, that they gathered strength for duty, and acquired fortitude for the day of trial. "Isaac was meditating in the field at eventide," when he first met her who was to be the living daylight of his household. And Jacob was a lonely pilgrim at Luz when the splendid vision of angels blessed his slumbers, and the Almighty renewed to him the covenant he had made with his fathers. And Moses found Jehovah amid the rocky solitudes of Horeb, and was there commissioned from the burning bush as the deliverer of the chosen people; and it was in the same wild scenery, and perhaps upon the very same spot, that he afterward talked face to face with God and received the law from his mouth. And David was originally trained for his work in the quiet seclusions of pastoral life, and subsequently in the Wilderness of Ziph, and the Cave of Adullam, and the clefts and crags of Engeddi; and there it was that the Holy Spirit "set his heart in concert with the spheres," and gave him many of those precious Psalms that so long vocalized "the courts of the Lord's house" with their sacred harmony, and which, during the eighteen centuries of the Christian Church, have transported many a worshipping assembly to the third heaven of religious rapture, and poured their angel-melodies so often over the bed of death and around the opening grave. And Elijah sojourned a long time in the wilderness; and when he knew that the hour of his translation was near, he would have sent Elisha

away that he might be alone with God ; and it was on one of the desolate hills that bound the dreary desert beyond the Jordan that the celestial escort met him with the chariot of fire. And it was in the plain, without the city of his captivity, that Jehovah proposed to "talk with" Ezekiel ; and on the lonely banks of the Chebar that he "saw visions of God." And it was in the privacy of his chamber that Daniel prayed till the angel came to show him what was recorded in the scripture of truth, and what should befall his people in the latter days. And John the Baptist disciplined himself for his ministry in the wilderness of Judea. And the Apostle Paul sojourned for a season in the desert of Arabia. And the grand prophetic diorama which concludes the New Testament was given to St. John in a desolate island of the Egean sea. And the Son of God, immediately after his baptism in the Jordan, went up into the wilderness to wrestle with the Prince of Darkness ; and, after teaching all day in the temple at Jerusalem, he went out into the Mount of Olives ; and when he had miraculously fed the multitude on the eastern shore of the Galilee, he retired to a mountain apart to pray ; and the night before his crucifixion we see him prostrate on the dew-damp ground in Gethsemane.

" While agony weighs down his soul,  
And blood-drops from his temples roll,"

till an angel comes to strengthen him for the final struggle, the dread endurance which is to redeem the world.



How often, in the army, have I sighed for my accustomed solitude; wandering far away from the camp to the mountain glen, the river-side, the forest shade, where I might "sit and muse alone," or walk to and fro, and hear my own heart beating my funeral march to the grave; talking with the spirits of the past that thronged the echoing corridors of the soul, and peopling the dim vistas of the future with long processions of gay hopes and gloomy fears, Sabbath-scenes of home and love and worship, gory battle-fields and heaps of slaughtered men! And O, how often, in my tent, have I awaited the tranquil noon of the summer night; waking while others slumbered, to catch the solemn music of the spheres, and soothe a troubled soul with the sweet notes of David's consecrated harp; sometimes singing in an undertone the spiritual melodies of our modern David, Charles Wesley; and blessing God with grateful tears for the inspiration of evangelical song which charioted my soul away to the city of "many mansions," the fellowship of the glorified first-born of grace!

And are there not moments of holy stillness, such as those so tenderly described by Longfellow in that most touchingly beautiful of all his poems, "Footsteps of Angels,"

"When the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight;"

when, as we sit alone in our silent chamber, those we have loved and lost, the dear ones with whom we have buried heart and hope.

“Come to visit us once more;”

and we see them as plainly, and embrace them as warmly, and commune with them as freely, as when they were the living lights of our dwellings? Often have I called them up from their far-off graves, in all the reality of life and love, with their smiles and tears—their blessings and rebukes—the first meeting, and the last parting—the fresh beauty of youth, and the pallor of approaching death—the greeting never to be forgotten, and the sad farewell which echoed along the shores of another world!

“O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are cast aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died.”

## XII.

### "ON TO RICHMOND!"

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May—July, 1864.

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"I mean to fight it out on this line, if it takes me the whole summer."—*Gen. U. S. Grant.*

Now for a new campaign, unparalleled, irresistible, and overwhelming. Cost what it may, "this hell-born rebellion" must be abolished, and its accursed capital destroyed. No more indecisive half-measures, but one grand crushing blow, which shall annihilate the proud aristocracy of the South, and grind its vaunted Confederacy to powder. Up with your "star-spangled banner" once more, ye oft-disappointed patriots and philanthropists! and forward, through seas of blood, to your feast of skulls and miscegenarian paradise!

And here they come, with Grant at their head—a motley swarm of lecherous free-lovers, higher-law atheists, spiritualistic blasphemers, European mercenaries, and kidnapped negroes, amounting to two hundred thousand; while the forces of Seigel, Bntler, and Baldy Smith, with the marines on James river, and the several raiding parties around Richmond, number half as many more; making in all three hundred thousand men, fired

with vengeance and whiskey, armed with all the enginery of destruction known to modern warfare, and cheered on by the promise of sharing the property of the exterminated rebels.

The great Yankee Butcher drives his silly sheep right forward to the slaughter. Scarcely has he crossed the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, and begun his work of intrenchment, when Lee meets him, on the 4th of May, and drives him out of his ditches, with a loss of fifteen hundred men.

On the 5th and 6th occurs the great Battle of the Wilderness. Here the gallant Longstreet and Pegram are wounded, and Jennings and Jenkins are killed. Lee suffers a loss of six thousand; Grant, of thirty thousand, including a great number of officers, and among them Gen. Wordsworth. The Yankees are so closely pressed that they throw away blankets, knapsacks, muskets, canteens, and rations, to facilitate their retreat.

On the 6th, at Germana Ford, Gordon turns the enemy's flank, capturing Gens. Seymour and Shaler, with a large number of prisoners. On the 7th Grant swings around Lee's right; the latter, to thwart his designs, marches *pari passu* upon his right flank; and a battle ensues at Spottsylvania Court-house, in which the former is defeated with no little slaughter. On the 10th there is heavy skirmishing between the two armies, and at the same time an unsuccessful raid upon Ashland, and the Federal Gens. Stevenson and Sedgwick are slain. Up to this date, as appears from Grant's own reports and the figures of the Northern press,

his loss amounts to thirty-five thousand, including thirty-one general officers.

On the 11th an assault in force is made upon the Confederate breastworks, which is repulsed with frightful carnage. The next day the Federal commander, reinforced with a full corps from Washington, renews the attempt with desperate resolution. Ten lines deep, the formidable array moves forward, inflamed with whiskey, and thirsting for blood. The poor wretches in front, pushed on by those in their rear, come staggering up to the very muzzles of the Confederate muskets, where they fall in heaps, forming a wall of bleeding and mangled bodies in front of our works. Grant's number at nightfall is thirty thousand less than in the morning. In this whole week of battles, according to Northern estimates, his loss amounts to seventy thousand, while Lee's is incredibly small in comparison—not more than fifteen thousand.

The enemy, abandoning his position, again marches to Lee's right; and Lee makes a corresponding movement, skirmishing with him daily, and repulsing him at all points.

Meanwhile Beauregard is battling successfully with the Beast on the south side of the James. On the 12th, after several skirmishes and small encounters, he meets the enemy near Drewry's Bluff, and gains a glorious victory. Butler sends forward a column of thirty thousand, while he sits under an awning on the deck of one of his transports, watching their movements, and trembling



for his own safety, if not for theirs. The conflict commences at dawn, and lasts till noonday; resulting in the flanking of the foe, and his retreat to the cover of his gunboats at Bermuda Hundreds. With a loss of not more than two thousand, the Confederates kill, capture, and disable at least five thousand, and take ten pieces of artillery, with a large quantity of ammunition and commissary stores. It is alleged that, but for the delinquency of General Whiting, for which he is immediately relieved of his command, the whole Yankee force might have been captured or destroyed.

Butler now makes haste to join Grant on the north side of the James. On the 30th of May Ewell encounters five corps on the Mechanicsville road, and drives them five miles and a half to their intrenchments. On the 1st of June Hoke and Anderson attack the advancing front upon the Yorkville road, and force them back to their works. Breckinridge and Mahone also are successful upon another part of the field, bravely repelling the enemy's advance, and taking a hundred and fifty prisoners. Four companies of picked men from a Wisconsin regiment charge a portion of our breastworks, and are permitted to approach within a few yards, when a deadly fire is opened upon them, and not one of them escapes to tell the story. Col. Lawrence M. Keitt, of South Carolina, a noble patriot and former member of Congress, falls in this day's conflict.

At the same time another raid upon Ashland is handsomely repulsed by Hampton's cavalry. The

enemy, in his precipitate retreat, leaves his dead unburied, breaks up his ambulances, and throws away his arms. The Confederates, besides killing a large number, capture some seventy-five prisoners, three hundred horses, and thirty mules laden with ten days' rations.

On the afternoon of the 2d Lee attacks the enemy in his intrenchments on the Chickahominy, drives him from three lines of breastworks, captures seven hundred men, and holds the ground thus gained, with comparatively little loss.

On the morning of the 3d the Yankees charge furiously, breaking through Breekinridge's lines, and taking two pieces of artillery, with about two hundred prisoners. Our men are immediately reinforced by Finnegan's brigade and a Maryland battalion, and the victors perish before they can raise a shout. The captured guns are recovered, and one of the enemy's pieces is added to our trophies. The charge is seven times renewed, but the advancing columns disappear before the Confederate fire like chaff before the hurricane. The line of battle extends from the Mechanicsville road to McClellan's Bridge, more than seven miles. For five hours one incessant peal of artillery shakes the earth and rends the heavens. About noon the enemy gives over the struggle, and our men retain all their works intact, with every inch of ground they gained the preceding day. Thus Lee secures an advantageous position; and the field after the battle is as blue as a bank of violets—emitting, however, a somewhat different odor. Later in the

day our forces capture and level the enemy's breast-works, and then retire. The Yankees, not aware of the withdrawal, advance in lines ten deep to the assault; when our artillery opens upon them with grape and canister, mowing them down by thousands. A Yankee correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from the scene of slaughter, says that Grant lost more men at the Battle of Cold Harbor than at the Siege of Vicksburg. The Confederate loss, during the whole week, according to the statement of one of our surgeons, was not above six hundred. Surely, "the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

Grant now crosses James river, and lays siege to Petersburg; but is repulsed with terrific slaughter and the loss of many prisoners. Meanwhile, his raiding parties in every direction, after having done no little damage by cutting our railroad and telegraph communication, are overtaken in their mischievous career, scattered, captured, and destroyed.

Thus, through the goodness of God, the most stupendous campaign of the war has been effectually foiled and defeated, and its gigantic *disjecta membra* lie mangled and bleeding, in a crescent of more than a hundred miles, around the Confederate Capital.

### XIII.

## GEORGIANA.

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May—July, 1864.

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“I thought to act a solemn tragedy  
Upon the painted scene of this new world,  
And to obtain my own peculiar ends  
By some such plot of mingled good and ill  
As others weave: but there arose a power,  
Which grasped and snapped the threads of my device,  
And turned them to a net of ruin—Ha!”—*Shelley.*

While Grant is executing his “On to Richmond,” Sherman is more cautiously flanking his way to Atlanta. Johnston offers him battle at Dalton, and diligently endeavors to provoke him to an engagement. Could he succeed in this, notwithstanding his inferior numbers, he would doubtless hurl the invader back, broken and shattered, upon his base. But the wily Yankee, unwilling to risk a general action, executes a flank movement, obliging Johnston to retire to Resaca.

Here he again throws down the gauntlet and brings on a partial engagement, the result of which reflects great credit upon himself and his army. Cleburne, Cheatham, and Bate, with their respective commands, behave with distinguished gallantry. Clayton’s Alabama brigade charge over twenty thousand Yankees in their intrenchments,

inflicting no small damage, and retreating only in obedience to peremptory orders.

Sherman, however, dexterously avoids a general fight, and continues his strategical movements, in consequence of which our forces withdraw to the Etowah river. On the 15th of May there is sharp skirmishing at the Oostenaula. On the 17th the enemy is repulsed at Adairsville, after which our troops retire. On the 18th the invader occupies Rome, robbing the citizens, destroying private property, and committing the most diabolical outrages upon the feeble and defenceless. On the 19th Hooker's command attack the Confederates at Cassville, but are gallantly repulsed and severely punished by Cleburne.

And now there is another flank movement by way of Cedar Valley, and Johnston crosses the Etowah, burning the bridge behind him. At the Kennesaw mountain he makes a resolute stand, and for a long time foils every attempt of the Federal strategist. On the 22d Stevenson storms the enemy's intrenchments upon a lofty hill, commanding the Powder Springs road and a wide circle of adjacent country. Under a galling fire of infantry and artillery he charges over a succession of ridges and ravines, capturing two lines of fortifications and many prisoners, but not without considerable loss to himself. The enemy is driven from the crest of the hill, and the victors are vigorously pressing his retreat, when an enfilading fire of grape and canister from some twenty pieces render it prudent to give over the pursuit.



The next afternoon the Yankees attack and drive in our pickets in front of Cheatham's division. Their triumph, however, is of short duration. Cleburne advances with his invincibles, while the gallant Tennessean dashes forward at triple quick-time and sends the cerulean assailants, like a flock of bluebirds, flying through the forest and over the hills, without pausing to fire a gun or recover a fallen haversack.

To describe the bloody conflict at New Hope Church, and the numerous skirmishes which occurred during Johnston's sojourn before Marietta, would be tedious and unprofitable. One event, however, must not be omitted—the melancholy fate of our beloved bishop-general. With Johnston, Hardee, and Hood, and several other officers, he was standing upon a knoll observing the movements of the enemy. Being perceived by the Yankees, a battery was opened upon the party. The second shot struck General Polk in the breast, passing through him, and causing instant death.

For several weeks every effort to bring Sherman to a general engagement proves unsuccessful, but all his flanking manœuvres are effectually foiled by the vigilance and sagacity of his antagonist. On the 27th of June, however—for the first time since the memorable affair of Missionary Ridge—but more from necessity than from choice—he accepts the proffered gage of battle, stimulates his troops with whiskey, and drives headlong upon the Confederate centre. The mighty host moves forward defiantly in seven successive lines. Cleburne, Cheat-

ham, and Walker—always in the right place—receive them with their accustomed hospitality, and entertain them with a magnificent quickstep on the grand Confederate piano, whose magical spell first paralyzes their locomotion, then sends them marching backward in the most unmilitary disorder; while many of them, sweetly bewildered, throw away their arms and wheel into the rebel lines; and thousands fall into a dreamless sleep, from which no earthly power can wake them. The conflict rages for five hours, and the enemy's loss amounts to eight thousand, while ours is not more than three or four hundred. The next day five hundred ambulances are counted from Kennesaw mountain, removing the wounded and the dead. The sufferings of the former must have been very great, for they lay many hours beneath a burning sun. As an act of humanity, our relief parties were sent out to their assistance, but the Yankees fired upon them, and they were obliged to leave the mangled wretches to their fate. To deepen the shades of this horrible picture, the forests were set on fire by the shells from their own batteries, and many of them perished in the flames.

During this engagement some instances of valor occurred which are worthy of record. Walker's men sprang into the enemy's rifle-pits and slaughtered their assailants like sheep, while their officers actually cut them down with their sabres. A sergeant of Jackson's brigade seized a shell which had fallen at his feet, and while the fuse was burning hurled it over the breastworks. Another leaped

over the Yankee intrenchments, grasped the standard of an Illinois regiment, wrested it from the hands of the bearer, and returned triumphant with his trophy.

On the 30th the enemy drove in General Cheatham's pickets and attempted to storm his position; but being met with a terrific fire of musketry and artillery, he deemed it prudent to retreat, and did so rather too precipitately for the most perfect military discipline.

So disastrously defeated, Sherman returned to his flanking policy; and Johnston, with occasional skirmishing, fell back to the Chattahoochee, and thence to his fortifications in front of Atlanta. The flankers followed, and sat down in a semicircle on the north and the east of the city. Johnston was about to abandon the place, when he was superseded by Hood, and a new policy was inaugurated in the army.

On the night of the 21st of July Hardee and Wheeler marched rapidly around to the enemy's left, which rested on the Georgia railroad. The next morning brisk skirmishing commenced in front, accompanied with tremendous volleys of artillery. About midday Hardee and Wheeler fell like two thunderbolts upon the Federal flank, leaping over the enemy's abatis, driving him from his fortifications, taking sixteen guns, twenty-two hundred prisoners, and a vast quantity of ordnance and commissary stores. At the same time Cheatham penetrated his centre, sweeping all before him like a hurricane, capturing cannon, colors, and men,

till he found himself nearly enclosed by the enemy, and was obliged to pause in his path of slaughter. Meanwhile, Stewart on our left was dealing valorous blows upon the Yankee right, which contributed no little to the success of the day. Our loss was heavy. Several general officers were injured; and W. H. T. Walker, as brave a man as the Confederate cause can boast, was killed by a minie ball through the heart. But Sherman lost his McPherson, probably the most accomplished general in the Army of the Cumberland. The harvest of this day's reaping was thirty-seven hundred prisoners, twenty-eight pieces of artillery, five hundred wagons loaded with supplies, and a mighty reinforcement of Confederate confidence and courage. And here we pause, till we see what further God will do for us.

## XIV.

### FORT PILLOW AVENGED.

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July, 1864.

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“The march of hosts that haste to meet,  
Seems gayer than the dance to me;  
The lute’s soft tones are not so sweet  
As the fierce shout of victory.”—*Bryant.*

Forrest had taken Fort Pillow, slaughtering the negroes in arms, and burying the dead Yankées alive. Lincoln swore vengeance, and sent Sturgis and Grierson to execute the oath. They came out from Memphis twelve thousand strong. There were twelve regiments of infantry, two of which were negroes, numbering seven hundred; three brigades of cavalry, amounting to five hundred; and eighteen pieces of artillery, besides a light battery of mountain-howitzers. Their avowed intention was, to capture Forrest and his command alive, and turn them over to the tender mercies of the negroes. Our brave cavalier general received information of their mission while on the march to Middle Tennessee, and hastened back to meet them, reaching Tupelo on the 5th of June. His available force was only thirty-five hundred effective men, with eight pieces of artillery. Enconntering the avengers at Bryce’s Cross-roads, he fought



them for five hours, part of the time hand-to-hand, killing and capturing more than his own number; and then pursued them fifty-five miles in one day, slaughtering like Gideon as he went. Prisoners taken declare that the whole force would have surrendered but for the fear that no quarter would be granted them. The fugitives literally stripped themselves for the race, throwing everything away as they ran, some of them cutting off their pantaloons above mud and water mark, and others discarding them altogether. Eight hundred of the whole command were all that returned to Memphis. Of the two negro regiments, only sixty escaped. It may be apocryphal, but the Yankee press is responsible for the statement, that the two Federal commanders entered Memphis upon the same mule!

The result of this engagement is twenty-five hundred prisoners, seventeen pieces of cannon, several thousand stand of small-arms, an immense quantity of fixed ammunition, over two hundred wagons laden with quartermaster and commissary stores, and a loss of four hundred and fifty Confederate horses killed and wounded.

General Forrest recognizes the hand of God in his victory, and, like a Christian, calls upon his officers and men to set up their Ebenezer.

XV.

STONEMAN'S LAST RAID.

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July, 1864.

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“O, 't is a dreadful interval of time,  
Filled up with horror all, and big with death.”—*Addison*.

It is time these papers were published. Burke and Boykin have had them in hand more than six months, and Book SECOND is only just now issued. I hold Sherman primarily responsible—Johnston secondarily. What better could be expected under the present embarrassments? But is this promising young Confederacy to perish for lack of knowledge? Nay, verily! I must away to Columbia, South Carolina, and see what can be done for Books THIRD and FOURTH. On Friday afternoon, the 29th of July, I repair to the railroad station with this patriotic purpose. I have purchased my ticket and taken my seat. That is the premonitory whistle. Five minutes, and we shall be off.

“Gentlemen! out of these cars! Governor Brown has pressed them. No passenger-train this evening.”

What now? A raid on the Central railroad. Stoneman, with six thousand picked men, is at Clinton. Macon is instantly awake. Drums are beating. Militiamen are mustering. Citizens are

shouldering their guns. Pastors and editors are out with their muskets. Lads of twelve and fourteen years seek their places in the ranks. General Cobb takes the command, and General Johnston rides at his right hand. These Maconians will hear strange music to-morrow.

The morrow comes, and Stoneman is within two miles of the town. Cobb, with his extemporized army, crosses the Rubicon. Bang! pop! whiz! crash! The sounds are thickening. The smoke is rising. A shell enters Judge Holt's house, and explodes in the passage. Several wounded men are brought in. But the din of battle is receding. The foe is falling back. A large detachment, however, has been sent down the railroad. Dense columns of smoke are seen ascending toward heaven. They are burning trains, bridges, station-houses, everything in their course.

The main body retreats toward Clinton. Iversen is there to meet them. He has followed the rascals, with less than nine hundred men, from Atlanta. A fierce engagement begins with the Sabbath. Farther flight is impracticable. Stoneman surrenders, with twenty-five officers and six hundred men. When he finds himself a captive, with all his cannon, caissons, colors, horses, wagons, and supplies in the hands of the "rebels," he sits down and weeps.

The rest of his command break away and flee toward the northeast in great confusion. The Confederate cavalry pursue, picking them up through field and forest. The fugitives pass Milledgeville

with prudent speed and circumspection, taking Eatonton and Madison in their route, and doing as much damage to people and property as seems compatible with their own immediate safety. Parties of ten, twenty, and thirty are overtaken at different stages of their retreat, and brought back to Macon. Very few of that gallant cavalcade return to Sherman.

Stoneman's intention, as ordered by his master, was, first, to capture Macon, liberate the Yankee officers, and destroy all public works and government stores; then, with his recaptives, to proceed down the Southwestern railway, release the thirty thousand demons confined at Andersonville, and send them, with torch and bayonet, through the Goshen of the state; and finally, having desolated every town and plantation accessible, to return upon his track, tearing up rails and burning bridges, bringing to Sherman the spoil of a ruined people, and receiving his well-earned apotheosis and recognition as the youngest brother of Beelzebub.

"How is the mighty fallen!" Instead of redeeming his captive brethren at Macon and Andersonville, this Nimrod of a nation of Nimrods, with his whole staff and nearly all his command, is reduced to the dreary fellowship of their misfortune; and many a lugubrious Yankee meets the new-comer at the entrance of the stockade with the doleful salutation of the royal shades in *Hades* to their fallen successors—"Art thou also become as one of us!"

"Watchman! what of the night?" The morning

cometh! Roddy has taken Brownlow's gang at Newnan. Forrest has achieved new victories in Mississippi. The enemy is routed, with hideous slaughter, in the Valley of Virginia. A powerful army under Early is marching into Maryland. Our brave troops have swept the Yankees out of the trans-Mississippi country with the besom of destruction. There are subterranean mutterings at the North, with ominous gleams of volcanic fire. Let the Confederacy arise and sing *Te Deum Laudamus!* which having done, let her sit down again and listen to the following prelection!



## XVI.

### KNIGHT-BANNERET.\*

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August, 1864.

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“Jehovah-nissi.”—*Exodus* xvii, 15.

The children of Israel are journeying through the Arabian wilderness to their long-promised home. They are a peaceable people, having neither hostile intention nor warlike proclivity. They have committed no depredations upon the property of others—have robbed no banks, rifled no wardrobes, kidnapped no negroes, murdered no inoffensive citizens, exacted no oaths of allegiance, compelled no lady to cook for them, burned down no widow's dwelling, taken nobody's silver or gold, killed nobody's cattle or sheep, stolen nobody's horses or mules, plundered nobody's corn-crib or smoke-house, despoiled nobody's vineyard or orchard, unroosted nobody's turkeys or chickens, destroyed nobody's agricultural implements, turned the government stock into nobody's standing harvest, nor plucked a peach, nor pulled a turnip, nor cut a cabbage, nor

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\* This discourse, after having been preached often, and with various modifications, in the army and elsewhere, during two years, was finally cast in its present form, and delivered at the annual meeting of the Bible Society of Columbia, S. C., on Sunday night, the 28th of August, 1864.

purloined a potato, nor drawn water from the wells by the way. They are marching quietly through the country, doing not the slightest harm to any of the inhabitants. The desert is the highway of the nations, where the Hebrews have as good right as any other people; and this is the very route which God hath chosen for them, and by which he is leading them, with a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, to the land which he hath promised them for an inheritance.

But there is a people living here—a wicked and unscrupulous people—who are accustomed to prey upon all who come in their way. They are the children of Amalek, the son of Esau. Now, Esau was the brother of Jacob, and Jacob was the father of the twelve tribes. These two nations, therefore, are brethren. But what are ties of blood to a people who “fear not God, neither regard man?” There is a rich prize to be won. See you that baggage-train? Forward, men of Amalek! Smite the guard! seize the spoil! plunder the women and children! set fire to everything you can not carry away! Is not the prospective booty sufficient indemnity for the danger?

The attack is made in the most treacherous and dastardly manner. Amalek sets an ambuscade for his brother Israel, and lies in wait for him by the way, and falls upon the people when they are faint and weary, and smites the hindmost of them—the aged and the feeble who have fallen in the rear of the host. It is a Yankee assault—Yankee in motive and in measure.

But will Moses submit to such an outrage, or suffer such barbarity to pass unpunished? No. He promptly issues his "retaliatory proclamation." He orders Joshua—the captain-general of the army—to take the best and bravest of the people and march out against Amalek, while he himself goes up to meet God upon a neighboring mountain. The battle is presently joined in the Valley of Rephidim; but Moses stands upon the top of the hill with the rod of God in his hand—the rod with which he wrought his wonders in Egypt, smote the Red Sea asunder, and turned the flinty rock into a fountain. He lifts it up as an ensign to the warriors—a symbol of the Divine power—as much as to say, "Trust in the Lord; He is your help and your shield; the battle is His, and from Him cometh your victory." It is also an act of prayer—a solemn appeal to Heaven. Moses is not one of those wondrously wise and mighty men who can do without God upon the battle-field. He believes that Jehovah will honor the faith that lays hold upon his strength and casts its feebleness under the shadow of his wing. Joshua is with him in this sentiment, and so are his chosen warriors, and the whole congregation of Israel; and while the conflict is going on many an eye turns trustfully to the uplifted rod, and many a heart recalls the mighty deeds of the right hand of the Most High, and many a lip trembles with the prayer that He who smote the Egyptian would this day smite the Amalekite. Heaven hears and answers. True, the fortunes of the field vacillate for a season, and each army alter-

nately has the advantage, as the hands of Moses are held aloft in prayer or allowed to droop through weariness; but Aaron and Hur are there to aid the man of God, and through their pious ministry his hands are stayed up steadily till the going down of the sun, and Joshna discomfits Amalek and his people with the sword.

An interesting illustration of our Saviour's teaching—"That men ought always to pray, and not to faint." And to whom is this precept more important than to the Southern people in the present momentous crisis of our affairs? How shall we succeed without the Divine blessing? Prayer is mightier than the sword. The prayer of faith gives edge to the weapon and nerve to the arm that wields it. It is God that girdeth us with strength unto the battle. It is He that teacheth our hands to war and our fingers to fight. And did not the Father of his Country constantly ask counsel of the Heavenly Wisdom? And did not the heroic Havelock daily refresh his faculties at the Throne of Grace? And did not your own noble Jackson, and your late lamented Polk, often rekindle their patriotic ardors at the altars of their God? And it is encouraging to know that we still have generals who love to pray; and other officers esteem it a privilege to lead the public devotions of our soldiery; and praying in the Confederate camp is as common as card-playing among our infidel invaders. I stood, last October, in the Sabbath-evening twilight, upon the slope of Missionary Ridge, and watched the camp-fires in long crescents gleaming

across the plain, and heard the voice of worship ascending at the same moment from a dozen different localities along the line. While in the field, I was accustomed to hold nightly prayers at the head-quarters of Major-General Buckner; who, with his whole staff, escort, couriers, engineers, and others—a goodly company—seemed well pleased to join in the exercise. And while our armies are praying in camp, bivouac, battle-line, and intrenchment, our people are praying at home—fathers and mothers for their sons, wives for their husbands, sisters for their brothers, and children for their sires. And will Heaven refuse to hear? Who can doubt that, if we continue to lift up our hands to Him, He will enable us ultimately to triumph over all our enemies?

What though they are more numerous than we? And were not the victorious Hebrews vastly outnumbered by the Yankees of the desert? And did not Gideon's three hundred chase the many thousands of Midian? And did not good King Asa, with his little army, prevail over Zerah, the Ethiopian, who came against him with horses, and chariots, and a mighty host? When Antigonus, on the eve of battle, heard some of his officers speak fearfully of the vast multitude they were about to meet, he exclaimed, "But how many do you count me for?" If Mohammed's captain could say, "We two are a host," what degree of confidence is not proper to the Southern soldier, contending for truth, justice, liberty, independence, and all that is dearest to the heart of man? What



if it can not be said of him, as of Agamemnon,

“He bears the force of armies in his name?”

Is not the consciousness of right mightier than embattled nations warring for the wrong?

“Thrice is he armed, that bath his quarrel just;

And he but naked, though locked up in steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.”

Virtue is omnipotence; Jehovah is an infinite majority; and with such a cause and such a patronage, we need not fear the triumph of our foes, though more numerous than the sands of the desert or the drops of the ocean.

It is an interesting question—Whence did Joshua's warriors obtain their weapons? They came unarmed out of Egypt, and there were no arsenals in the desert. How were they supplied? By their enemies! God permitted their late oppressors to follow them to the Red Sea, and there he overthrew the pursuers with a mighty destruction; and, when the waves washed their carcasses ashore, the Israelites had only to go out and strip them of their armor. Thus Jehovah provided for the triumph of his people, and made Pharaoh contribute to the discomfiture of Amalek. And has not something similar occurred in the course of the current war? At the outset we were very inadequately armed; and it was a serious question, how we should furnish ourselves for the conflict. But the Yankees came to Manassas, and lay down in their long sleep with their weapons of war beside them, or incontinently threw their weapons away to fa-

cilitate their rather urgent return to Washington. And the like happened a second time on the same field, and on the Rappahannock, and on the Chickahominy, and on the Chickamauga, and in many another battle-scene of the South. And France and England, though they have very little sympathy with our cause or desire for our success, have sent us shipload after shipload of sabres, pistols, muskets, rifles, and cannon, till we are now as well armed as our enemies. Wonderful are the ways of God ! All hearts are in his hand, and the wrath of man shall praise him !

Joshua having routed the host of Amalek, Moses builds a memorial-altar, as a grateful recognition of the Divine agency in the success of the Hebrew arms. He calls the sacred structure "JEHOVAH-NIS-SI," which, in simple English, means *Jehovah is my banner*. What motto more appropriate for a Christian church, a Christian army, a Christian government, or a Christian association like yours ? Adopt it, brethren, as your *Oriflamme* ! Whose name but Jehovah's shall emblazon your ensigns, and constitute your watchword and your battle-shout ? Whose wisdom but his shall guide you ? whose power but his defend you ? whose voice inspire you with courage ? whose hand crown you with victory ? With this ark of the covenant in your van—with this pillar of cloud and fire for your captain—whatever the odds against you, you shall surely prosper and prevail. Therefore, let no man's heart fail him this day ; but be ye strong in the Lord and in the power of his might !

“On to the battle—on!  
Go where your sires have gone!  
Their might unspent remains;  
Their pulse is in your veins!

“On to the combat—on!  
Rest will be sweet anon!  
The slave may yield—may fly;  
We conquer, or we die!”

Nay, we shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord, and sing the victories of his power. “The right hand of the Lord is exalted! The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly! Through Thee we will push down our enemies! Through Thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us! Save, now, we beseech Thee, O Lord! O Lord, we beseech Thee, send now prosperity!”

It would be pleasant, and perhaps not unprofitable, to pursue this train of thought. But the Sabbath has other ends, and the pulpit has other aims. Your enterprise is a religious one, and I desire to give an evangelical direction to the meditations of the hour. The claims of Christianity are as much superior to those of mere patriotism, as heaven is to earth and eternity to time. You have a nobler warfare to wage, against mightier foes, with holier weapons, for worthier rewards. And what is your society but one of the many subordinate organizations in the great army of Emmanuel, bringing deliverance to the captives, and opening the prisons to them that are bound? The enemy hath come in like a flood, but the

Spirit of the Lord hath lifted up a standard against him. Satan hath deceived the whole world, and the whole world lieth paralyzed and crushed in the embrace of the wicked one, while the bitter strife of evil passions is fast converting earth into the very counterpart of hell. But who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah—this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? It is the Knight-Banneret of your hosts, mighty to save; for the day of vengeance is in his heart, and the year of his redeemed is come; and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful; and he hath given them a banner, that it may be displayed because of the truth—the banner of Moses and Joshua, under which the glorious company of the prophets marched, and the goodly fellowship of the apostles preached, and the noble army of the martyrs triumphed, and the heroic reformers of later times won their spiritual victories, and you, my brethren, are enrolled as part of the militant host of God. That banner I now unfurl. Behold its name, and observe its use.

I. Its name is JEHOVAH—the name which constituted the armorial bearings of the Hebrew tribes, emblazoned on the ensigns after which they marched, around which they encamped, and under which they rallied to the battle—the incommunicable name of God, importing absolute independency and eternity of being, comprehending all natural perfections and all moral excellences, and held so sacred by the chosen race that it was never

uttered but once a year, and then only by a consecrated tongue and in the holiest place on earth.

But the Jehovah of the Old Testament is the Jesus of the New. For many passages of the former, in which God is expressly called Jehovah, are appropriated by Jesus in the latter, or applied to him by his apostles; and if these scriptures are suitable alike to Jehovah and to Jesus, what follows but that Jehovah and Jesus are the same? Besides, the New Testament unequivocally ascribes to Jesus an existence before the foundation of the world, with the creatorship, proprietorship, and absolute sovereignty of the universe, all which are predicable only of Jehovah; and the inspired Paul styles him "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person," and tells us that "in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily"—that is, all the perfections and prerogatives of Supreme Divinity.

The identity thus discovered is a very interesting fact in our theology. What can be more encouraging than the assurance, that the Jehovah who sat of old upon the throne of the universe, is the Jesus that lay in the manger at Bethlehem—that the Jehovah who built the stories of the heavens, is the Jesus that wrought in the carpenter-shop at Nazareth—that the Jehovah who sojourned with the itinerant tribes in the wilderness, is the Jesus that tabernacled and dwelt among their descendants—that the Jehovah who published his law from the flaming summit of Sinai, is the Jesus that preached so sweetly on the Mount of Beati-



tudes—that the Jehovah who manifested his glory in the Shekinah above the Mercy-seat, is the Jesus that stood transfigured in celestial effulgence before the three favored disciples—that the Jehovah who led the covenant people through the divided Jordan, is the Jesus that received baptism in its waters and wrought so many miracles upon its shores—that the Jehovah who appeared as the Captain of the Lord's host to Joshua before Jericho, is the Jesus that became the Captain of our salvation, made perfect through suffering for the bringing of many sons to glory—that the Jehovah who talked with Moses from the burning bush, spake in a small still voice to Elijah, and sat upon his lofty throne in the vision of Isaiah, is the Jesus that bowed in the bloody agony of Olivet, bore meekly the bitter mockery of the judgment-hall, and died praying for his murderers from the cross—that the Jehovah who in the Old Testament proclaims himself the "I Am," the "Almighty God," the "Father of Eternity," is the Jesus that in the New declares himself "the Alpha and the Omega," "the Root and the Offspring of David," "He that liveth, and was dead, and is alive for evermore!"

Jehovah was the banner of the Jew; Jesus is the banner of the Christian. And the names are more closely allied and more nearly identical than some may have supposed. Jesus, indeed, is Jehovah, with a delightful and endearing addition. The original was Hoshea—Saviour; but in the case of Hoshea the son of Nun, Moses prefixed to it

the first syllable of the name Jehovah, and thus it became Jehoshea, subsequently modified into Joshua—Jehovah-Saviour. Passing through the Greek, it is changed to Jesus; and the captain-general of the Hebrews is thrice called Jesus in the New Testament; and the courier-seraph said of our Redeemer, "His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." The form is altered; the meaning is the same. Prophecy has become history; shadows and symbols are merged in the personal Messiah; and the Jew can not reject our Jesus without repudiating his own Jehovah; while the Christian feels that in clinging to the Crucified he clings to "the Rock of Ages." Thus "the law is a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ"—a wall of fire, "shutting us up unto the faith;" the double-flaming sword which chases us from Paradise pursues us even to Gethsemane; and if we look whither points that bloody index-finger from the Cross, we shall see another finger—which is not another, but the same—amid lightnings and thunderings and voices, writing the eternal statutes upon tables of stone. Jesus—Jehovah-Saviour—is the key-note to the grand harmony of Revelation, and the sinner's password into the Kingdom of Heaven. Jesus—Jehovah-Saviour—is the banner of our faith, the Gospel of our salvation, the glorious Evangel of the blessed God—Jesus in the manger and on the cross, in the sepulchre and on the throne—the champion of our cause, the conqueror of our foes, the redeemer of our inheritance, our leader alike

in trial and in triumph. And I wonder not that for the knowledge of this precious name the apostle counted all things but loss, and determined to know nothing else among his brethren; that this was the constant theme of his preaching and his glorying, the song that gladdened his cell at Philippi, and the light that illumined his dungeon at Rome. And if I, or any other man, or even an angel from Heaven, preach another gospel unto you—whether it be the gospel of the moralist, or the gospel of the rationalist, or the gospel of the sacramentarian—let him be anathema!

When the Poet-King of Israel, at the head of his warrior-host, went forth to meet the Syrian invader, with his numerous northern allies, near the River Euphrates, he tuned his harp to this triumphant song: “We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners.” We catch the strain, and send it echoing through all our camps and quarters. Not in the salvation of Joshua will we rejoice, though the admiring spheres pause in their march to compliment the victor—not in the name of Moses will we set up our banners, though he has entered the thunder-guarded pavilion of the Almighty and returned with the beams of Divinity upon his brow; no, nor in the name of faithful Caleb, valiant Barak, pious Jephthah, or heroic Gideon; no, nor in the name of Samson with his superhuman strength, David with his preternatural prowess, Samuel with his peculiar sanctity, Solomon with his transcendent wisdom, Elijah with his unparalleled miracles, or Isaiah

with his heavenly inspiration ; no, nor in the name of Cæsar with all his splendid triumphs, Alexander with all his vaunted conquests, Napoleon with all his boast of destiny, Victoria with all her wealth and width of empire, Washington with all the patriotism and the popularity of his cause, or Jefferson Davis with all the grandeur of his aim and all the glory of his success ; but in thy salvation, O Jesus, will we rejoice ! and in thy name, O Jehovah-Saviour, will we set up our banners !

Mother, Home, and Heaven, are said to be the three sweetest words in any language. I know another, sweeter than they all—

“Sweetest sound in seraph’s song,  
Sweetest note on mortal’s tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung”—

sweeter than Mother, for mother never loved like Jesus ; sweeter than Home, for home was never happy without Jesus ; sweeter than Heaven, for heaven itself were a void if Jesus were not there ! Jesus—most suggestive of names ! What visions of Bethlehem and Nazareth, of Olivet and Calvary, rise at its sound—what works of heavenly power—what words of heavenly wisdom—what thrilling symphonies of love Divine—what “unknown sorrows and sufferings, by him felt, but to us incomprehensible !” Jesus—I hear it, and I seem to see a manger here and a cross yonder, and the Well-Beloved of the Father weeping his way from the one to the other, with the woes of all the world and the curse of all our crimes pressing upon his sinless soul ! Jesus—it tells me of wounded hands, and

mangled feet, and thorn-pierced brow, and heart of infinite mercy quivering upon the point of the spear—of an agony which the united strength of men and angels could not have borne, and an achievement which the confederate energies of the whole creation could not have wrought. Jesus—the name which is above every name—the name to which every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess—the only name under heaven, given among men, whereby we can be saved—to the guilty, a city of refuge—to the way-worn pilgrim, “a hiding-place from the storm and a covert from the tempest, springs of water in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”

“His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free;  
'T is music in his ears,  
'T is life and victory!

“Stung by the scorpion, Sin,  
My poor expiring soul  
The balmy sound drinks in,  
And is at once made whole!”

This name is no empty, unmeaning sound; but a real definition, indicating the nature and properties of the believer's Banner. “My Banner” is the Banner of Truth, emblazoned with eternal verities; and the Banner of Peace, offering to the nations the free amnesty of God; and the Banner of Joy, bringing gladdest tidings alike to earth and heaven; and the Banner of Mercy, furnishing the most astonishing illustration of the Divine love to the guilty; and the Banner of Wisdom, disclosing a



scheme which the angels desire to look into, but no created intellect can fathom; and the Banner of Power, quickening the dead in "trespasses and sins," and breaking up the revel of demons in the human breast; and the Banner of Purity, renovating the soul in its Maker's image, investing the Church with the beauty of holiness, and inscribing all things with "Holiness unto the Lord;" and the Banner of a blessed Hope, waving over the demolished thrones of Death and Hell, leading the triumphant march of the saints to the City of the Great King, and waking the echoes of uncounted worlds with the glad anthem of redeeming grace!

II. So much having said of its name, pass we now to the contemplation of its use—our second topic, somewhat anticipated in the treatment of the first, but demanding additional illustration and remark.

The banner proclaims a cause. Where it waves, there is a government to be sustained or an interest to be secured. The cause indicated by our banner is the cause of God, and therefore worthy of our utmost devotion and valor—better than that of the Hebrews, warring against Amalek—purer than that of the Crusaders, contending for the Holy Sepulchre—juster than that of the Puritans, resisting the tyranny of the crown and the mitre—nobler than that of the American colonies, asserting their independence and dashing from their necks the British yoke—sublimier than that of this Southern Confederacy, emptying its population upon the field of death in a desperate effort to re-

pel the most infamous invasion that ever damned the name of a civilized nation—in short, more excellent than any other that in any age or any country has hitherto inspired the heroism of a people or challenged the admiration of the world—involving, as it does, the triumph of heavenly principles, the success of Emmanuel's enterprise, the interest of an unfallen universe, and the destinies of unnumbered souls redeemed.

The banner leads to battle. The soldier follows it to the field, and observes it as his guide in the conflict. And is there not a Root of Jesse, that stands for an ensign of the people, waving his bloody cross in the van of the hosts of God? The Christian life is a warfare, the Christian church an army, and every Christian man a soldier. "The gates of Paradise," said Mohammed, "are overshadowed by swords." "The kingdom of heaven," said a greater prophet, "suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." "We wrestle against principalities and powers, wicked spirits in high places, the rulers of the darkness of this world." Brethren, you must fight, if you would reign. You can enter the kingdom of heaven only by hewing yourselves a path through the cohorts of hell. "Wherefore, take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." Resist the devil, oppose the spirit of the world, crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts, and contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. And remember that this is an aggressive as well as

a defensive warfare. You must carry it into Africa. You must push your columns across the Potomac and the Ohio. You must assail infidelity and irreligion in their strongholds at home. You must rise up resolutely against the evil-doers, and stand up stoutly against the workers of iniquity. You must fix bayonets, charge the enemy, take his batteries, rescue his prisoners, and drive him, routed and ruined, from the field !

The banner unites the army. It is the centre around which the forces rally and under which they fight. If, in the confusion of the conflict, a soldier is separated from his command, he looks for his colors and hastens to rejoin his comrades. Jesus prayed for his people, that they all might be one in him, as he was one with the Father. The prayer was answered in the primitive church. They were all of one heart and one soul, and Christ was their centre of union. Cemented by a common faith and inspired with a common hope, they loved one another with a pure heart fervently. And still all true believers are one in Jesus. There are differences of name, creed, formula, and ecclesiastical regimen ; but these are minor matters, which do not affect the great cardinal points of Christian doctrine, and ought not to interrupt the sweet flow of brotherly kindness and charity. If we differ in many things, we agree in more. As in the realm of nature, variety in unity is an essential law of Emmanuel's kingdom. The Hebrews were twelve tribes, and they marched in four grand divisions, each having its own distinctive ensign ;

yet were they all the Israel of God, governed by the same law, commanded by the same Moses, eating of the same manna, drinking from the same fountain, inquiring at the same oracle, worshipping before the same tabernacle, journeying toward the same promised land, under the same banner of cloud and fire. An army consists of several corps, divisions, brigades, regiments, battalions, and companies, camping in different places, marching in different columns, fighting with different weapons, and obeying different subordinate officers; yet are they one army, united under a common commander, with a common countersign, around a common standard. So a thousand varieties exist in "the sacramental host of God's elect;" yet is there "one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all;" and the Presbyterian infantry, and the Episcopal artillery, and the Methodist cavalry, and the Baptist gunboats, and the Quakers who stand silent by the stuff, all hail as their centre the crimson emblem of a common salvation.

The banner inspires courage. The lion upon Judah's standard fired the peculiar patriotism of the Jewish warrior. The eagle upon the Roman ensign kindled the martial enthusiasm of the emperor's mailed legions. The cross upon the *Labarum* of Constantine brought to mind the "*In hoc signo vinces*" which made every man a hero. And is there a Confederate soldier that does not feel the thrill of

a new life in his veins when he beholds the sacred emblem of the Southern cause floating above the array of battle? How, then, must the faith of Christ stimulate the zeal of his followers! This is the influence that makes them "valiant for the truth upon the earth," stronger than lions in the fight, swifter than eagles in the chase. It was through this that the ancient worthies wrought righteousness, obtained promises, subdued kingdoms, out of weakness became strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. What cared Elijah for the wrath of Ahab, or Nathan for the displeasure of David? What cared Isaiah for the saw, Daniel for the lions, or Hananiah for the fiery furnace? What cared John for Herod, Paul for Nero, Luther for the pope, Knox for the queen, or Wesley and Whitefield for the parson and the mob? And under the same heavenly inspiration still "the weak shall be as David, and David as the angel of the Lord;" "one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." This is the secret of that holy courage which runs through a troop and leaps over a wall. It is this that makes the Christian soldier brave to dare, and strong to do, and firm to die. No duties are too arduous for his energy, no sacrifices too costly for his self-denial. He is discouraged by no difficulties, terrified by no enemies, appalled by no menaces, conquered by no sufferings. None of these things move him, neither counteth he his own life dear



unto himself, so that he may finish his course with joy, and glorify in death the Prince of his salvation. Sustained by the love of Jesus, he advances to the very gates of hell, and waves his crimson ensign in defiance of all its embattled fury. He fears none but God!

The banner pledges security. Ordinarily, under your country's flag your person is safe and your property inviolate. A few years ago I preached the Gospel with perfect freedom in the City of Rome, the very heart of the Papal apostasy; and the soldiers of *Pio Nono* guarded the magnificent marble staircase by which we ascended to the great hall of the Braschi palace, where we worshipped. It was because that palace was the residence of Mr. Cass, the American Minister, and the stars and stripes, not yet desecrated and dishonored by treachery and tyranny, waved over the edifice. And what injury can befall you under the Banner of your salvation? "Who is he that can harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" What weapon that is formed against you shall prosper while Christ is in your van? What fiery shaft of hell shall not fall harmless at your feet, quenched by your shield of faith? "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them"—not a solitary angel, but an angelic chieftain with his legions. Yea, "the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." Jehovah is a rock, a fortress, a high tower, an impenetrable buckler, a wall of fire round about us, and a glory in the midst. "So

that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man can do unto me." The nearer you are to your leader, the greater your safety; and the fiercer the assault of the foe, the stronger your defence. The faithful soldier of Jesus was never captured nor conquered. Amid the din of conflict he hears the voice of his Master: "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God! I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness!" And marching from victory to glory, the conqueror sings, "O God, the Lord, the strength of my salvation! thou hast covered my head in the day of battle!"

The banner announces victory. When a fortified place is reduced by arms, it is customary to plant the colors upon the heights in token of the achievement. When Beauregard took possession of Fort Sumter, he raised the Confederate symbol where the stars and stripes had lately floated. When Semmes or Maffitt captures a Federal craft upon the seas, he hauls down her flag and hoists his own. Jesus is our banner of victory. We overcome by the blood of the Lamb. Through him we are more than conquerors, for we contend with a conquered foe. The Champion of our cause hath triumphed over death and hell; and his cross is at once the means and the memorial of the achievement. In other conflicts the issue is ever uncertain; but here the valiant is sure to be the victor. Emmanuel never lost a battle; and he still rides forth conquering and to conquer.

Your enemies have no chance of success till they can foil the Infinite Wisdom, cancel the oath of God, and paralyze the arm that is mighty to save. To the fearful and unbelieving they may present a formidable front; but, lo! to the eye of Faith the mountain is aflame with the artillery and the cavalry of the skies. As in the Valley of Rephidim, victory may oscillate between the antagonists till the evening, Israel and Amalek alternately having the advantage; but persevering Faith shall finally set its foot upon the neck of the last enemy and shout, "O Death, where is thy sting! O Grave, where is thy victory! Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" In the Battle of the Chickamauga our brave troops, at different points along the line, were repulsed again and again during the first day and the forenoon of the second; but when Longstreet massed his forces on our left, and charged the enemy's right with a shout which rang for miles through the forest, the Yankee lines were broken, and the vandal crew were driven before our victorious army like thistle-down before the autumn blast. So shall the powers of darkness, however successful for a season, finally be defeated; and the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and shall possess it for ever, even for ever and ever.

The banner promises reward. The soldier looks to it, in the battle-time, as his country's pledge that all his toils and sufferings shall be remunerated in the end. "Verily, there is a reward for the

righteous." Eye hath not seen it, though it hath seen much that is beautiful and splendid; ear hath not heard it, though it hath heard much that eye hath never seen; heart hath not conceived it, though it hath conceived many things too magnificent for revelation to the eye and the ear. Jesus hath promised the conqueror a seat with him in his throne, a record in the book of life, a mansion in the heavenly Jerusalem, a permanent place in the temple of God, a new name, a white robe, a royal crown, a golden lute, the hidden manna, the living water, the inheritance of all things. O, what is the hero's guerdon—the palm, the coronet, the historic fame, the triumphal arch, the monumental column, the plaudits of admiring multitudes—

“A fancied life in others' breath”—

or even the loftier boon of liberty and independence—what are they all to that “far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!” “Riches make to themselves wings and fly away as an eagle toward heaven;” thrones perish, diadems grow dim, and imperial dynasties go down to the dust; all the glory of man is as the flower of the field, and the proudest mausoleum piled over his ashes shall moulder beneath the touch of all-destroying Time; but the Christian conqueror's reward is in the “new heaven and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness,” and he is endued with an immortal nature for the enjoyment of an imperishable portion!

“On the brows of Eastern monarchs may sparkle many a gem;  
And gold, and pearls, and precious stones, may deck the diadem;  
But it shines with earthly lustre—it will tarnish and decay;  
While the Christian’s crown of amaranth shall never fade away.

“Proud were the ancient conquerors, crowned in Olympic  
games;  
They deemed that deathless honors were entwined about their  
names;

But sear was soon the parsley wreath, the olive, and the bay;  
While the Christian’s crown of amaranth shall never fade away.

“With harp of angel melody, and palm branch in his hand,  
The saint, ’mid circling seraphim, before the throne shall stand;  
And his song shall be enduring as heaven’s eternal day,  
And his victor-wreath of amaranth shall never fade away.”

Such, dear brethren, is the use of your Banner. Is it not worthy of your most ardent affection, your most intense devotion, the entire consecration of your heart and life? The Rōmans swore upon their ensigns as we do upon the Gospel, for they were second in sanctity only to the gods; and every man, on entering the army, bound himself by a solemn oath never to forsake his standard. When Ellsworth, in Alexandria, descended the hotel stairs with the flag of the Confederacy wrapped about him, Jackson could not brook the dishonor done the sacred emblem, and he determined to baptize it with its captor’s blood, though at the instant sacrifice of his own. When our troops marched through Bardston on the way to Perryville, among the citizens that lined the street and welcomed our advent I noticed a fair damsel of sixteen summers, who seized the colors as they floated past her, and pressed them to her heart and



ruby lips, sprinkling them with many a holy tear. The flag that lately waved over the sacred ruins of Fort Sumter was torn into shreds by the fierce missiles hurled from the floating hells of the foe; but every vestige of it was preserved and treasured as a precious memento by the brave men who defended it so nobly with their lives, and I was shown some scraps not larger than your little finger which no price could purchase from the possessor. But what are all such instances of enthusiastic devotion to your national colors, in comparison of the zeal of the saints for the Banner of their salvation! Hark! that chant as of many waters in concert and mighty thunderings articulate! It is the voice of the sacramental host, hailing their Banner, celebrating the Martyr-lamb, singing unto Him that loved them, and washed them in His own blood, and invested them with the glory of a royal priesthood in the Jerusalem of God for ever!

“Jehovah my Banner!” “Whereunto shall I liken it, and with what comparison shall it be compared?” What proud insignia of court or camp, what pomp of imperial heraldry or magnificence of martial array, shall be brought into competition with its divine excellence and transcendent beauty? There is red in it; for it was dyed at the wine-press of Gethsemane. There is white in it; for it pledges celestial purity and eternal peace. There is blue in it; but it is the sweet cerulean of the covenant rainbow that compasseth the sapphire throne of the Lamb. There are stars also; but Sirius, and Arc-

urus, and Aldebaran, and the Pleiades, are lost in the effulgence of the Star of Bethlehem. Banners have there been, "as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold"—ensigns armorial, fraught with all the splendor that riches, royalty, and inspired art could give; but here is a Banner barded with the wealth of no earthly empire, beautified beyond the brightest conceptions of all human genius, radiant with the uncreated glories of God and the Lamb! Your banners were wrought by mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and wives; and presented by fair hands, with loving words and many tears, to those who bear them to the battle: mine was made in the Metropolis of the universe, and brought down to this unworthy province upon the wings of a thousand seraphim, amid the ringing of the sweetest music that ever fell on mortal ears. Your banners will return from the campaign, rent by the missiles of war and reddened with the blood of the brave; and you will hang them up in your halls, and preserve them for the generations to come, as the sacred memorials of bitter contests and hard-won victories; and, long after you have lain down in your sepulchres, orators will rehearse their history and poets will sing their praise: mine, scarred in fiercer conflict and crimsoned with richer gore, reminds me of Olivet and Calvary, where Emmanuel stooped to conquer, and triumphed by the blood of his cross; and it is destined to wave victorious over the demolished fortresses of error and the ruined fortunes of hell, when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and

come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Let the sinner be ashamed of his sin, and let the worldling blush for his faithless world, and let Unbelief hang down its coward head in confusion, and let Popery mutter in the cloister and whisper in the confessional; but "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." And the monarch may glory in his crown, and the miser in his gold, and the scholar in his learning, and the poet in his inspiration, and the orator in his triumphant eloquence, and the senator in his enlightened policy, and the military chieftain in his successful strategy, and the victorious army in the patriotic valor which has hurled back the ruthless invader,

"And heaped the field with mountains of the slain;"

"but God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world!"

"My Banner!" What tongue shall tell its wonders? What song shall celebrate its fame? It is as old as the world. It was unfurled to Adam in Eden. It waved over the altar of Abel. It enfolded Enoch as he entered paradise. It spanned with beauty the retiring waters of the deluge. Abraham saw it afar off, and was glad. Jacob beheld it, and spake with his dying breath of the coming Shiloh. Job caught a glimpse of it, and sang joyfully of resurrection and redemption. Moses raised it in the wilderness, and perishing thousands look-

ed upon it and lived. Balaam desecrated it "from the top of the rock," and blessed in involuntary rapture the people he had come to curse. Joshua reared it upon Gibeon, and the spheres stood still till he had routed the enemies of Israel. Gideon gathered his three hundred around it, and "this cake of barley bread" scattered the tents of Midian. Elijah wrapped himself in its crimson folds, and drove his chariot of fire over the everlasting hills. Elisha shrouded himself in it for the sepulchre, and his mouldering bones had virtue to vivify the dead. David sung its victories, and "his harp grew mightier than his throne," and sent its numbers thrilling down the centuries. Hezekiah hung it over the wall of beleaguered Jerusalem, and the next morning a hundred and eighty-five thousand Assyrians lay stiffened in death at the gates. Daniel presented it to the lions in their den, and the terrible beasts lay down before him like lambs at their shepherd's feet. Azariah and his comrades wore it in the fiery furnace, and walked unharmed through flames which would instantly have calcined any diamonds but those of the crown-jewelry of God. The prophets, for more than a thousand years, bore it aloft, emblazoned with "the Star of Jacob," the ensign of hope to Israel, and the pledge of redemption to the world. An angel flung it upon the midnight breeze at Bethlehem, and suddenly there burst from the sky such a symphony of heavenly voices as never had ravished the ears of men before. Good old Simeon clasped it in his arms and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy ser-

vant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The Prince of the house of Judah planted it upon Mount Calvary, and all the powers of evil have not prevailed to tear it down. The splendid vision brightened the fading eye of the malefactor upon the cross, and imparadised his departing soul in the very jaws of hell. The fishermen of the Galilee held it up to the nations, and tyrants trembled for their thrones, and idols fell from their pedestals, and the oracles of the world went dumb. Constantine saw it symbolled in fire amid the mellow tints of the evening sky, and drove Maxentius, with all the hopes of paganism, headlong into the Tiber. The martyrs made it the pavilion of their peace, and the saints "sat down under its shadow with great delight," and the angels of God, as they went and came, folded their wings to talk with them at even-tide. And still the glorious ensign floats on high, challenging the faith of earth, eliciting the joy of Heaven, and shedding terror and dismay on all the hosts of hell.

"See, on the mountain-top,  
The standard of your God;  
In Jesus' name I lift it up,  
All stained with hallowed blood!"

The troops of Mohammed, near Muta, encountered the Roman legions. It was a desperate conflict, and dark was the prospect of the Crescent. When the standard-bearer was cut down, Jaaffer seized the sacred symbol as it fell, and bore it aloft in the face of the foe. The hand with which he



held it was struck off; he grasped it with the other. That, too, was severed; he embraced it with his bleeding arms, and clung to it till his skull was cloven by a scymitar, and he fell dead upon the field. And will you, my brethren, be ashamed of your Banner? Shall the hearts of others quail through your cowardice, "as when a standard-bearer fainteth?" Nay, lift the blessed ensign aloft, and bear it bravely in the van of battle, challenging the enemy with the shout of "Jehovah-nissi!" Wave it while you can move an arm. Point to it while you can raise a hand. Speak well of it while you can utter a word. Commend it to the penitent as the pledge of mercy. Give it to the departing soul as its passport into paradise. Hang it over the death-beds of your friends, and spread it upon their coffins, and plant it upon their tombs.

When the fiery surge of war rolled up the side of Missionary Ridge and dashed furiously against the Confederate ranks, an ensign, seeing the line begin to waver, advanced twenty paces in front, planted his colors, and stood by them, exhorting his comrades to maintain their position and repel the foe. The regiment quickly caught his spirit, rushed shouting to his support, and hurled the assailants back with hideous ruin. General Bragg, who witnessed the gallant deed, galloped forward, grasped the hero's hand, shook it vigorously, and exclaimed—"I thank you, young man! You are a brave fellow, and shall be rewarded! I thank you heartily in the name of the army and the gov-

ernment!" Soldiers of Christ, imitate his example! So shall you encourage the timid, and stimulate the languid, and reassure the faltering, and revive the hopes of the despondent, and rally the shattered battalions to the charge, and lead captive the captivity of the Lord's redeemed, and multiply the gems of Emmanuel's coronal, and people the many mansions of the City of God, and win for yourselves the Master's commendation and the conqueror's crown.

The Hebrews, when invaded, raised an ensign on some elevation, which was seen afar off, and answered with the blast of trumpets, calling the citizen-soldiery to arms. So now we lift the Banner of your salvation, and summon you to "the good fight of faith." "The Lord of hosts mustereth the host for the battle." "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision! for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision!" The armies are arrayed; the conflict is begun. Hear ye not the din of arms, the roll of chariots, "the noise of the captains, and the shouting?" "Who is on the Lord's side?" There is no draft or conscription; it must be a voluntary enlistment. "How long halt ye?" This is no time for debate. A moment's delay may be ruin. See! the mighty host is sweeping by. Fall in, fall in, and share their splendid fortunes! The enemy is before them, but the diadem is above them, and heavenly voices are cheering them on to victory. Have you no sympathy with the cause, no interest in the issue? Is the redemption of the soul nothing? Are the thrones of heaven unwor-

thy of your ambition? Fall in, close up, and forward to the charge, waking the echoes of profoundest hell with the sacramental shout of "JEHOVAH-NISSI!"

## BOOK FOURTH.

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### GALLERY OF PORTRAITS.

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“ Patriots who perished for their country’s right,  
Or nobly triumphed in the field of fight.”—*Dryden’s Virgil*





## I.

### GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

December, 1863.

“I saw by night, and behold! a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle-trees that were in the bottom.”  
*Zechariah.*

I propose here to hang up a few military portraits; and I will begin with the accomplished commander of the Confederate forces in the Old Dominion.

General Robert E. Lee is the youngest son of General Henry Lee, who was the intimate friend of Washington, and the author of a popular history. Born in Fauquier county, Virginia, in 1806, Robert entered the military academy at West Point in 1825, and graduated at the head of his class, without a single mark of demerit, in 1829. With the brevet rank of second lieutenant, he was now assigned to duty in the corps of topographical engineers, and immediately entered upon his work. In 1835 we find him engaged in fixing the boundary line between the States of Ohio and Michigan. In September, 1836, he was made first lieutenant; and in July, 1837, promoted to a captaincy. In 1846 he appears in Mexico as chief engineer to General Wool's army. For gallant and meritorious con-

duct in the Battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco, and Chapultepec, in the last of which he was seriously wounded, he received as many successive military honors. He was now lieutenant-colonel by brevet. On the 1st of September, 1852, he was appointed superintendent of the military academy; but how long he remained in this responsible position we have no information. In 1858 he distinguished himself as lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, under Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, in a desperate conflict with the Indians on the prairies of Texas. In the fall of 1859 he won the gratitude of his country by arresting the infamous career of John Brown, and bringing that notorious outlaw to deserved punishment.

During his thirty years' service in the United States army he was universally esteemed and admired by his fellow-officers; and so manifest was the superiority of his soldierly accomplishments that it excited neither jealousy nor emulation. General Scott pronounced him "the greatest military genius in America;" characteristically adding, "myself not excepted." It is probably true, as often alleged, that old "Fuss and Feathers" was indebted chiefly to Lee for his Mexican laurels. He regretted the loss of this able officer from the Federal service more than that of any other who left the old army to identify himself with the South. But all his efforts to retain him were without success. Lee was a Virginian, and his patriotism was incorruptible and unconquerable. He tendered his resignation before his native state seceded, and im-

mediately upon her secession accepted the command of her forces.

After the death of General Garnett, President Davis appointed Lee to the charge of the Confederate army in Western Virginia. He entered the field with sixteen thousand men. The campaign was a failure. The country was disappointed. The President acquitted the general of all blame in the case; but the public presumed to differ with the President, and the unsuccessful soldier became somewhat unpopular.

He was next sent to South Carolina and intrusted with the fortification of Charleston harbor. Having performed this work satisfactorily, he returned to the Confederate capital. The loss of Fort Donelson, and the consequent withdrawal of General A. S. Johnston from Southern Kentucky and Middle Tennessee, had cast a gloom over the country. It was felt that some new policy must be inaugurated, some bold and decisive measures taken without delay. Congress passed a joint resolution recommending the appointment of Lee to the chief command of the Confederate forces. President Davis dissented from this action, but assigned the general a position which gave him the greatest influence in the conduct of the war; and to his counsel, probably, is attributable the policy of concentration which wrought such mighty changes in our favor.

Now began General Lee's true career of glory. McClellan was advancing upon Richmond, a hun-

dred and fifty thousand strong. General Johnston had gained a great victory at Seven Pines, but had been badly wounded, and obliged to retire. Lee was ordered to take the command. At the Battle of the Chickahominy he executed an admirable piece of strategy, which was crowned with complete success. The enemy's position was well taken, and his fortifications were of the most formidable character; but by a series of combinations seldom if ever surpassed, he was foiled and defeated at every point, and driven twenty-five or thirty miles, with a loss of at least forty-five thousand men and an immense quantity of arms and stores. Had all the orders of General Lee been promptly and faithfully executed by subordinate commanders; it is thought that the whole invading host might have been captured or destroyed.

On the 30th of August, 1862, our hero gained another brilliant victory on the old battle-field of Manassas; utterly routing the army of the infamous Pope; capturing fifty pieces of artillery, many thousand stand of small-arms, and large supplies of ammunition and subsistence stores; and driving the gasconading Yankee back to Alexandria, *minus* thirty thousand of his men. At the commencement of the conflict Pope had telegraphed to Washington that he had gained a glorious victory, and had taken General Jackson, with sixteen thousand rebels. The department published the news, and the capital was delirious with joy. Sad, indeed, must have been the revulsion when they learned

that their veracious hero, with the bleeding remnant of his host, was trembling upon the bank of the Potomac.

Lee's next movement was the invasion of Maryland. Harper's Ferry fell into his hands; and the enemy, at that point alone, lost at least twelve thousand men. Unfortunate at Sharpsburg, however, he was obliged to retire across the Potomac.

Then came the Battle of Fredericksburg—December, 1862—where Lee displayed his generalship to the astonishment and admiration of the world. Burnside's army was to his as three to one; yet the Yankee was completely foiled, and driven across the Rappahannock with grievous loss. The Northern press, while deploring the Federal misfortune, paid high compliments to the skill and courage of the rebel commander. This glorious achievement produced a complete paralysis of the Yankee mind, and came near exploding the cabinet at Washington.

In the Battle of Chancellorsville—May, 1863—Lee defeated Hooker with one-third his number, drove him from all his positions, killed and wounded from fifteen to twenty thousand, took ten thousand prisoners, fifty pieces of cannon, forty thousand stand of small-arms, and military stores of all kinds in great abundance, raising another howl of mingled rage and despair from universal Yankee-Doodledom, with a loss of not more than ten thousand men—killed, wounded, and missing.

The Pennsylvania expedition—June and July, 1863—though it resulted in the depletion of his



army by twelve or fifteen thousand, was far from being an utter failure. The enemy lost at least twenty-five thousand at Gettysburg, and Lee brought out with him a long train of well-loaded wagons and ambulances which he had taken from the Yankees. Had he succeeded as well in capturing ammunition, he would have demolished the Federal army, and occupied the capital of Pennsylvania. Instead of censuring his subordinates, he took the blame entirely upon himself. "It is all my fault," said he to General Wilcox; "it is I that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best way you can."

General Robert E. Lee is manifestly no common man. His military combinations and strategical manœuvres require a mind of very superior quality. His genius has the glance and the wing of the eagle. He is withal a fine-looking man, amiable in temper, affable in deportment, and as modest and unassuming as he is energetic and indefatigable—a thorough gentleman, an ardent patriot, a successful general, and a devoted Christian—

"The chief who led to Troy's beleagured wall  
A host of heroes and outshone them all."—*Pope's Homer.*

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#### ADDENDUM.

July, 1864.

The Montreal Telegraph, in an able review of the Federal campaign for the current year, speaks of General Lee in language of the very highest commendation, from which I extract the following:

“So far, we repeat, the campaign has failed at all points. The Federal armies have been hurled to certain slaughter with a cold-heartedness worse than devilish. No general ever exhibited so great an indifference to the lives of his soldiers as Grant. It is impossible to say that his army has not fought well, and endured all the hardships, dangers, and labors of the campaign with heroism and docility. They were directed by a butcher, and opposed by the greatest general of this or any other age. Posterity will rank General Lee above Wellington or Napoleon, before Saxe or Turenne, or Marlborough or Frederick, before Alexander or Cæsar. Careful of the lives of his men, fertile in resource, a profound tactician, gifted with the swift intuition which enables a commander to discern the purpose of his enemy, and the power of rapid combination which enables him to oppose to it a prompt resistance; modest, frugal, self-denying, void of arrogance or self-assertion; trusting nothing to chance; among men, noble as the noblest, in the lofty dignity of the Christian gentleman; among patriots, less self-seeking, and as pure as Washington; and, among soldiers, combining the religious simplicity of Havelock with the genius of Napoleon, the heroism of Bayard and Sydney, and the untiring, never-faltering duty of Washington.

“If this great soldier had at his command the forces and material against which he is called on to contend, the superiority on land and the supremacy on water, in six months the whole Federal states would be prostrated at his feet. As it is, he has made his own name, and that of the Confederacy he serves, immortal.”

## II.

### GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG.

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December, 1863.

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“ He had but one passion—the right; but one thought—to remove obstacles.”—*Victor Hugo*.

This famous officer is a native of North Carolina, about forty-five years of age. In 1833 he entered the military academy at West Point, where he studied with great assiduity, and secured a distinguished position in his class. In 1837 he graduated in due course, and was assigned to duty as lieutenant in the Third United States artillery. He immediately commenced active service in the war against the Seminoles, and continued in Florida till the close of the campaign.

The next year, 1838, he was in camp at Missionary Hill, near Chattanooga, while General Scott was engaged in transporting the Cherokees beyond the Father of Waters; after which he commanded, for a long period, with distinguished ability, at Fort Cummins.

He accompanied General Taylor to Corpus Christi on the inauguration of the Mexican war, held Fort Brown during the Battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, retained the command of

this important post for some time afterward, and was highly commended to President Polk for its vigorous and resolute defence. Subsequently he took part in the desperate struggle at Monterey, and immortalized his name by retrieving the fortunes of the day at Buena Vista.

At the close of the war in Mexico he became lieutenant-colonel; accompanied Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston in his famous Utah expedition; was subsequently promoted to a brigadier-generalship in the United States army; but resigned his commission, and retired to his magnificent estates in Mississippi and Louisiana.

At the commencement of the present revolution the legislature of Louisiana made him commander-in-chief of the state forces. President Davis transferred him to the charge of the Confederate army at Pensacola. Then he was removed to Mississippi, and succeeded General Beauregard. As commander-in-chief, he led the army into Kentucky; captured the Federal garrison at Woodsonville; fought the sanguinary Battle of Perryville; conducted his forces back, by way of Cumberland Gap, into East Tennessee; thence passed over the mountains to Tullahoma; whence, after a brief season for recuperation, he marched to meet the enemy at Murfreesboro', and there gave the Yankees a demonstration of Southern valor, in modern warfare seldom equalled, and never, perhaps, surpassed.

The Kentucky campaign, and the subsequent movements in Middle Tennessee, have elicited no

little criticism; and Bragg's conduct in both instances has been the subject of violent assault by the press and unsparing censure by the people. The matter has been slightly touched in two preceding PAPERS of this PORTFOLIO, and the chaplain has no disposition now to renew the controversy. Suffice it to say, that the opinions of the public in such cases are often premature; that subsequent developments frequently correct original impressions; that immediate results furnish no infallible criteria of a military leader's abilities; that newspaper editors are in many cases better judges of the quality of a *segar* than of the management of a campaign; that the Confederate Congress has seen fit, in its wisdom, to endorse Bragg's generalship by a vote of thanks well-nigh unanimous; and that General Joseph E. Johnston, after a careful and candid examination of the facts, has declared himself fully satisfied of the propriety of his proceedings.

General Bragg's spirit and character, also, have been much misunderstood; chiefly by those who are not in a position to comprehend the one, or who lack the qualifications—intellectual or moral—for appreciating the other. Those who know him best, and are most capable of judging, describe him as very different from the stern, severe, unapproachable man he is sometimes represented to be. The writer has often been in his company, both officially and socially; and has always found him as much the gentleman as the soldier, courteous in manner, frank and candid in discourse, with a



genial flow of sentiment and humor, quite the contrary of that cold, taciturn, forbidding character so often ascribed to him.

Quickness of conception, promptness of execution, and a firmness of purpose almost Jacksonian, are three of his most prominent characteristics. To these he joins an exactness of method, an adherence to principle, and a conscientious regard for the rights of others, seldom equalled in a military commander. In all his official acts he seems to be governed by a lofty sense of duty and honor; and the discipline which makes his name so terrible to the disobedient and disorderly, is generally as righteous as it is rigid. Strictly temperate in his habits, he is severe in his animadversion upon drunkenness, and uncompromising in his efforts for its suppression. Long a vestryman and lately a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he is not unmindful of the moral welfare of the army; and appears anxious that they should be furnished, as far as practicable, with the means of religious culture.

In a conversation with him, at his quarters in Murfreesboro', the writer ventured to inquire whether it would not be practicable to dispense with Sabbath drilling, so as to allow the soldiers more time and better opportunity for worship; to which he promptly replied, that Sabbath drilling was, in his judgment, both unnecessary and improper, and that he wished the chaplains to have the opportunity of conducting divine service in camp without any such annoyance. Thus en-

couraged, it was determined, in council with several of my colleagues, to place the matter formally before him. A meeting of chaplains was called, and a memorial drawn up and presented, setting forth the law of the Sabbath, and urging its importance, especially to the soldier. The communication was immediately answered, in the form of a general order, stating the necessity and utility of public worship, exhorting all officers in command to encourage the attendance of the soldiers, and requiring them to dispense with all military operations not strictly necessary on the Lord's day.

A similar instance afterward occurred. The chaplains of General Polk's corps held a meeting at Shelbyville, and resolved to request from "the powers that be" the detail of one of their number to the service of the hospitals in the rear, to minister to the spiritual needs of the disabled and suffering soldiers. The Rev. Dr. Quintard was selected as the most suitable person, and application was made by a committee to General Bragg to have him appointed to this important mission. The general promptly consented to assign him to the general chaplaincy of the corps hospitals, with a free ticket to pass on the railroads from one to another; and promised him all his aid and influence, personal and official, in furtherance of his worthy enterprise.

These instances happily illustrate Gen. Bragg's concern for the good of the army. He is not one of those wise and strong men who can conduct a campaign without God, nor one of those sublime

philosophers who would send the departing soul into eternity without the consolations of its redemption.

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#### ADDENDUM.

July, 1864.

What I have written of General Bragg in connection with the Kentucky expedition and the campaign in Middle Tennessee, perhaps, is equally applicable to his subsequent retreat from that state, his management at the Chickamauga, and his misfortune at Missionary Ridge, all which were duly chronicled and criticised in BOOK THIRD.

General Bragg certainly has some excellences which have seldom been surpassed in a military commander. His courage has never been questioned; and his whole career, from Buena Vista to Missionary Ridge, attests his heroic qualities. His indefatigable industry and indomitable energy are equally striking and valuable characteristics of the man. He is always at work, looking into the minutest as well as the grandest concerns of his mighty charge; and, as has been pertinently observed, "superintending everything in the army, from a corps commander down to a wagon driver." As a military disciplinarian he is proverbial, and scarcely has a compeer. He found the army a disorganized rabble; he left it a body of well-drilled soldiers. A recent writer says: "I have no doubt that when our troops took up their line of march from Chattanooga to Kentucky, they con-

stituted a more efficient army, numbers considered, than was ever commanded by Cæsar, or Hannibal, or Wellington, or Bonaparte." A man of strong impulses and somewhat decided opinions, General Bragg is both just and generous, and in true soldier-like magnanimity inferior to none. From my personal acquaintance with him, I am led to believe, also, that he fears God, and daily asks counsel of the Heavenly Wisdom.

As recorded in another PAPER, soon after his disaster at Missionary Ridge he requested to be relieved from his command. His prayer was granted, and he was exalted to the right hand of Jeff. Davis, in much the same relation, as it respects military matters, as that of Joseph to Pharaoh, or that of Daniel to Nebuchadnezzar, or that of Mordecai to Ahasuerus, or—not to multiply needless comparisons—that of Abraham Inlow to the Devil; in which sublime promotion we see the presidential estimate of his character, in which broad sphere of action he is likely to be more useful than ever, and in which just reward for all his toils and sufferings every true Southern heart must rejoice. Reader, throw thy cap three leagues toward the zenith, and shout till Sirius answer thee, "Long live General Braxton Bragg!"

### III.

## GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

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December, 1863.

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“The brave man is not he who feels no fear,  
For that were stupid and irrational ;  
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,  
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.  
As for your youth whom blood and blows delight,  
Away with them ! there is not in their crew  
One valiant spirit.”—*Shakspeare*.

This illustrious officer is the youngest son of the late distinguished Judge Peter Johnston, of Virginia. He was born in Prince Edward county, but received the rudiments of his education at Abingdon, where his father exercised his judicial functions. In 1825 he became a cadet at the West Point military academy, then at the very acme of its prosperity. In 1829 he graduated in the same class with General Robert E. Lee, and was immediately assigned to the Fourth artillery, with the rank of second lieutenant by brevet. Seven years after this he was appointed assistant commissary of subsistence; and, the year following, first lieutenant of topographical engineers.

In 1838 commenced the Indian war in Florida, in which his gallant conduct gave interesting pre-  
sage of his future heroism. Being sent, with an



escort of infantry, across a lake to make an important reconnoissance, immediately upon landing the party came upon an ambuscade of Indians. At the first fire every officer fell, and the men fled in confusion. Johnston, with great self-possession, assumed command, and rallied the affrighted fugitives. Seizing a tree, amid a perfect storm of bullets, he maintained his position till the men returned to their duty, repulsed the savages, and carried off their own dead and disabled comrades. Lieutenant Johnston was shot in the forehead, and fell; but the ball having merely grazed the skull without penetrating, he suffered no serious consequence from the wound. For this intrepid act, and other achievements during the campaign, he was rewarded with a captaincy by brevet; and, in 1846, he became full captain by seniority.

In 1847, having been brevetted lieutenant-colonel of voltigeurs, he accompanied General Scott to Mexico, where he won additional laurels. In a reconnoissance at Cerro Gordo, venturing too near the enemy's works, he received three musket-balls, which like to have terminated his military career. But

“Man is immortal till his work is done,”

and Providence had other use for the brave lieutenant-colonel. With the aid of a good constitution and a skilful surgeon, he recovered, to gather new glory at Molina del Rey, and experience another severe wound at Chepultepec.

After the Mexican war he was made colonel, and subsequently became quartermaster-general of the

United States army. This office he resigned at the commencement of our present struggle, and took a position among the troops of his native state. Soon afterward, however, he offered his services to the Confederate government, was appointed major-general by President Davis, and sent to take charge of the Army of the Shenandoah. Amid great difficulties, he protected an extensive line of frontier on the Upper Potomac; and by a series of skilful movements, with ten thousand men, foiled, defeated, and held at bay for a long time, a force of twenty thousand. He prevented Patterson's junction with McClellan at Winchester, repulsed him with heavy loss at Falling Water, and afterward marched to join Beauregard at Manassas. In that terrific conflict he put the enemy to disastrous rout, reoccupied the country almost to Arlington Heights, and held his position about Centreville through the autumn and winter.

In the spring of 1862 the enemy, inflated with his successes along the southern seaboard, on the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and the Mississippi, with an army of two hundred and twenty thousand, splendidly equipped, and confident almost to madness, made a second attempt, under the command of McClellan, to march over our little army at Manassas, and take up his quarters in the Confederate capital. He advanced early in March, "breathing out threatening and slaughter;" but Johnston had foiled him, by withdrawing his whole force to the neighborhood of Richmond, without the loss of a

single life, or the abandonment of anything important to the government.

The Little Napoleon now resolved to approach Richmond by another route, and so transported "The Grand Army" to the Peninsula. Johnston was ready to receive him there. He repulsed him with great slaughter at Williamsburg; met him again upon the Chickahominy; drove him back, broken and shattered, to his gunboats; and the disaster to the Federal arms would doubtless have been much greater, had not our hero received a wound which came nigh costing the Confederate cause one of its bravest champions.

Through the mercy of God, however, he is again in the field, and at the head of the Army of the West. His advent in Tennessee revived the hopes of our suffering citizens, and inspired our soldiers with new confidence and courage. It is understood that he selected the battle-ground before Murfreesboro', and suggested the disposition of the troops and the plan of the battle. The result reflected fresh credit upon his skill and fresh glory upon our arms.

Last May, under orders from Richmond, he went to take command, in person, of our forces on the Mississippi. The failure of that campaign, with the loss of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, is attributed to the insubordination of General Pemberton, who is alleged to have disobeyed every order of his superior officer, suffered himself unnecessarily to be besieged, and then shamefully surrendered the city.

On General Bragg's retirement from the Army of Tennessee, General Johnston succeeded to the command. No appointment could have been more gratifying to the troops and their officers. His appearance at their head inspired them with new confidence and zeal, and never were they in better heart for battle than to-day.

My personal acquaintance with General Johnston being but slight, I beg leave to quote another's estimate of his character and abilities as a military commander:

"The career of General Johnston has been such as the most illustrious chieftain might envy. A quick genius, a solid judgment, invincible firmness, imperturbable self-reliance, a will as resolute as that of 'the first bald Caesar,' a penetration which no device can baffle, a perseverance which no difficulty can subdue, a courage which no danger can shake, quickness of conception, promptness of action, endurance almost superhuman, and reticence as perfect as the grave—all these we take to be characteristics of a great commander; and in a high degree General Johnston possesses them all. For proof we need not go beyond the events of the last twelve months. He divined all the designs of Patterson, as if by intuition. With a force not half as strong as his, he thwarted all his plans and baffled all his enterprises. With the promptness of lightning he flew to reinforce Beauregard, as soon as he discovered that he was to be attacked. He suffered a clamor to be raised against him for not attacking McClellan, rather than permit the secret of his weakness to be known. In front of an army five times as strong as his own, he never suffered himself to be betrayed into a false movement, or lost for a single moment that perfect reliance upon his own resources which is the mark, as it is the most fortunate property, of a strong understanding. He found the army a brave, but little more than half-disciplined militia; he left it a host of veterans, able to contend with any body of equal numbers that ever trod the earth. We believe that he will live to render services even more brilliant than any he has yet rendered to his country."

A small matter sometimes furnishes the key to a great character. I conclude this sketch with a scene in General Johnston's room at the Lamar House, during his visit at Knoxville, last spring. The hero was surrounded with gallant officers who had called to pay their respects, and conversation was at its floodtide, when a gentle tap was heard at the door. An officer, shining with stars and gold lace, opened it; and there stood an aged negro, with a coarse sun-bonnet upon her head and a cotton umbrella under her arm. "Is this Mr. Johnston's room?" asked the American lady of African descent. The glittering officer replied in the affirmative. "Mr. Joe Johnston's room?" "Yes." "Well, I wants to see him." And in she marched, *sans ceremonie*, and familiarly tapped the great military chieftain upon the shoulder. He turned and clasped her ebony hand in his, while she for a moment silently perused his features, and then exclaimed, with a sad voice, half-suppressed by emotion, "Massa Joe, you 's gittin' old." The conversation which followed is not to be recorded. Suffice it to add that, as the general held the old slave by the hand and answered her artless questions, large tears rolled down his cheeks; and the gay officers around him, "albeit unaccustomed to the melting mood," found use for their pocket cambric. The sable visitant who made the stern commander of the armies of the West weep like a child was old Judy Paxton, who had "toted" Joe in her arms when he was not a general, and nobody dreamed that he ever would be.



#### IV.

### LIEUTENANT-GENERAL W. J. HARDEE.

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December, 1863.

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“That for which a man offers up his blood and his property must be more valuable than they.”—*Richter*.

This gallant officer was born in Georgia and educated at West Point. He graduated in 1838. His first assignment to duty was under Gen. Scott, in his native state. In a few months he was ordered to Florida, where he fought the Indians. Possessed of a brilliant mind, and cherishing a lofty ambition, he was sent to France by the War department to perfect himself in cavalry tactics. With two other young Americans of kindred mind—Captain Bell and Lieutenant Newton—he entered the military school of San Mur, and spent two years there, much to his own improvement and the credit of his country.

Returning to the United States, Lieut. Hardee was ordered on duty at Fort Jessup, La. There he remained till the opening of the Mexican war, then accompanied General Taylor to Corpus Christi. While on a scout near Matamoras, he was captured by General Ampudia on the bank of the Rio Grande. He was honorably treated as a prisoner of war by the Mexicans, and, after a few weeks of captivity, was duly exchanged. He subsequently

took part in the chief struggles of that campaign, and received two brevet honors for bravery in battle. At the close of the war his native state presented him a beautiful sword, with appropriate inscription, in acknowledgment of the gallant service he had rendered.

In 1853, Mr. Davis, Secretary of War at Washington, selected him as the most suitable man to prepare a system of tactics for the United States army. "Hardee's Tactics" was the result. By order of the War department, the work was substituted for that of General Scott. And the Dutch and Irish mercenaries on the Potomac and the Tennessee are to-day drilling *à la* Hardee, though their masters have eliminated the author's name from the title-page of the manual *à la* Yankee-doodle.

In 1856 Colonel Hardee was ordered to West Point as commandant of the cadet corps. He remained there till the election of Mr. Lincoln, then resigned his commission, returned to his native state, tendered his services to Governor Brown, and became senior colonel of the Georgia troops.

When the provisional government was organized, President Davis offered him the position of inspector-general for the Confederacy. Colonel Hardee preferred the field, and was ordered to Fort Morgan, in Mobile bay, as senior colonel of the regular army.

In 1861 he was made brigadier-general, and sent to Arkansas to organize a trans-Mississippi division. He succeeded in raising a host of heroes,

who have since distinguished themselves on many a Southern battle-field. With his command he soon joined General A. S. Johnston at Bowling Green, and afterward conducted the retreat of the army from Kentucky to Corinth.

Having now become major-general, he was assigned to the command of a corps, with which he opened the bloody fray at Shiloh. His conduct in that memorable conflict inspired his troops with great confidence in their leader, and reflected no small credit upon the Confederate arms.

At Tupelo he was made the active commander, under General Bragg, of the Army of the Mississippi. In the Kentucky expedition he commanded the left wing, while Polk commanded the right. Both of these officers plucked imperishable laurels at Perryville, achieving a decided victory, the fruits of which were unfortunately lost.

At Murfreesboro' Hardee commanded again on the left, where our arms were most successful, and the victory was glorious. He fought a force double his own, and drove them several miles with hideous slaughter. It was one of the grandest achievements of the war, though Bragg failed to seize the advantage which it offered.

In July, 1863, Bragg having fallen back to Chattanooga, Hardee was ordered to Mississippi to reorganize the Confederate forces scattered by the misfortunes of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. After the Battle of the Chickamauga he returned to the Army of Tennessee, fought gloriously at Missionary Ridge, captured Yankee colors and sol-

diers, then withdrew without the loss of a gun or a prisoner, while the other wing of the army experienced a disastrous defeat.

After the retreat to Dalton he was appointed by the President to succeed General Bragg, who had been relieved from command at his own request. Hardee promptly declined the honor, modestly alleging his conscious inadequacy to the responsibilities of the position.

Lieutenant-General Hardee is a man of tall stature, symmetrical form, and finely-moulded features, crowned with honorable gray, yet young enough to be active and energetic, and, withal, one of the best horsemen in the Confederate field. To a mind of superior order, well stored with various knowledge, adding every accomplishment of the gentleman and every virtue of the soldier, he is qualified to shine equally in the social circle, the military council, and "the rage of resounding arms."\*

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\* Since the foregoing was written, Gen. Hardee has carved out for himself an enduring fame. His glorious achievements around Atlanta will constitute a very important chapter in the future history of the war.

V.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK.

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December, 1863.

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“ Our bosoms we 'll bare to the glorious strife,  
And our oath is recorded on high,  
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,  
Or crushed in its ruins to die.”—*Campbell*.

The likeness of our illustrious bishop-general claims a place in this gallery of portraits.

Leonidas Polk was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, in the year of our Lord 1806. At the age of seventeen he entered the West Point military academy as a cadet. The late lamented Albert Sidney Johnston, a congenial spirit, was his chum and classmate. Polk had never contracted any of the grosser vices; but he was a lover of the world, and a follower of its fashions. While he was at West Point the eloquent Dr. McIlvaine, now Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ohio, was chaplain to the military academy, and was as popular there as he has since been in his diocese. It happened that, on a certain Sabbath, the doctor was preaching on the ‘Evidences of Christianity,’ when he informed the class that he had lately had republished the letters of Dr. Olinthus Gregory, originally addressed to the cadets of the great



military institute of Woolwich, England. Cadet Polk procured a copy of the book on the following morning; perused it attentively; became thoroughly convinced of the claims of the Gospel upon his understanding and his heart; then called upon the chaplain; frankly stated all his difficulties; was guided "in the good and the right way;" soon developed a promising religious character; received Christian baptism in the presence of the whole corps of cadets; was subsequently confirmed by Bishop Ravenscroft, of North Carolina; was ordained deacon by the venerable Bishop Moore, of Virginia, in 1830; was endowed with the priesthood by imposition of the same hands in 1831; was consecrated to the Episcopate in 1838; exercised his sacred functions in the Diocese of Louisiana till the commencement of the present war; then accepted the office of brigadier-general, offered him by President Davis, in the Confederate army; was a few months afterward promoted to the position of major-general; and has lately distinguished himself as lieutenant-general; no less by his military skill than by his energy and valor.

Lieutenant-General Polk is a man of brilliant mind; well informed on all subjects; lively and imaginative; prompt, ardent, and energetic; remarkably neat in personal appearance; dignified, yet courteous, in manner; as brave in battle as eloquent in discourse; and looks as much the general as the bishop.

A good story was told of him soon after he entered the army, which went the rounds of the South-

ern newspaper press. On a journey he entered a hotel where he was a stranger. The proprietor met him at the door, and saluted him as "Judge." "You mistake me, sir," said the bishop; "I am no judge." "General, then, perhaps," rejoined the publican. "And no general," was the reply. "Bishop, then, I am sure," exclaimed his host. "Very well," said the traveller; "but why do you take me for judge, general, or bishop?" "Why, sir," answered the other, "having kept a hotel for a long series of years, and seeing constantly so many strangers, I have accustomed myself to the study of character, and am seldom wrong in my judgment. As soon as you entered my house, I perceived that you were a professional gentleman; and it needed no second look to assure me that, whatever your profession, you must be at the head of it."

Perhaps the story is not true, but it *might* be. No officer in the Confederate army has more the port of a leader than Lieutenant-General Polk. Manifestly, he was made to command.

The following is furnished me in a letter by the Rev. Dr. Quintard, the general's chaplain and intimate friend. I give it in his own words:

"The other day, as we were riding out and talking very familiarly on various subjects, General Polk mentioned a singular incident that occurred to him some years ago. His oldest son—now Captain Hamilton Polk—when in college, purchased a walking-stick for a present to his father. Wishing his father's name and Episcopal seal en-

graved upon the head of the cane, he carried it to an engraver in New York, and gave him a picture of the bishop's seal, as printed in the 'Church Almanac.' The seal was a simple shield, having for its device a cross in the centre, with key and crosier laid across it. On calling for the cane, young Polk found that the engraver, by some strange hocus-pocus, had engraved, plainly and distinctly, a sword in place of a key. Now you may speculate on that to your heart's content; for it has the advantage over most stories, of being true."

I have the best authority for saying that the remarkable yarn, first spun in the Chattanooga Rebel, of the presentation to the bishop, by his brother, of a bowie-knife and a brace of pistols as an outfit for him after his consecration to the Episcopate, was a sheer fabrication.

To the same category, doubtless, belongs a certain story told of him in connection with the Battle of Perryville. It is said that General Cheatham, in a furious charge, exhorted his troops to drive the Yankees to a certain place supposed to be not far from every battle-field; and that General Polk, dashing by, waved his sword and shouted, "Drive them, my brave fellows! drive them—where General Cheatham told you to drive them!"

The following, however, did actually occur on that bloody field. Near the close of the day a large force appeared on our right, enfilading General Polk's corps with terrible effect. Thinking them to be some of our own troops who had mis-

taken him for the enemy, he ordered his men to suspend their action and rode forward alone. Approaching the force in question, he was surprised to find them in Federal uniform. With great presence of mind he rode near the general in command and cried, with an authoritative voice, "Cease firing, general! Don't you see that you are slaughtering our own men?" The officer, with a somewhat doubtful and puzzled look, responded, "Excuse me, sir; but who are you? I have not the honor of knowing you." To which General Polk replied, "You cease firing, and in five minutes you shall hear from me." Then, putting spurs to his horse, he galloped back to his command and shouted, "Boys, they are your enemies! Fire!" The instant crash which followed was as if all the thunders of heaven had united their voices; and when the blue battle-cloud rose, the enfiling foe had disappeared, but the ground where he had stood was heaped with the wounded and the dead.

Bishop Polk, though he has laid aside his lawn, has not put off his religion. As far as practicable in the army, he hallows the Sabbath, and avails himself of every opportunity of attending public worship. At Harrodsburg, two days before the battle, he invited Dr. Quintard to accompany him to the Episcopal church, which is one of the most beautiful in the West. As they walked up the aisle alone, the general exclaimed, with emotion, "O for the days when we went up to the house of the Lord and compassed His altar with the voice of praise and thanksgiving!" Reaching the chan-

cel, he said to the doctor, "Can we not have prayers?" and they kneeled down and poured out their hearts to God; and the general left the sanctuary with a face all bathed in tears. Such soldiers do not fight for fame.\*

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\* General Polk was killed by a shot from one of the enemy's batteries at Kennesaw mountain. "*Dulce est pro patria mori.*"



## VI.

### MAJOR-GENERAL B. F. CHEATHAM.

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December, 1863.

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"Mustered the stormy wings of war in day  
Of dreadful deeds, and led the battle on,  
When Liberty, swift as the fires of heaven,  
In fury rode, with all her bannered hosts."—*Pollok*.

This popular officer of the Confederate army is about forty-three years of age—a man of stalwart frame, herculean strength, invincible energy, and almost unparalleled powers of endurance; with mild blue eyes, light brown hair, well-formed mouth, roofed with a magnificent mustache, and all these attractive features surmounted by an ample dome of thought; in manners, free without frivolity, and dignified without severity; cheerful, hopeful, good-natured, kind-hearted, and ever easy of access; a true Tennessean, and an ardent Southerner; a gentleman without pretension, and a politician without deceit; a faithful friend, and a generous foe; strong in his attachments, and rational in his resentments; by none suspected, by all beloved; thoughtful as a sage, and courageous as a lion; clear in judgment, firm in purpose, prompt in action, fruitful of expedients, and always ready for a fight.

He was born in Davidson county, and brought up upon his father's farm; accustomed to work from his early boyhood, and never ashamed of it since he became a man. At the age of twenty he joined a volunteer company; and at the commencement of the Mexican war became their captain by unanimous vote, and led them to the far-off field of battle; distinguished himself for his valor at Monterey, at Vera Cruz, at the Madalain bridge, and in the terrible scene at Cerro Gordo; and after a series of perils, privations, and splendid achievements, was welcomed home, with his brave Nashville Blues, exactly a year from the date of his departure.

Three months passed; another demand was made upon Tennessee, a regiment speedily raised, and Captain Cheatham called, by acclamation, to the colonelcy. Arriving at Vera Cruz, this regiment was brigaded with two others; and Cheatham, as the senior colonel, was assigned to the command, and ordered forward to the City of Mexico. A train of two hundred wagons and a thousand pack-mules accompanied the march; and, without either cavalry or artillery to guard them, all were conducted safely to their destination. Three days this side of the capital, a report came to Colonel Cheatham that some twenty-five of the mules in the rear had been captured by guerillas; when he immediately collected all the mounted officers and men, pursued them ten miles off the road, and recaptured them, though his own force was only twenty-five, and that of the enemy over a hundred. With the

exception of a few weeks immediately after his arrival at the City of Mexico, Colonel Cheatham continued to command the brigade till the end of the war.

At the commencement of the present difficulties, Cheatham, as major-general of the state militia, assisted Governor Harris in organizing the provisional army of Tennessee. He was made brigadier-general in the Confederate States army on the 9th of July, 1861, while superintending a camp of instruction at Union City; was soon after sent to the assistance of Pillow at New Madrid; remained with the army in Missouri till it crossed over to Tennessee and Kentucky; repulsed the Federal gunboats Lexington and Conestoga in the first naval engagement upon the Mississippi; took an important part, under General Polk, in the construction of the fortifications at Columbus; rallied our scattered troops at Belmont, attacking the enemy in flank, putting him to ignominious flight, capturing a number of prisoners, and pursuing the fugitives to their gunboats with hideous slaughter; in the evacuation of Columbus, superintended the dismounting of the heavy guns, and the removal of the ammunition and provisions, and accomplished the work successfully, leaving or losing nothing of any considerable value; at the Battle of Shiloh was under fire, with his command, all the first day, on the extreme right, and till after two o'clock of the second day on the extreme left, losing a large number of his brave officers and soldiers, but escaping himself unhurt; and, after the bloody work

was over, received his well-earned commission as major-general in the Confederate States army, dated the 10th of March, 1862.

At Tupelo, General Polk having been made second in command of the army, his old corps was placed in the hands of General Cheatham. From Tupelo to Chattanooga his division was sent in the advance. In the Kentucky expedition he led the van of the right wing, under the command of our brave bishop-general. He crossed Green river a few miles above Munfordsville, placed his troops in line of battle behind the town at midnight, planted his batteries on the river-bank opposite the enemy's fortifications, and awaited the daylight to begin the work of death; but before daylight the Yankees surrendered, saving our ammunition and their own precious lives. At the Battle of Perryville he occupied the extreme right, riding all day along the lines, through an incessant shower of shot and shell, smoking his perpetual pipe, breathing the very soul of chivalry and enthusiasm into his men, who rushed again and again, like successive ocean-waves, upon the enemy, shattering and scattering them at every charge. That day he captured three or four batteries; and out of the twenty-five hundred killed and wounded in the whole army, his division, numbering forty-five hundred, lost fourteen hundred and forty—a proportion seldom equalled in the history of either ancient or modern warfare.

In the retreat from Kentucky General Polk took charge of the army, and assigned his own command

to General Cheatham, who brought all safely to Cumberland Gap in eight days from Bryantsville, on three and three-quarter pounds of flour to the man, keeping them well together, and losing exceedingly few stragglers. On being ordered from Knoxville to Middle Tennessee, he was sent forward to Bridgeport, to make preparations for transporting his troops across the river, and remained there till the entire right wing had passed over and were concentrated at Tullahoma. In a few days he was ordered with the right wing to Murfreesboro', to take position in front of the town, then occupied by General Breckinridge. In the terrific contest which soon after occurred there, his command formed the reserve of General Polk's corps, occupying the centre of the line of battle; but was hotly engaged throughout the day, losing nineteen hundred and ninety of its number. No description can do justice to the cool bravery of Cheatham amid those fearful scenes of danger and of death. The most perfect self-possession, the utmost disregard of peril, the sublimest enthusiasm of heroic battle, characterized his deportment; while the disposition and management of his forces exhibited the highest qualities of the military chieftain; and the wild cheering of his troops, wherever he appeared, gave a new zest to the conflict and a new impulse to victory.\*

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\* Cheatham added to his laurels at Chickamauga, and again at Missionary Ridge; in both of those sanguinary engagements occupying the most fiercely contested positions, and holding them against the overwhelming onsets of the enemy. In the several



battles and numerous skirmishes during Johnston's long retreat upon Atlanta, and afterward under Hood around that ill-fated city, his behavior was above all praise and his services beyond all price.

## VII.

### MAJOR-GENERAL S. B. BUCKNER.

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December, 1863.

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“The chains are round our country pressed,  
And cowards have betrayed her,  
And we must make her bleeding breast  
The grave of the invader.”—*Bryant*.

This popular officer is a son of Kentucky. He was born in Hart county, on the 1st day of April, 1823. He entered the military academy at West Point in 1840, and graduated in 1844. Major De-lafield was at that time superintendent of the institution. Of his class, numbering twenty-five, General Buckner is the only member, except one, that has achieved for himself any considerable distinction.

On his graduation he was assigned to the Second regiment of infantry as brevet second lieutenant, and ordered to report at Sackett's Harbor, New York, for duty. The next year he was called to West Point as assistant professor of ethics, etc. He remained there but a few months, when he was relieved at his own request, and permitted to embark in the Mexican campaign.

On the Rio Grande, at Matamoras, Monclova, and Paras, he did himself no little credit by his

soldier-like deportment, and inspired by his virtues universal respect and esteem. Meanwhile he was promoted to the second lieutenantcy of the Sixth infantry. In October, 1846, his command joined General Taylor at Saltillo. In January, 1847, he was ordered to Vera Cruz, where he landed with the advance of Worth's division, and participated in the duties and dangers of the siege.

Thence he marched to Mexico, and took part in the operations of our army at the capital. For gallant and meritorious conduct at the Battle of Contreras he was made first brevet-lieutenant, but modestly declined the honor, on the ground that he was not present throughout the entire engagement. He afterward received it, however, for his heroic behavior at Cherubusco, where he was slightly wounded. He was engaged at Cerro Gordo, also at Molina del Rey, Chapultepec, Garita, and Belen.

He remained in Mexico till the treaty of peace, and marched out with the rear division of the army. Having been one of the first to enter, he was among the last to leave. While there he made a visit, with several officers, to Popocatepetl, and climbed to the very crater upon its summit; an interesting account of which excursion, from the pen of Lieutenant Buckner, was published in the April number of the first volume of Putnam's Magazine.

Returning from Mexico, he met an order in New Orleans assigning him to duty as assistant instructor in infantry tactics at West Point. He

reported there in July, 1848, and retained his position till January, 1850. Then he was ordered to New York harbor; and thence, after a few months, to his company at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. He remained there on regimental duty till September, 1851, at which time he was transferred to another company at Fort Atkinson, in Upper Arkansas. Here he sojourned among the wild Indians, the nearest white neighbor being a hundred and fifty miles distant, till the autumn of 1852, when he was promoted to a captaincy in the subsistence department of the staff.

He was subsequently sent to New York, and continued there till January, 1855. Private business obliging him to resign his position in the army, he sojourned for a season in Chicago, and afterward in Nashville. In 1858 he established his residence in Louisville. His next public act was the organization of the Kentucky State Guards, of which he was appointed commander-in-chief, and inspector-general for the state, with the rank of major-general.

In the beginning of this war he took no active part. His state determined

“To keep at least blameless neutrality,”

and for a time she maintained the position which she had assumed. When the Unionists violated their pledges and the people began to take sides, Buckner declared himself for the South, and made an appeal to the freemen of Kentucky in behalf of state rights. Some, convinced by his reasoning and

persuaded by his example, rallied promptly to his support. He now put forth a proclamation, reviewing the condition of the country, which was published in all the Southern papers, exerting no little influence in favor of the Southern cause. He went to Washington as a commissioner, had an interview with the President, endeavored to ascertain his intended policy, and received pledges which were never redeemed.

In July, 1861, he resigned his position in the state service, and in September following visited the Confederate capital. An honorable place was offered him in the Southern army, which he promptly declined, as he had before thrice declined similar offers from the Federal government. He came South without any intention of joining the Confederate army. He was determined to stand by the neutrality of Kentucky, so long as Kentucky was true to herself. Now, however, his hope in that direction was "as the giving up of the ghost."

Arriving in Nashville on his return from Richmond, he learned that General Polk had occupied Columbus. He hastened thither for conference with the Confederate commander. At his instance Polk made this proposition to the Governor of Kentucky, to wit: That he would withdraw his troops from the state simultaneously with the withdrawal of the Federal forces; or, whether the latter withdrew or not, he would retire, provided the state government would agree to enforce her doctrine of neutrality. The proposition was de-



clined, and all Kentuckians were obliged to take sides in the controversy.

Buckner tendered his services to the Confederate government. On the 15th day of September he received notification of his appointment as brigadier-general. On the morning of the 17th he occupied Bowling Green with a division of troops, under orders from General A. S. Johnston. The next day he sent forward the gallant Colonel Hanson, with the Second Kentucky regiment, to occupy Muldrough's Hill. Some enemy, however, had torn up the railroad, and the train was precipitated from the track. Before the mischief could be repaired Rousseau had advanced, and Buckner's designs were frustrated.

Meanwhile the Lincoln hordes were pouring into Kentucky, possessing themselves of every point deemed important to their purpose of subjugation. Whom had the people to blame? They had courted the oppression of the tyrant; they had forged the chains that bound them; and now they writhed in impotent despair, the victims of their own vacillating and pusillanimous policy. The vote of a party legislature had invited Anderson, of Fort Sumter notoriety, to come and take charge of the state troops. This was a cunning pretext to prepare the way for the formidable army soon to be brought against Buckner at Bowling Green. Anderson was superseded by Buell, the citizens were robbed of their arms, and the state became a toy in the hand of the tyrant.

It was proposed to organize a provisional gov-

ernment for Kentucky, in order to her proper representation in the Confederate Congress. For this purpose a convention was called at Russellville. The Federal authorities determined to thwart the measure, and sent a force to menace the town. Buckner ordered Breckinridge, with his command, to its protection. The Yankee programme failed. Seventy counties were represented in the convention. Resolutions were adopted declaring a withdrawal from the Union. On the 19th of November the Ordinance of Secession was passed, a provisional governor was appointed, and members of Congress were sent from every district represented in the convention.

Gen. Johnston ordered Buckner, with eight regiments, numbering about seven thousand, to reinforce Pillow at Fort Donelson. He arrived there on Wednesday, the 12th of February, the day before the battle began. Floyd, with his brigade, numbering about three thousand, came the next morning. The garrison amounted to only thirteen thousand, all told. They had but thirteen pieces of artillery, and not more than four of these could be relied upon for effective operations against the Yankee gunboats.

Early on the morning of the 13th the right wing of our little army, commanded by Gen. Buckner, commenced the conflict, which was to continue three days, and prove the fiercest that had hitherto occurred since the beginning of the war. At ten o'clock the enemy made a terrific attack upon his extreme right. Our men waited till the assail-

ants came near enough for every Confederate to make sure of his mark; and when the command to fire was given, the enemy fell like grass before the mower's scythe. Twice they renewed the attack, and twice they were repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Then they made an attempt upon the left, where they met with a similar reception. Before sunset they were driven back to the position they had occupied in the morning, leaving thousands of slain and wounded men upon the field. For two miles the ground was strown with mangled human forms, and in front of the Confederate batteries they lay heaped together in their gore.

A bitter north wind set in with the night, accompanied with sleet and snow. The sufferings of our troops were intense, and many died from the effects of the cold. From every part of the field groans, and shrieks, and cries for help, rose through the darkness, and were borne away upon the wintry gale.

The next morning, while the enemy was preparing his gunboats for an attack, a council of war was called in the Confederate camp. Gen. Buckner advised an immediate attempt of the garrison to cut its way out, proposing to cover the retreat with his own division. While he was getting his command ready for the execution of this plan, Floyd and Pillow determined to countermand the order. Measures of a different character were consequently adopted.

Early in the afternoon five gunboats, advancing

in *échelon*, with another in their rear, opened a furious fire upon our works. A terrific scene ensued. Three of the monsters were soon disabled, and the others drew off seriously injured. Some of our guns were dismounted; beyond which, we suffered but little damage from the assault.

The cold and storm of the second night were more severe than those of the preceding. While our men were freezing in the trenches, the generals were in grave consultation at head-quarters. What should be done upon the morrow? Should our troops remain and renew the conflict, or evacuate the fort and retreat to Nashville? They were greatly exhausted, and, without reinforcements, could not possibly hold out beyond another day. Meanwhile, the enemy had been landing fresh forces, and now well nigh surrounded the fort; while his gunboats, commanding the river, might soon cut off all chance of communication with the city. The question was freely debated, and it was at length determined to abandon the fort and gain the open country toward Nashville. It was a great undertaking for a starving garrison, exhausted with the toil of battle, clothing stiff with ice, hands and feet benumbed and frost-bitten, and, withal, very inadequately armed and equipped.

The morning came. A vigorous attack was made upon the foe. He was driven back with terrible slaughter. Thus a way of escape was opened, through a fresh force quadruple their number, by men worn with watching and fighting. Buckner had pressed the enemy two miles beyond our

works, leaving the Forge road and the Wynn's Ferry road open for the egress of the garrison. But at this point he was astonished at an order from Floyd to retreat to the intrenchments. Sadly he obeyed the command, for he foresaw that it must issue in disaster. It was giving up the great advantage gained by seven hours of severest fighting. The men retired disheartened from the contest. On approaching their works they found the right of their position already occupied by the enemy. A desperate charge ensued. The Confederates were again and again repulsed by a force five times their number.

Night closed in upon the direful carnage. Our men, utterly exhausted, lay sleeping upon the snow. The enemy reoccupied the positions from which he had been driven during the day, and with new troops completely invested the fort. In a tent the three generals sat deliberating what was next to be done. Pillow was in favor of an effort to cut their way out. Buckner pronounced the measure now impracticable. He deemed it better to surrender to the enemy, than to sacrifice the brave men who had fought with a daring and endurance never yet surpassed. Pillow declared he would never surrender. Floyd expressed the same resolution. Buckner still protested against the hazardous, the hopeless experiment proposed. Floyd asked him if he would take the command, and release him and Pillow. Buckner consented. Floyd thereupon passed the command over to him through Pillow. The two generals, with such of their



respective commands as they were able to carry with them, immediately left the fort, and at the dawn of day were beyond the reach of danger.

Buckner well knew the peril of his own position. He had been denounced as a traitor deserving the gallows, and threatened with summary vengeance in case of his capture. But he nobly chose to share the fate of his men, rather than desert them in the hour of danger. He sent to Grant, requesting the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation. Grant would allow no terms but those of immediate and unconditional surrender. Buckner replied that these were ungenerous and unchivalrous, but his situation obliged him to accept them.

With the returning day our brave men awoke to find themselves prisoners in their own intrenchments. The victorious Yankees seized eagerly upon everything in the fort, even the knapsacks of the soldiers. Their vaunting commander ordered the captive garrison to prepare for immediate transportation to the North. Many of the prisoners broke their muskets against the trees, or threw them into the river, rather than surrender them to an ungenerous and insolent foe. Amid the most shameful indignities and the most heartless brutalities they were hurried to the transports and conveyed down the Cumberland.

As Buckner, with his faithful staff, stepped on board the boat, one of his regiments raised a thrilling cheer, when Grant's band, in obedience to orders, struck up the detested "Yankee-doodle."

An officer afterward asked our hero, in the presence of the Federal commander, if the national air did not revive in his mind some pleasant associations of the past. "Gentlemen," he replied, "it reminded me of an incident which occurred a few days ago in our camp. A fellow was being drummed out of one of the regiments for stealing. The musicians were playing the rogue's march. 'Stop!' cried the thief—'You have mistaken the tune! Play Yankee-doodle; half a million of rogues march to that every day!'"

Buckner was to pass Louisville. Prentice, of the Journal, had damned him with every odious epithet and appellative that even Yankee vengeance could suggest. He had called him "a traitor and a fiend," "a hellish murderer and assassin," "an infamous wretch and vile seducer of young men." He had declared that the dungeon and the scaffold were "too good for such a monster," that "he should be carried through the city in a cage, while loyal men and women should torture him with red-hot pincers." These vulgar vituperations were published in anticipation of Buckner's advent in Louisville as a prisoner. He had many friends there; and had the boat been suffered to land, there is no telling what scenes might have ensued. It was deemed prudent, therefore, not to touch the wharf. The noble prisoner, calm in captivity and triumphant in defeat, stood with his staff around him upon the deck till he had passed the city.

The captives were landed at Jeffersonville, and hurried to the railway station. At Indianapolis

the general's staff were separated from him, contrary to assurances given by Grant. From Columbus, without pause or refreshment, the prisoners were marched six miles to Camp Chase, and driven like cattle into a filthy and comfortless enclosure. The officers were separated from the soldiers, and allowed no intercourse with them; and both were treated more like brutes than men, with taunts and jeers and savage insolence which would have disgraced the cannibal Lipans and raised a remonstrance from the snake-eating Camanches. Yet our hero and his worthy comrades bore themselves with becoming dignity in all their sufferings, in many instances eliciting the admiration of their brutal custodians, and silencing the ribald jest and hyena laugh of Yankee visitors.

From Camp Chase General Buckner, with other officers, was removed to Johnson's island, in Lake Erie; and thence, after a short time, to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor. At Albany, New York, the cars being thronged by the *canaille* anxious to see the elephant, the officer having charge of Buckner offered him his cloak, advising him to muffle his face in its folds and avoid annoyance by passing through the crowd *incognito*. "I thank you, Colonel," replied the prisoner, "but I will not disguise myself to prevent your people from disgracing themselves."

At Springfield, Massachusetts, among the multitude that sought a glimpse of the rebel prisoners was a fat old farmer, who stood upon the platform peering inquisitively into the car, as if expecting

to see some monster from Terra del Fuego. At length he ventured to ask, "Which is Buckner?" and when the illustrious captive was pointed out to him he exclaimed, "Why, he haint got a bad face! I should n't guess he was sech a wicked man!"

At Fort Warren General Buckner was treated with great indignity. For four months and seventeen days he was confined to a narrow room, and allowed no intercourse with any one, no epistolary correspondence even with his own family. His wife sought to communicate with him by letter, but was denied the privilege. Nor was she permitted to send him food, clothing, or any other comfort. He addressed a note to the Federal Secretary of War, informing him of these facts, and desiring to know the reasons for a course so contrary to the usage of all civilized nations in their treatment of prisoners taken in battle. But there was no response.

Buckner, however, maintained a cheerful spirit, and found, in the unfailing resources of his own mind, an antidote for all external ills. He employed much of his time with books, produced a voluminous romance of his imprisonment, beguiled the tedium of his solitude with the divine art of song, and wrote a long poem entitled "The New Hohenlinden," concerning the Federal defeat upon the Chickahominy.

During the last fortnight of his dismal incarceration he was allowed a little more liberty, being permitted, upon parol of honor, to walk daily for

one hour upon the parapet, with a sentinel at his side to prevent all communication with others.

He reached Fort Warren on the 2d day of March, and was released on the 30th of July, having spent a hundred and fifty days in that dreary bastille. He came directly to Richmond, was duly exchanged on the 16th of August, and immediately promoted to a major-generalship, with orders to report to General Bragg at Chattanooga. It was here that the writer first met the heroic officer with whom he was destined afterward to be so intimately connected, and whom he can never cease to love and honor. It was the 25th of August, the army was on its way into Kentucky, and Buckner had just been assigned to the command of a division in Hardee's corps. Everybody was anxious to take him by the hand, and everywhere our troops cheered the hero of Fort Donelson as he passed.

At Woodsonville, on Green river, the Federal garrison was captured, and Buckner was very properly selected to receive their surrender. The ceremony was marked with that union of dignity and delicacy, that blending of modesty and magnanimity, which characterize at once the thorough gentleman and the accomplished soldier. This was on the 17th day of September, just a year after Buckner's occupation of Bowling Green.

Arriving at Bardstown, he was detached from his division and assigned to the charge of organizing new troops in Kentucky. Finding but little to do in this relation, he resumed his former com-



mand the day before the Battle of Perryville. In that deadly struggle his division occupied the centre of the line, at the left of the main attack; and though our heroic chieftain was not permitted to ride

“On the whirlwind of the war,”

the service which he rendered was of no secondary value, and the position of his troops had an important bearing upon the fortunes of the day.

About the middle of December he was appointed to the charge of the defences at Mobile, where he remained four months, laboring with indefatigable energy and governing with superior skill. He found Mobile an open town, but left it an impregnable fortress. President Davis complimented him highly upon the manner in which he had discharged the duties of his new position.

Upon the decease of General Donelson he was placed in charge of the Department of East Tennessee. The preponderance of the Union element among the people rendered this a position of great delicacy and no small difficulty, requiring much prudence, constant vigilance, and uncompromising resolution; but General Buckner exercised its arduous functions in a manner which commended him to his country's affection as a noble patriot and an able commander, neither unnecessarily exasperating our enemies, nor alienating our friends. His evacuation of Knoxville to unite with General Bragg, and his heroic conduct at the Battle of the Chickamauga, have been recorded in a previous PAPER.

At forty years of age General Buckner wears a youthful face, though his hair is rather gray. He is a man of fine physique and noble intellectual qualities; an oracle in matters of taste, and a model in social manners; combining the gentle sensibility of a woman with the iron nerve of the warrior. His moral character is irreproachable. During the months of my intimacy with him, I never saw in him an act nor heard from him a word which would not become the purest Christian on earth. Though not a communicant in the Church, his Bible and his Prayer-book are his constant companions. In short, he is the most perfect gentleman I have found in the Confederate army; and of all the distinguished men, civilians or soldiers, whose acquaintance I have enjoyed, I have never known one whose private character was altogether so unexceptionable as that of MAJOR-GENERAL SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER.

## VIII.

### MAJOR-GENERAL WM. B. BATE.

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December, 1863.

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“And thirst of glory quells the love of life.”—*Addison*.

This gallant officer is a Tennessean, born and educated in Sumner county, not yet forty years of age, full of genius, energy, ambition, and enthusiastic patriotism.

The commencement of the Mexican war found him an adventurer in New Orleans. He immediately enlisted, and took part in the privations and perils of that campaign. His twelve months' term having expired, he returned to his native county, assisted in raising a company, was elected lieutenant, returned to Mexico, and did valiant service in the second campaign.

At the close of the war he became a candidate for the state legislature. He had barely attained his majority, and his youth and inexperience at first seemed unfavorable to his success. His easy manners, cordial bearing, and brilliant declamation, however, soon won the popular heart, fixed his intellectual *status*, and pointed him out as the future champion of his party. Of the legislature he was an active and efficient member, distinguished for his readiness in debate, his intuitive perception of truth, and the liquid fluency of his eloquence.

Returning from this first political essay, amid the grateful plaudits of the people he had so faithfully served, he betook himself to the practice of law in Gallatin, relieving the tedium of a brief probation by editing a weekly newspaper. His success was not long an experiment; but, advancing steadily, he was soon upon one side or the other of every case in the court. He was equally remarkable for his knowledge of men, as evinced in his selection of juries; and for the facility with which, as an advocate, he swayed their passions and controlled their judgments. . .

In 1854 he was elected attorney-general for the Nashville district--a district strongly opposed to him in the complexion of its politics, with the popular George B. Maney for a competitor, and other political opponents of no mean abilities. As a prosecuting attorney he was most assiduous and indefatigable in ferreting out testimony, and unsurpassed in the severity of zeal with which

“He lashed the rascal naked through the world.”

For six years he “prosecuted the pleas of the crown to the mortal terror of all evil-doers.” Vice and crime quailed beneath his tongue, and the intrigues of artful counsel in defence lost their magic at his touch.

In 1860 he was upon the Breckinridge electoral ticket for the congressional district, everywhere meeting the high expectations of his friends; and, as if with prophetic wisdom, warning his opponent of the danger of dividing the South at that

most critical juncture. The result is before the world.

At the commencement of this war he raised a regiment in Middle Tennessee, which was, if I mistake not, the first in the state armed and equipped and mustered into the service of the Confederate government. In a book which was to be more than a year ago, which as yet is not because Nashville is not, but will be when Nashville is, are duly chronicled his valuable services for eight months on the Lower Potomac; his part in the brave defence of our batteries at Acquia creek; his Cone river expedition, one of the boldest enterprises, though but partially successful, of the whole campaign; the surprising celerity of his march to the bloody field of Manassas; the effectual blockade of the Potomac near Dumfries, which originated in his own suggestion; his frequent reconnoissances and constant vigilance, while his single regiment was daily menaced by a whole brigade of Yankees; the admirable manner in which he drilled and disciplined his men, and their ready obedience and ardent attachment to their commander; the excellent order in which he kept his camp; the provision he made for the sick, and the tears he wept for the dead; his careful guardianship of the premises and the property of citizens wherever we chanced to sojourn; his interest in our public worship; his attendance at our nightly prayer-meetings; the facilities he always afforded his chaplain; the hospitalities of his tent and table; and all our pleasant social intercourse. All this,



and more, is written in THE BANNER OF THE REGIMENT.

At the Battle of Shiloh Colonel Bate was severely wounded, and obliged to retire for nine months from the service. During his tedious confinement he was impatient to return to the field; and, after his promotion to a brigadier-generalship, actually did return upon his crutches, and took command of the brigade at the head of which fell the gallant Raines in as daring a charge as that which lamed his successor for life.\*

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\* At the Chickamauga he again played the hero, and at Missionary Ridge no man bore himself with greater gallantry than Bate. He has since been promoted to a major-generalship; and at Dalton, before the Kennesaw mountain, on the Chattahoochee, and around Atlanta, has repaid the government a hundred-fold for his honors.

## CHAPLAIN CHARLES T. QUINTARD.

December, 1863.

“Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-men.”—*Cicero*.

One day in September, on our march into Kentucky, as I was riding along in the rear of our brigade, and singing a hymn to drown the unseemly and irreverent words that often wounded my ears, a gentleman in a deep-blue overcoat, with military boots encasing his pantaloons, came up by my side, and, in a very agreeable voice, saluted me familiarly by name. His eyes, one of them defective, were “black as sloes;” and his hair, beard, and mustache, dark as the raven’s plumage. His complexion and features were manifestly Gallic, and no one could have mistaken him for other than a Frenchman. We rode together some distance, talking miscellaneously, and then parted. The next day I fell into his company again. I heard him called Doctor, and supposed him to be one of the regimental surgeons. I was pleased with him, because he did not swear. I conversed with him freely, because I found him intelligent and gentlemanly. I listened to his discourse with satisfaction, because his themes were congenial with my taste, and his soft, sweet voice fell upon my ear like flute tones.

at even-tide coming over the water. I think it was at our third interview that I incidentally learned the name of my new acquaintance. It was Dr. Quintard. Though his neighbor for some time at Nashville, and not ignorant of his reputation as Rector of the Church of the Advent, I had never been so fortunate as to make his personal acquaintance.

After this I was often with him; and as I came to know him better, I learned to love him more. We were together amid the fearful carnage of Perryville and of Murfreesboro', binding up many a ghastly wound, and breathing the words of Divine mercy over many a departing soul. Of all the chaplains I have met with in the army, and I have met with many, I know of none more faithful in his labors, more exemplary in his deportment, or more perfectly adapted to his peculiar work, than Dr. Quintard. His surgical skill is a great help to him; his sweetness of spirit and blandness of manner render him very popular; and his zeal, energy, and perseverance, with the blessing of God, crown his efforts with success.

I have heard Dr. Quintard thank God that there runs in his veins not one drop of blood of the hypocrites of Plymouth rock. His ancestors were French Huguenots, who left their native country after Louis XIV, trampling on all laws, human and divine, revoked the Edict of Nantes. Along with the Bayards, the Pintards, and the Jays, they colonized in New York, and named their settlement New Rochelle.

Dr. Quintard's parents were pious members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who brought up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." His degree of A.M. is from Columbia College, N. Y.; his M.D. from the University of that city. His medical preceptor was Dr. Valentine Mott, the most distinguished surgeon on the American continent. He graduated from his office in 1846, and was immediately appointed one of the assistant physicians of Bellevue hospital. After spending a year in the wards of that institution, he removed to the South, practised his profession in Georgia, and contributed to the medical journals of the day till 1851, when he was called to the chair of physiology and pathological anatomy in the Memphis medical college.

No secular calling, however, would satisfy his conscience. He felt himself moved by the Holy Ghost to a sublimer work. He therefore commenced the study of theology, under the direction of the Right Reverend J. H. Otey, D.D., LL.D., and was admitted by him to the holy order of deacons in January, 1855. Resigning his professorship, he now commenced the duties of his sacred calling, to which he has ever since devoted all his energies. In January, 1856, he was ordained priest; and a year afterward he accepted the rectorship of Calvary Church, in Memphis. He was greatly attached to his people, and received from them every token of affection; but felt it his duty to resign his position after serving them one year, in order to take the place of Rector of the Church

of the Advent in Nashville, left vacant by the death of the lamented Charles Tomes. When he came to this parish, in 1858, there were but fifty-six communicants; when he left his charge to enter the army, in 1861, the number had increased to near three hundred.

In 1859 he was elected chaplain of a newly organized company, called the Rock City Guards; and their first public parade was for the purpose of attending divine service in a body at his church. When the war began this company was increased to a battalion, and he was unanimously chosen its chaplain. The Guard formed a component part of the first Tennessee regiment; and Doctor Quintard accompanied them to Western Virginia, and was with them in the toils and dangers of the Cheat mountain campaign. He had daily evening prayers in camp, administered Christian baptism to a number of his men, and admitted a number to the holy communion, which he celebrated as often as opportunity afforded.

In the autumn, still retaining his chaplaincy, he was placed upon General Loring's staff, and remained with him in Virginia when the regiment left. In June, 1862, he received a petition requesting him to rejoin them. He met them at Chattanooga, on their way to Kentucky; and continued with them throughout the Kentucky and Tennessee campaigns, though also occupying the position of chaplain on General Polk's staff. About the last of February, 1863, in consideration of his great faithfulness and efficiency, and in compliance with a



request of his fellow-chaplains, he was assigned by General Bragg to the charge of the hospitals of Polk's corps, as a sort of general missionary, to look after the spiritual interests of the sick and wounded, with the privilege of free travel on all railroads, wherever his duties might call him.

Dr. Quintard is a High Churchman of the tallest stature. He holds the integrity of apostolical succession indispensable to the validity of the Christian ordinances. He believes strongly in the efficacy of baptism; regarding it, not as "a theory and a notion," but as "a gift and a power," and thinks that baptized children ought to be educated, not with a view to their becoming Christians hereafter, but because they are such already. He looks upon the liturgy with great veneration, as "bearing the impress and breathing forth the spirit of the purest days of the Church," and "would not part with it for all the eloquence that modern wisdom could devise." He attaches the utmost importance to

"That sacred feast which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood,"

as a means of spiritual life; and avails himself of every opportunity of administering it to the soldiers in camp, in the wayside sanctuaries as he passes them, and in the towns where he temporarily sojourns with the army.

But with the head of a Churchman, he has the heart of a Christian; and with all his transcendental ecclesiasticism, he is one of the most genial, cordial, brotherly souls I ever met with; and this,

probably, is the chief secret of his success, both as a rector and as a chaplain. He is a good man, and a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

## X.

### SURGEON A. J. FOARD.

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December, 1863.

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“He sucked the blood, and sovereign balm infused,  
Which Chiron gave and Esculapius used.”—*Pope's Homer.*

Few men during the present war have merited more richly the gratitude of their country than the distinguished medical officer whose name stands at the head of this PAPER.

Surgeon A. J. Foard was born and educated in Georgia. Having graduated in the arts in his native state, he went to Philadelphia and became the pupil of Dr. Francis G. Smith. His professional diploma was conferred by the Jefferson Medical College in 1848. In 1852 he was commissioned as assistant surgeon in the United States army, and ordered to report for duty to the commander of the forces in Florida. He remained in Florida till July, 1855, and was then ordered to Texas. General Persifer F. Smith assigned him to service at Corpus Christi. Thence, after two or three months, he was sent to Fort Davis, where he continued till August, 1858. He was next ordered to Fort Brown, where he remained till the post was abandoned in May, 1859. He now sojourned a short season in San Antonio, and then took up his quarters at Camp Verde.

Having had some experience in the treatment of yellow-fever during his sojourn in Texas, he was ordered to Baton Rouge in the summer of 1860, in anticipation of the appearance of the epidemic at that post. The epidemic, however, did not appear; and in September the doctor was granted leave of absence for four months, with permission to apply for six months more, for the purpose of visiting Europe. Before the expiration of his furlough South Carolina seceded, and other states were preparing to follow her example. Dr. Foard was directed to prepare for duty, and was soon afterward called to Washington city, where he remained till the 22d of March, 1861. Then he came South, reported to Adjutant-General Cooper at Montgomery, and was ordered on duty under General Bragg at Pensacola. He immediately assumed his position as medical director for the army in Alabama and West Florida, exercised the functions of this important office till the bombardment and evacuation of Pensacola, and then accompanied General Bragg to Corinth.

He found the medical department, like everything else in the army there, in a confused and chaotic state. It was the inevitable result of long marches, sanguinary battles, deplorable inexperience, an ill-regulated commissariat, and a general laxity of discipline, with incessant rains, unfathomable mud, and swamp-water beverage. The excellent Dr. Yandall had done all that was practicable, but his assistants were few and his facilities very meagre. Dr. Foard, as the senior sur-

geon, succeeded to his position, and applied himself with characteristic energy to its onerous duties. Difficulties apparently invincible gave way before him, chaos became order, hospitals multiplied as by magic, and convalescents returned in crowds to their commands.

Dr. Foard accompanied us into Kentucky, rendered excellent service at Perryville, returned with the army to Tennessee, distinguished himself by his fidelity and efficiency at Murfreesboro', and was highly complimented, with his staff, in the official report of the commanding general.

After the Battle of the Chickamauga he acted as medical director of the whole Western army, comprehending three military departments. The service, though very arduous, was most satisfactorily performed. Recently, however, at the request of General Bragg, he has resumed his old position as chief of the medical staff of the Army of Tennessee.

In the old United States army Dr. Foard was deemed a very valuable officer. He was always in high favor with his department commanders, especially with Generals Smith and Twiggs. No officer had a better name at Washington, and no resignation was more regretted than his by the department.

His lofty patriotism, his indomitable energy, his superior professional skill, and his uncompromising devotion to duty, have won for him an enviable reputation in the Confederate service and a large place in the Southern heart. To him many a



mother is indebted for the preservation of her son, many a sister for the restoration of her brother, many a wife for her husband's return from the brink of the grave.

Dr. Foard is an accomplished scholar, as well as an able surgeon; a man of

“The mildest manners and the gentlest heart;”

cherishing a high sense of honor, and scrupulously attentive to the laws of courtesy. Few gentlemen combine in juster proportion the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re*; and few, therefore, are more useful in a profession, or more popular in society.

## XI.

### MAJOR GEORGE W. WINCHESTER.

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January, 1864.

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"The gods in bounty work up storms about us,  
That give mankind occasion to exert  
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice  
Virtues that shun the day, and lie concealed  
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life."—*Addison*.

My connection with General Donelson's brigade brought me into intimate relations with several very agreeable officers, whom I have the honor to "enter on my list of friends," and whom not to name in these pages would be great injustice to my readers.

One of these was Major Winchester, a gentleman with whom I had been slightly acquainted before, but whose noble qualities of mind and heart I had not learned fully to appreciate. He was our brigade quartermaster, and during most of the time, for six months, we tabernacled and tabled together. I found him always affable and friendly; a man of books and of reflection; with an energetic intellect, well furnished with knowledge, and strongly tending to the æsthetic; to which he added a genial flow of spirits, excellent conversational powers, and moral habits much less exceptionable than those of some of our associates.

He was born in the year 1822, in Sumner county, Tennessee—the last son of a numerous family. His father was one of the earliest immigrants to the West from the State of Maryland. He died when George was not yet four years old, leaving him to the sole care and tuition of a fond mother. She availed herself of the best facilities which the times afforded for the education of her children. George was kept at school in the country till he reached the age of sixteen, when he was sent to the University of Nashville, where he graduated in the autumn of 1840.

He now devoted himself to the study of law, and in 1847 commenced the practice in Gallatin. During the first twelve months of his professional life he occupied the editorial tripod of a weekly newspaper, an organ of the democratic party, making pretensions to the respectable rank of a literary journal. It was a year of comparative quiet and much good feeling among politicians; and no trace is left in its columns of the bitter animosities which characterize the political sheets of earlier and later date. Besides, Mr. W. had little taste for the angry controversies and violent wranglings into which the feverish excitements of political parties sometimes betray their organs. The only question, indeed, then engaging the popular mind was the Law Reform—a hobby originated by demagogues in the absence of something better, proposing to make every man his own lawyer, to simplify and condense, in “six easy lessons,” the whole science of pleading—a system which had been devised by the fa-

thers of the "black letter," and perfected by the wisdom and experience of the "green bag" for three hundred years. Always a conservative, Mr. W. did not hesitate to denounce it as a hobby improvised by broken-down demagogues and party hacks for the occasion, not demanded by the people; and as unwise and fraught with much of mischief to the administration of the law. His was the only paper in the state which persistently and systematically discountenanced the proposed "reform." Whether he did much or little toward defeating the measure, at that session of the legislature it was defeated. If the patient is cured, no matter who administers the medicine.

In 1853, the first session after the new apportionment of the representatives of the state, and when Sumner county was entitled to only one representative, he was returned from that county as delegate to the lower branch of the state legislature. His record in that body is part of the history of the times. A gigantic system of internal improvements was advocated by a strong combination, which would have resulted in fastening an enormous debt upon the people. Mr. W. opposed it earnestly. At the same time he advocated the exemption of a homestead in the hands of indigent debtors, that the feeble and helpless might have shelter from the storm, whatever should betide the hungry creditor. He urged warmly the largest and most liberal system of taxation for the establishment of common schools, although a majority of his constituents were opposed to it.

His people seemed well satisfied with his account of his stewardship, proposing to return him at the next session, and assuring him that he would have no opposition. He declined, however, having little taste for the turmoil of political life. He said that it would corrupt any man, not bomb-proof in his morals—that no man could preserve his self-respect and make a successful politician.

From this time until the events which culminated in this revolution began to wear so serious an aspect as to awaken the fears of every patriot for the safety of his country, he remained quietly in the practice of his profession and the cultivation of his patrimonial acres, for which latter pursuit he confessed a stronger inclination and a greater adaptation in taste and habits, than for anything else in the world. He devoted himself to fruits and flowers *con amore*. It was a never-ending source of pleasure to him, and a constant stimulant to exertion.

Of secession he was one of the earliest advocates in his county. While he earnestly desired the united action of all the slave states, he favored the idea of Tennessee's taking her position, for weal or woe, with South Carolina, let others do as they might. He felt that the time had come for action, and, unless we would be slaves, the yoke which the North was attempting to fasten upon us must be thrown off. The Union, as an engine of oppression and outrage, had lost all claims to his respect and veneration. The star-spangled banner, stripped of its glory and its poetry, no longer filled his mind



as the grand symbol of our nationality and the spotless escutcheon of our dignity; but as an emblem of degradation and oppression which he heartily despised. He announced himself in the great struggle for separation as a candidate for the convention, and loudly advocated an immediate severance of the bonds which united us to the Federal Union, and an identification of our fortunes, whatever might betide, with our sister states of the South in a common struggle for our rights.

So soon as circumstances would permit, he united with the army, deeply impressed with his moral obligation as a citizen to contribute his influence and energies to the Confederate cause; and in our late campaigns he has stood shoulder to shoulder with all the "good and true men" of the South, doing what he could in this grand revolution for all that makes life worth the living.

From July, 1862, to February, 1863, Major W. served with great fidelity, and to the satisfaction of all concerned, as quartermaster of General Donelson's brigade; afterward as quartermaster of General Buckner's corps; then as inspector-general under Brigadier-General Bate; and, finally, as prisoner of war at Johnson's island, where he now glories in his chain. All his family, except his oldest son, who is in the Confederate army, remain within the Federal lines, and have suffered many wrongs, insults, and annoyances at the hands of Mr. Lincoln's "hired help."

## XII.

### MAJOR WILLIAM S. MUNDAY.

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January, 1864.

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“The force of his own merit makes his way.”—*Shakspeare.*

Another name which must not be omitted is that of Major Munday. He, too, was my neighbor in Gallatin, though I enjoyed but a slight personal acquaintance with him, and knew nothing of his real character. My intercourse with him in the army has been altogether pleasant, and I am proud to record him among my chief friends.

Major Munday is a native of Albemarle county, Virginia. While he was an infant his parents removed to Middle Tennessee, where he was raised. His father, meeting with pecuniary reverses by imprudent suretyship, and having a large family to support, found himself unable to give his son even a primary-school education. While quite a lad his maternal grandfather took charge of him for the purpose of sending him to school, but unfortunately died soon after, leaving the boy to struggle with the world alone.

The first employment which he obtained was chopping in a new ground, as it is termed in Western parlance, at five dollars per month. After this he carried the mail on horseback, for two

years, from Gallatin to Scottsville, Kentucky, at sixty dollars per annum. This is where he commenced to shape his character; by his strict fidelity securing the esteem of his employers, and by his kind and accommodating spirit rendering himself a favorite with postmasters and citizens on the route.

His next occupation was clerking in the dry-goods business for Messrs. J. Y. & S. M. Blythe, with no compensation but board and clothing. His employers, being well satisfied with his services and behavior, however, soon promoted him to the dignity of a salaried clerkship. This enabled him, from time to time, to lay by a little money, with which, added to his former savings, he managed to go to school for a season. When his funds were exhausted he returned to the counting-room, where he remained, however, but a short time.

At the solicitation of the clerk of the Sumner county court, he took the position of deputy. In this capacity he acted some eighteen months; during which time, by assiduous application, he became an adept in the business; and, upon the removal from office of his principal, was made temporarily clerk of the court, under the constitution of the state, by the justices of the county.

In March, 1842, the vacancy was to be filled by the voters of the county. The boy was put forth by his friends as a candidate, against one of the oldest and most respectable of the citizens, and was elected by an overwhelming majority, though

he was yet but a minor. He served two terms as clerk of the court, and discharged the duties of the office with great credit to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

It was whilst he was clerk that, at the suggestion of a friend, he commenced the study of the law, which he prosecuted under the instruction of Maj. John J. White, one of the most eminent jurists of the state. In 1854 he obtained license and commenced the practice of his profession.

In the spring of 1857 he was nominated as a candidate to represent the Counties of Smith and Sumner in the senatorial branch of the state legislature, was elected by a considerable majority, served in the session of 1857-8; and then returned to his profession, refusing to be a candidate for re-election.

On the breaking out of our present troubles he took an active part in making up the various companies which were raised in Sumner. His earnest speeches fired the patriotism of our young men, and induced many to enlist who otherwise might have had "no part nor lot in this matter." For a while he acted as assistant adjutant-general, in organizing troops and mustering them into service. On the 5th of September, 1861, he was commissioned as commissary, with the rank of major, and ordered to report to Brigadier-General Donelson for duty. He continued with the brigade, performing all the duties of his office with characteristic fidelity, and to the entire satisfaction of both officers and men, up to the 1st of February,

1863, when he accompanied the general to Knoxville, and became chief commissary of the Department of East Tennessee.

The history of Major Munday develops a character rather remarkable for the union of opposite qualities; blending great gentleness and affability of manners with an unusual amount of energy and extraordinary firmness of purpose; furnishing at once the basis of social popularity and the sources of professional success.\*

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\* Major Munday is now chief of subsistence for the State of Tennessee, exercising his functions in exile, and waiting hopefully for the ebb-tide of war to carry him back to Gallatin.



### XIII.

## CAPTAIN REUBEN D. CLARK.

January, 1864.

“Though from the hero’s bleeding breast  
Her pulses Freedom drew;  
Though the white lilies in her crest  
Sprang from that crimson dew;  
While Valer’s haughty champions wait  
Till all their scars are shown,  
Love walks unchallenged through the gate  
To sit beside the throne!”—*Holmes.*

“The conqueror”—so writes La Bruyere—“is regarded with awe; the wise man commands our esteem; but it is the philanthropist who wins our affection.” The subject of this sketch combines the three characters. Captain Clark is a conqueror, for he has subdued himself; and, therefore, according to Solomon, he “is better than the mighty—than he that taketh a city.” He is a wise man; his spirit being richly imbued with “the wisdom which is from above,” which “is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy, and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.” He is a philanthropist also; and in all my intercourse with the world I have met with no man, and but one woman, so perfectly unselfish, so tenderly alive to the interests of others, so ready to sacrifice comfort and conveni-

ence for the good of friends, so generously devoted to their welfare, so careful of their feelings, and so kind to their faults. And this is not merely my private estimate of his character, arising from the partiality of personal friendship; but the uniform testimony of all who know him, sustained by daily acts of disinterested benevolence worthy of universal praise. Therefore, whatever of awe is due to the conqueror, whatever of esteem to the wise man, whatever of affection to the philanthropist, belongs, in a very high degree, to the excellent young man of whom I now write.

Captain Clark is a native of Sumner county, Tennessee, about twenty-seven years of age. At fifteen he began teaching school, that he might not be chargeable to the estate of his widowed mother, and that he might be able to assist in the education of his brothers and sisters; and the younger members of the family are much indebted for their mental culture to his generous self-denial and indefatigable energy. After he had been in college more than two years he suspended his classical course, and returned to his former occupation, purely for the purpose of aiding a worthy young man—a perfect stranger to him—whom he found struggling against pecuniary difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge. The current war commenced before he was able to resume his studies. He immediately entered the army as a private, and soon became chief of ordnance to General Donelson's brigade. The general loved him like a father, and was accustomed to speak of him in terms of the

highest commendation, and point to him as a pattern of industry, fidelity, and every moral virtue. I have often heard him declare that he never knew a man so perfectly ingenuous, conscientious, and disinterested as Captain Clark.

For many a month he has been my constant companion; and I must say, that of all the good men whose acquaintance I have enjoyed, none has exhibited so many excellencies and developed so few faults. So few faults, I say; but, doubtless, I ought to say, as Pilate said of our only faultless example, "I find no fault at all in him." Faults he unquestionably has, but I have hitherto failed to detect them. During all our intimacy—and it has been like that of David and Jonathan—I have never witnessed in him a single act, word, temper, or disposition that I could condemn; while his strict truthfulness, his fidelity to duty, his prompt performance of every obligation, his habitual self-abnegation for the good of others, and his gentle, genial, loving spirit, joined with great decision of character and an unusual amount of energy, are worthy of all commendation.

The act of our late hero, Stonewall Jackson, in declining the garment offered him as a protection from the chilly dews of the night when he was destitute of a covering, because, as he said, the proprietor needed it himself, was deemed fit for eulogy from the pulpit and emblazonment by the press; and his standing all night as the solitary sentinel of the camp, guarding the slumbers of his weary men after a toilsome march, has inspired the patri-

otic muse, and given us a song which will be sung by our great-grandchildren. But a hundred times have I known Captain Clark to do similar deeds; and just such deeds constitute the habit of his life; and they are always performed in the most quiet and unobtrusive manner, the left hand not being allowed to know what the right hand doeth.

“ Generous as brave,  
Affection, kindness, the sweet offices  
Of love and duty, are to him as needful  
As his daily bread.”

Often have I known him, when our rations were coarse and scanty, excuse himself in the most delicate manner at meal-time that his messmates might have the more, or take the meaner food that they might enjoy the better. Often have I known him give away his blankets and clothing till he was reduced to a state of uncomfortable destitution, or labor gratuitously through the livelong night for other officers while they slept, or expose himself to cold and rain in order to exempt his friends from a disagreeable duty. He did this thing so frequently, indeed, as to superinduce disease, which cost him his liberty for a season, and had like to have cost him his life. It happened on this wise :

In our retreat from Perryville, kindly intent on aiding others, he fell behind the train; and being taken violently ill, he lay two days and nights alone in the woods, during a bitter storm, quite helpless, and suffering severe pain; and when he came up with us in camp near Bryantsville, having lost his horse, he was the most perfect picture of distress I

ever beheld. Arriving in East Tennessee, his health was so impaired that, at the suggestion of his friends, he obtained a furlough for a month, and went home for rest and recuperation. When he reached his mother's house in Sumner, he was entirely prostrated. A band of armed Yankees came and arrested him in his bed; and they would have carried him away in a cold and drenching rain, when he had not strength to raise his head from his pillow; but the entreaties of his friends prevailed, and the ruffians consented to leave him for the time; ordering him, however, to report, as soon as he should be able, to the general in command of the Federal forces at Gallatin. Before he was able to report, Morgan's doings in Kentucky called the general away with his troops; and Captain Clark, feeling himself under no obligation to follow the fugitives, when he had recovered sufficiently to travel on horseback, crossed the Cumberland river, made speed to the Confederate lines, and reported to General Donelson at Knoxville.

It was a joyful Sabbath morning when, as I sat reading the Blessed Book, he entered my room as one returned from the grave. I had heard nothing from him, only that he was very ill; and his advent *in propria persona* was my first assurance that Reuben was yet alive. We fell upon our knees, and poured out our hearts together in fervent thanksgiving to God. Sad was the account which he gave me of the sufferings of his aged mother and three sisters at the hands of the vile vermin that infest his native county and prey upon the sub-



stance of the people. They had stolen or enticed away all the old lady's servants, except a little boy; had taken her horses and cows, killed her pigs and fowls, and shot her very dogs at her door.

Captain Clark had three younger brothers, one of whom fell at the second Battle of Manassas, another perished in Mississippi during the Siege of Vicksburg, and the third lost his life in Morgan's daring adventure beyond the Ohio.

The great secret of the captain's character is his piety, without which there never was an exhibition of true virtue on earth. He loves God, and lives by faith in Christ. The evils of nature have been subdued by Divine grace. The rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley have supplanted the briar and the thorn.\*

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\* Captain Clark is now A. A. G. to Brigadier-General Bell, under General Forrest: and has lately seen hard service and distinguished himself by his gallantry in West Tennessee and Mississippi.

#### XIV.

### CAPTAIN WILLIAM W. CARNES.

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January, 1864.

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“Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight.”—*Pope's Homer.*

In one of my casual calls at head-quarters, soon after my attachment to General Donelson's command, I saw a handsome young man in captain's uniform, whose appearance and conversation particularly attracted my attention. Not introduced, I had no personal communication with him; but I observed his discourse with others, studied his character as a man, and guessed his position as an officer. He appeared to be a person of some considerable consequence in the brigade, a fine talker, a clear thinker, and an enthusiastic soldier. Upon inquiry, after his departure, my conjectures were confirmed by the general. “That is Captain Carnes, of our light artillery,” said he, “and as chivalrous a young fellow as there is in the Confederate army.” I subsequently made his acquaintance, learned something of his history, and marked with much interest his military deportment.

He is the son of Colonel James A. Carnes, of Memphis, Tennessee. In the autumn of 1857 he entered the fourth class of the United States naval academy at Annapolis, Maryland, and remained

there, diligently pursuing his studies, till the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. Then, well assured that there would be a dissolution of the Union, he refused to take part in the imminent struggle of his country against the tyranny of Northern fanaticism. He was at this time in the senior class; and if he had continued in the institution, he would have graduated the ensuing June.

Reaching home before any actual aggressive measures had been inaugurated by the North, or any formal defensive preparations undertaken by the South, his father advised that he should connect himself with some college, and continue his studies till affairs should be fully developed. He accordingly entered the law school at Lebanon, Tennessee, and remained there till the guns of Fort Moultrie summoned the patriotism of the South to arms.

He then returned home and prepared for the approaching conflict. For some time he was on duty in the adjutant-general's department with General Pillow; was then appointed drill-master by Governor Harris, and sent to Union City; remained there, drilling troops, till General Cheatham was ordered to New Madrid; when he obtained a transfer to the artillery corps, and was assigned to duty as first lieutenant, with Captain W. H. Jackson, who commanded a light battery under General Pillow. He was under fire at Belmont, though the battery was not engaged in the battle. At Corinth, Jackson having been promoted to a colonelcy of cavalry, Carnes was appointed

captain in his place; being then but twenty years of age. He took the battery out to Shiloh, but, by some accident, nowise involving his character as an officer, arrived too late to participate in the first day's fight. Soon after this he was assigned to Donelson's brigade, where we left him when we were transferred to East Tennessee.

At Perryville, near the close of the day, his battery, occupying an elevation on the extreme right, enfiladed the foe, and wrought terrific ruin in his ranks. Carnes seemed as much at home in his "sulphurous canopy" as if he had been born there, and had never breathed any other atmosphere. An officer who was near him said, "He looked like a juvenile god, riding in a cloud, and hurling thunderbolts before him."

At Murfreesboro', his battery, posted between the turnpike and the river, was under incessant fire, and did tremendous execution. He stood upon the parapet with a face as radiant as the morning, and every peal of his guns seemed but the throb of his own heart.

Captain Carnes, for one of his years—not yet twenty-two—is a man of great mental resources, and no mean degree of culture. Ambitious and energetic, ardently devoted to his profession, a strict disciplinarian and a generous commander, highly respected by his peers for his talents, and universally beloved by his subordinates for his kindness, it needs no prophetic foresight to predict for him, if spared, a brilliant career in the service of his country.

## ADDENDUM.

July, 1864.

At the Chickamauga, on Saturday, the 19th of September, Carnes' battery was the only one of Polk's division that advanced against the enemy close up with the infantry. The captain succeeded in planting his guns within a hundred and fifty yards of the Yankee breastworks, from which, in his immediate front, the enemy was shortly driven, and pursued nearly half a mile, when the brigade, overpowered by numbers, was in turn forced to fall back. By this time so many of Carnes' horses had been killed that it was impossible for him to retreat with his guns; and, hearing that reinforcements were coming up, he bravely attempted to maintain his position unsupported. He succeeded for a while, repulsing several efforts of the enemy to take his battery; but, as he had no infantry support, the assailants finally swept round him. Finding himself attacked on three sides, he saw that he must withdraw or lose his whole company. Giving the order to retreat, he remained himself, with one sergeant and a few men, firing canister-shot from a howitzer as rapidly as possible. As soon as he was satisfied of the safety of the main body of the company under the first lieutenant, he attempted to retire with the rest. Only two or three of them, poor fellows! got safely out. The sergeant was riddled with balls. The captain himself was nearly surrounded, and had a very narrow escape. In running the gauntlet his sad-



dle-horse was shot through and through four times, besides receiving two other wounds.

In this engagement Carnes lost forty-one of his company. Of his fifty-nine horses, thirty-eight were killed and eleven wounded. His guns were recaptured two hours afterward by Stewart's division, but in so mutilated a condition as to be useless for the time. Carnes was immediately placed in command of Scott's battery; but on Sunday morning Scott, who had been absent on account of illness, reported for duty, and Carnes was ordered on Polk's staff, where he did gallant service during the remainder of the battle, and till our army sat down before Chattanooga.

. So far from being censured for the loss of his battery, Carnes was highly applauded by his commanding general for his desperate defence of his guns in the absence of all support, and he was permitted to select himself a new battery from those captured from the enemy. He soon reported for duty, with a fine battery of Yankee Napoleons, and was fitted out completely with new horses, harness, etc. A short time afterward, however, he was ordered to the command of the battalion of artillery in Stevenson's division. This battalion was one of the heaviest in the army, consisting of three batteries of twelve-pounders and one of three-inch rifled guns. With this powerful agency Carnes held his position over the tunnel upon Missionary Ridge, scattering the enemy from his front like foam from the face of the ocean rock; and when Cleburne and Stevenson retired with still unbroken

lines, brought his brave battalion off safely with him to Dalton.

In December Carnes was transferred to the navy, for which he had been educated, and ordered to report for duty at Savannah. Upon the capture of the United States steamer Water Witch he was unanimously selected by his brother-officers of the station to command her till a captain should be appointed by the department. He is now executive officer of the Confederate States steamer Savannah, commanded by Captain Brent, one of the most accomplished officers and one of the most affable gentlemen in the service.

## XV.

### REV. ROBERT AFTON HOLLAND.

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April, 1864.

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“To a mind that justly estimates the weight of eternal things, it will appear a greater honor to have converted a sinner from the error of his way, than to have wielded the thunder of a Demosthenes, or to have kindled the flame of a Cicero.”—*Robert Hall*.

This extraordinary young Methodist preacher is a native of Nashville, Tennessee, and the son of R. C. Holland, M.D., now living in Louisville, Kentucky.

His father, early discovering in him the germs of superior intellect, bestowed great care upon his education. At college he outstripped all his classmates, and won universal applause by his graceful elocution.

Early impressed with the obligations of religion, he never contracted any of the vulgar vices of boys. At the age of ten he joined the Church, was converted at sixteen, and at seventeen licensed to preach. In October, 1861, he was admitted on trial into the Louisville Conference, and appointed to Taylor Circuit, on Green river.

Here his political faith and patriotic virtues were subject to sore trial. All his convictions and sympathies were on the side of the South. He wrote

to his father a full exposition of his views, and desired permission to join the Confederate army. His father, an honest neutralist, quasi unionist, submissionist, answered in very affectionate terms, warning his son against political seducers, exhorting him to continue in his proper work, and finally refusing, in the most emphatic manner, his consent to the proposition. Bob submitted for a season with as much cheerfulness as possible to the paternal mandate; but his sentiments were well known, and he endured "a great fight of affliction." He was several times arrested by the Yankees, but subsequently released; and frequently he preached with pickets out on all the roads leading to the church.

On a certain Sabbath in January, 1862, Mr. Holland's appointment was at Union Hall. He there met with two spies from Hardee's command at Glasgow. What information he gave them we know not. Monday morning they parted; the spies going one way and he another. He had not travelled far when he encountered a Federal scouting party. The captain halted him and demanded his politics.

"A rebel," replied Holland—"a rebel from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot."

The captain laughed, and said, "If you were a rebel, I guess you would not confess it quite so freely in the present company."

"I am not ashamed of my principles in any company," answered Holland.

"Young man," rejoined the officer, "it will not

do to be playing your pranks with us. You might damage yourself at that."

Holland persisted, however, in declaring himself a rebel, and the captain said:

"Well, well! you seem to be a jolly chap, at any rate. You would be good company, I reckon. We will take you along with us. Fall in!"

Holland obeyed orders, and rode between the captain and his lieutenant. They were soon engaged in lively conversation; the young preacher defending the South against the slanders of the Yankee; and, to the great amusement of his men, getting the advantage of him at every point of the argument. The captain was quite willing to turn the current of discourse into another channel, and the following colloquy occurred:

"What is your name, sir?"

"Robert Afton Holland."

"Where do you live, sir?"

"In Louisville."

"What are you doing away down here?"

"Preaching the Gospel."

"Come, come, my young friend! None of your foolery with me! I warn you again that you might damage yourself by it."

"It is no foolery, Captain, but a very serious fact. I am a Methodist preacher, and this is my circuit."

"Ha, ha, ha! That is the best joke yet! You a preacher? Why, you are only a boy! I tell you you must not trifle with me!"

"Well, Captain, here are my Bible and Hymn-book. Will this satisfy you?"



"Any boy can carry a Bible and Hymn-book. I shall not believe you till I hear you preach."

"I will preach you a sermon, Captain, if you desire it."

"Good! On the spot! HALT! Men, this young fellow says he is a preacher. Shall we have a sermon? It is a long time since we have had one."

"A sermon! A sermon! Let us have the sermon!" unanimously shouted the whole company.

All hands dismounted. Holland was very willing to detain them. He knew that they were on the track of the two spies. Requesting them to be seated, he took out his Bible and Hymn-book, and commenced the service.

"That will do," cried the captain. "I am satisfied. But we have no time for this. Remount, and let us go!"

And away they went over the Taylor hills.

The captain now grew communicative; told Holland that he was in pursuit of rebel spies; that he believed him to be a good loyal man, notwithstanding his declarations to the contrary; and that, as he was well acquainted with the country, he must accompany the party as a guide.

Having travelled a few miles, they came to the foot of a hill, where three horses had recently been fed, and the corn was but half-consumed.

"Boys, we have them!" cried the captain. "There are only three of them—just gone—must have left in a hurry. DOUBLE-QUICK!"

"Hold a moment, Captain!" interposed the newly installed guide. "This is doubtless a decoy.

There are, probably, three hundred of Morgan's men in ambush on the other side of the hill. You had better advance cautiously. They have left these signs here on purpose to allure you on. If you are going to rush headlong into the snare, I beg leave to fall to the rear. I am afraid of rebel rifles."

"Well, now, that is likely enough!" thoughtfully observed the captain. "At least it is well to be prudent. Life should never be periled unnecessarily. What do you think about it, Lieutenant?"

"I believe you are right," replied that redoubtable cavalier, evidently as much obfuscated as his captain. "These rebels are very tricky. There is no harm, anyhow, in a little caution."

The whole company seemed to take the same rational view of the matter. Some one suggested that the preacher, being better prepared for death than the rest of them, should be sent forward as a vedette. It struck the captain as a happy thought.

"Mr. Holland," said he, "please to ride to the top of the hill; and if you see no rebels ahead, wave your hat; if you see a few, beckon us forward; if a large force, throw your hand behind you. Now, mind! if you deceive us, or try to escape, we will shoot you."

"Trust me, Captain!" cried Holland; then spurred up the ascent, and waved his hat from the summit; and the chivalrous knights galloped bravely after him.

The face of the country was a succession of hills and valleys; and Holland rode forward, repeating

his signals from every eminence, with the same result. At length, from the top of a hill, he discovered three horsemen in the valley before him. The Yankees were two hundred yards in his rear. He held no long debate with his conscience. He threw both hands behind him with a vigorous gesture. The brave knights instantly wheeled and fled, leaving their faithful guide to the mercy of the foe. The manner in which they descended the steep, with their long-tailed blues lying horizontal on the breeze behind them, must have been to him a somewhat pleasant spectacle. Several horses reached the bottom *minus* their riders; and a number of guns, canteens, haversacks, etc., were afterward found upon the field.

Holland now galloped forward and overtook the three horsemen. They were the two spies and a guide. They laughed heartily at his narrative, and went on their way rejoicing.

Meanwhile the discomfited cavaliers made all convenient speed to Campbellsville, reported the young preacher captured by a large gang of rebel guerillas, and received the congratulations of their superior commander on their own fortunate escape.

In two or three days Holland went to Campbellsville. General Ward's adjutant came to him in the street, and said the general desired to see him at his quarters. He obeyed the summons promptly, but with no very pleasant apprehensions. The commandant grasped his hand cordially, and said :

“Mr. Holland, I am glad to see you. I have sent for you, that I might personally tender the thanks of the department for your valuable assistance to our scouts in risking your own life to save them from an overwhelming force of rebel guerillas. Your conduct on that occasion merits the highest commendation. I understand, sir, you are a native Southerner; and on that account I appreciate your loyalty and services the more. I have the honor to offer you, sir, a free pass wherever you wish to go within our lines; and if any of our pickets or officers should molest you in the exercise of this privilege, please to report them at these head-quarters, and they shall be promptly punished.”

The Confederate forces now retired, and the Lincoln hordes overran the state. The neutralitists of Kentucky dreaded the Yankee draft, and many of them fled for refuge to the Southern army. In Taylor county a large company met nightly in the woods, with shot-guns, concerting their plans of exodus, and young Holland was one of the number. About this time occurred the victory of Kirby Smith at Richmond, and John H. Morgan was on the wing to join the gallant chieftain at Lexington. Holland heard that he was at Columbia, *en route* for Campbellsville, and joyfully went forth to meet him. Morgan had passed on to Danville, and Holland returned disappointed. The next morning a Union man came to him in the street, and said:

“Mr. Holland, are you aware that Colonel Hal-

lisey has been made acquainted with your movements?"

"Is that so?" inquired Holland.

"It is certainly so," replied his friend. "The colonel knows all about your trip and its object. And what is more, he is now within two miles of town, with a cavalry force, coming to arrest you. You would do well to make tracks and save your bacon."

Whereupon the preacher, with "the better part of valor," mounted his circuit horse, and rode. His purpose, promptly conceived, was to go to Capt. Dick Webster's, his boarding-house, eight miles distant, store his saddle-bags, and away to the Confederate army. Just as he crossed the bridge he looked back, and saw the Yankees enter the public square. They caught sight of him, and gave chase. He dashed into the woods, struck a by-path, and reached the rear of Webster's farm some twenty minutes in advance of his pursuers. Concealing his horse in a thicket, he approached the house cautiously, established himself in a good position, and instituted an outlook for the enemy. Hallisey and his men arrived, inquired, searched the house, searched the stable, rode round the premises, waited a while, despaired, and departed. Holland now came to the house, took a few articles of clothing, bade adieu to the family, and repaired to the forest.

That night might have been seen a hundred men and youths, with shot-guns on their shoulders, assembling in a grove upon a commanding hill-top.



It was a beautiful moonlight night, which had been set apart for their Southern hegira. Many of them, however, were more anxious to avoid the Federal draft than to aid the Confederate cause. When informed of the movements of Morgan and the victory of Kirby Smith, the majority were for disbanding and returning home. Others, from loftier considerations of duty and patriotism, strenuously urged the exodus. They parleyed a long time without coming to any definite conclusion.

Now was our hero's opportunity. Expressing a proper deference for the opinions of older speakers, he argued the question with a modesty befitting the boy, but with a cogency worthy of the statesman. He soon found that he had the ears and the hearts of his hearers. Then, rising on the wings of his eloquence, he rallied them on their cowardice; ridiculed the meanness of their motives; painted, in vivid colors, the consequences of their unmanly vacillation; referred them to the noble example of Morgan, Buckner, Breckinridge, and Humphrey Marshall; and, when sure of his game, with the tact of a true orator, called upon all who were ready to follow him to the Confederate army to rise upon their feet.

The vote was unanimous. They struck out for Tennessee. Holland was left behind to attend to some business for the company, and afterward to rejoin them at Glasgow. Before marching far they learned that the Yankees had left Lebanon, and the Confederates were taking possession of the whole country. They returned and encamped near

Campbellsville. Captain Webster left them for one day, on a visit to his family. When he came back on the morrow his brave warriors were missing. They had heard a rumor of Yankee scouts, and scattered like a flock of frightened quails.

Holland now set forth alone, on another man's horse, with a borrowed pair of spurs, through a region infested with bushwhackers, and in two days arrived at Lexington. He immediately connected himself with Morgan's command, remained with him some time, and participated in several important scouts and skirmishes. Then he became chaplain to Buford's brigade, and mingled with them in the bloody scenes of Perryville, on the extreme right of our lines. He accompanied his command in the retreat from Kentucky, frequently skirmishing with the Yankee cavalry in the rear, and once very narrowly escaping the bullets of some bushwhackers in a cornfield.

Having ascertained that a chaplain could do comparatively little among the cavalry, he determined to connect himself with the infantry. Pending this transition, however, he attended the Georgia Conference at Macon, and was persuaded to cast in his lot with that noble brotherhood of Christian ministers. He was a perfect stranger, and had no papers but his father's letter; yet the Bishop readily consented to his transfer, and appointed him to Thomaston circuit. Having preached there a year with great success, he is now doing a good work in Newnan, both for the Church and for the military hospitals. To add to his usefulness, he has recently taken to wife Miss Theodosia

Everett—a native Georgian—a young lady of large fortune, fine accomplishments, and excellent religious character—in all respects “an help meet for him.”

Mr. Holland is a man of very superior natural endowments, with a high degree of mental culture. His education has been liberal, and he makes good use of his acquirements. His memory is unsurpassed, and his imagination is imperial. All that he has ever learned seems to be perfectly at his command, and whole battalions of tropes and similes wait upon his will. The classic elegance of his diction and the oriental affluence of his imagery impart a peculiar charm to his discourses. At the same time you discover in him a maturity of mind rarely equalled in one so young, and a solid substratum of logic underlies the gorgeous structure of his eloquence. His voice is always agreeable, and his manner perfectly graceful, though his delivery is earnest and impassioned. He is no copyist, for he has sufficient resources in himself, and you will seldom meet with a mind so thoroughly original as his. He has all the splendor of Bascom, without his faults; and the intellect of Olin, without his pathos. Not yet twenty years of age, he has achieved for himself a reputation which few pulpit orators have enjoyed at fifty.

And he is as amiable in spirit as he is eloquent in speech, displaying in all his social intercourse a childlike simplicity and ingenuousness, which can not fail to attract all hearts and win universal esteem.

To write thus of some young preachers would

be highly imprudent; but Mr. Holland knows himself far better than most men do, who are by many years his seniors; and he has too much good sense, if not too much Divine grace, to be injured by any favorable estimate of his talents and his character.

Long may he live to bless the Church with his influence and benefit the world by his ministry; — “a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of his God.”

## XVI.

### LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. STEWART.

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June, 1864.

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“ That faith sublime, in wildest strife  
Imparts a holy calm;  
For every deadly blow a shield,  
For every wound a balm.”—*Anon.*

General Stewart is a native Tennessean, about forty-three or forty-four years old. He graduated with honor at West Point, and afterward served two years as professor of mathematics in that institution. Having married a very beautiful and highly accomplished young lady in New Jersey, he returned to his native state and took a chair in the Cumberland University at Lebanon. He afterward occupied a position for several years in the faculty of the Nashville University. The opening of the present war found him at Lebanon, presiding over an excellent female college. He immediately offered his services to the government, and received a commission as major of artillery. He served at Columbus under the lamented hero to whose late position he has now succeeded. Just before the Battle of Shiloh he was made brigadier-general, and his gallant conduct on that bloody field justified the promotion. He accompanied Bragg into Kentucky, and fought bravely at Per-



ryville. He mingled also in the carnage of Murfreesboro', and immediately after the conflict was elevated to a major-generalship. At Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge he won additional laurels, and in the several engagements between Tunnel Hill and the Chattahoochee displayed the qualities of a first-rate commander. He is a devout Christian, a Cumberland Presbyterian, modest and quiet in demeanor, cool and collected amid the storm of battle, prudent and cautious in handling his troops, and always up to time. His exalted piety, thorough education, invincible courage, and superior faculty of governing, eminently fit him for the important position to which he has recently been promoted. In the Confederate army there are few better officers; I know not whether there is any better man.

## XVII.

### LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. B. HOOD.

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July, 1864.

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"Great men are revealed only by great calamities, as comets by total eclipses of the sun. Not merely on the field of battle; but also on the consecrated soil of virtue and the classic ground of truth, thousands of *nameless* heroes must fall and struggle to build up the footstool from which history surveys the *one* hero, whose name is embalmed—bleeding, conquering, and resplendent."—*Jean Paul*.

I borrow from a book entitled "**THE WAR AND ITS HEROES**," recently published in Richmond, the following biographical account of the gallant officer now commanding the Confederate forces in Georgia:

"Lieutenant-General John B. Hood was born in Owensville, Bath county, Kentucky, June 28, 1831, and was brought up at Mount Sterling, Montgomery county. He entered upon his collegiate course at West Point in 1849, and graduated in 1853. He was assigned to duty in the Fourth infantry in California, where he served twenty-two months. When the two new regiments, raised by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, were called out, he was transferred, July, 1855, to the one (Second cavalry) in which General Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell at Shiloh, was in command, and General R. E. Lee the lieutenant-colonel. This regiment furnished many valuable officers to the South. Generals Earl Van Dorn, E. K. Smith, Fields, Evans, and Hardee were from its ranks.

"In the winter of 1855-6 General Hood entered upon the frontier service of Western Texas, where, in July following, he

had a spirited engagement, and was wounded by the Indians on Devil's river.

"A short time before the beginning of the present war he was ordered to report for duty at West Point as instructor of cavalry. But, anticipating the present difficulties, he was allowed, at his own request, to return to duty in Texas—his object being, in view of all the prospects of impending dissolution, to be in that portion of the country he most loved and so greatly admired. He could see no hope of reconciliation or adjustment, but every indication of a fierce and bloody war; consequently he had determined to cast his destiny with the South.

"On the 16th of April, 1861, he resigned his commission under the United States government and tendered his services to the Confederacy. His name was entered upon the roll with the rank of first lieutenant, and he was ordered to report to General Lee, in Virginia, who ordered him to report to General Magruder, on the Peninsula. He was at once placed in command of all the cavalry of the Peninsula, with the rank of captain of regular cavalry. Having several successful engagements with the enemy, he was soon promoted to the rank of major.

"On September 30 he was ordered to Richmond, and, receiving the rank of colonel of infantry, was placed in command of the Fourth regiment Texas volunteers, then in camp near the city. Very few of the men had ever seen him, and doubts were entertained whether a colonel could be appointed that would give satisfaction. An attempt had previously been made to organize the regiment under Colonel Allen, of Texas; but, in consequence of a protest of some of the captains, the appointment was withdrawn. This produced a feeling with others, and it was thought that they would not be satisfied with any one that might be appointed. But in a few days the feeling was gone, and every one seemed to be perfectly contented. His commanding appearance, manly deportment, quick perception, courteous manners, and decision of character, readily impressed officers and men that he was the man to govern them in the camp and command them on the field; and his thorough acquaintance with every department of the service satisfied every one with his competency for the position. The men found him able and ready to give all the necessary instruction, not only in drilling them for the field, but also in the forms and technicalities of the clothing, commissary,

ordnance, and transportation departments—for the want of which information regiments entering the service frequently go hungry, and commissaries and quartermasters make many fruitless trips.

“On the 8th and 9th of November, 1861, the Fourth and Fifth Texas regiments left Richmond, and arrived at Dumfries on the 12th instant, and were there organized into a brigade, under Colonel Wigfall, of the State of Texas, who, to this end, had received the appointment of brigadier-general. But, as he was the senator elect from the State of Texas, after the meeting of Congress he resigned; and on the 3d of March, 1862, Colonel Hood was appointed to take his place. Thus, we see, within the short space of ten months and seventeen days, he was promoted from the rank of lieutenant to that of brigadier.

“General Hood continued with the Army of the Potomac until Lieutenant-General Longstreet's command was sent to reinforce the Army of Tennessee, where, with his brave Texans, he followed that general to seek new laurels in the Volunteer State.’

“At the Battle of Chickamauga General Hood bore a prominent part; and, during the engagement, was so severely wounded in the right leg as to render amputation necessary. For signal courage displayed on the hard-fought field of Chickamauga, General Hood was made lieutenant general.”

As soon as General Hood had sufficiently recovered from the effects of his injuries, he resumed his place in the field. General Johnston having been displaced by the President, he was put in command of the Army of Tennessee. In this new and responsible position he has already achieved additional laurels, inaugurating a policy which has given new confidence to the country, new energy to the army, and new fears to the foe. To his skill and courage, with the guidance and aid of a gracious Providence, we look hopefully for deliverance and triumph.

General Hood is about six feet two inches in

stature, with full, broad chest, auburn hair and beard, blue eyes, beaming with genius, and a voice that rings out, like the tramp of Heaven, above the storm of battle. A writer in the *Augusta Constitutionalist* pays him the following well-merited tribute:

"Amid the confusion and the destruction, the loneliness and the weariness, there rises one inspiring figure. Early or late, or by the branding camp-fire or the sun's first ray, may be seen a tall, spare form, with a single arm and a single leg, a youthful face, and a beaming eye, on the line of the front. It is Hood. Next to the great Johnston, who is, in my judgment, the best soldier on the continent, I should select this young soldier to command the army. He has the valor of Forrest, Kirby Smith does not surpass him in enterprise, nor Frank Cheatham in generous and kindly impulse. To the energy of the border character he adds the faith of Stonewall Jackson, and the culture, I was almost about to say, of Robert E. Lee or Hardee. In a word, without any signal speciality to mark him as Napoleon or Hannibal, Hood combines some of the best characteristics of some of our best men, and is already exhibiting signs of maturing excellence; as he is growing in the estimation of the troops. He deserves all the support of the country. He deserves the many compliments which have been paid him. A gentleman and a Christian, he bids fair to prove himself a successful military chieftain, as the leader of an army, the head of a department, the keeper of the destinies of his people."



## XVIII.

### THE CHAPLAIN.

August, 1864.

“ The troubles of departed years  
Bring joys unknown before,  
And soul-refreshing are the tears  
O'er wounds that bleed no more.

“ Lightnings may blast, but thunder-showers  
Earth's ravaged face renew,  
With nectar fill the cups of flowers,  
And deck the thorns with dew.”—*Montgomery*.

Artists often paint their own pictures. And, prithee, why not, O most reasonable Public?

A looking-glass the gift will gie 'em,  
To see themselves as ithers see 'em.

And who can appreciate their personal pulchritude better than themselves? or who is likely to render it ampler justice in the artistic representation?

One more portrait, therefore; to withhold which might be deemed disingenuous and dishonorable.

Why should the chaplain, emblazoning the excellences of others, wholly conceal his own? Why should he not record himself among those

“ Who are precious in the retrospect of memory, and walk among the visions of hope;

Who commune with the good for everlasting, and call the wisest brother?”

What has he done, or what has he left undone, that his name should go irredeemably down to oblivion? But who will ever write that name in a book, or indite a song to its owner's memory, when he is no more? Evidently, whatever is to be written of the chaplain must be written while he lives; and there is none to write it but himself, and none but himself that knows precisely what to write. And have not all historians, from Herodotus down to Lamartine, diligently blown their own bugles? Did not the Pharaohs build the pyramids? Were not the splendid mausolea of Augustus and Hadrian constructed during their lifetime? Does not the stately column of Trajan, by the emperor's express order, still publish his autobiography in *basso rilievo* to the world? And what are Brunelleschi's *Cupola*, Giotto's *Campanille*, and the magnificent *Cappella dei Medici*, with all the monstrous torsos of Michael Angelo and the charming cartoons of Raphael, but so many exhibitions of the immortal *Ego*? To glorify itself is the manner of all true greatness from the beginning; and to be wanting in duty to one's own fame were to commit suicide and wrong the human race.

I gird up my loins, therefore, and address myself energetically to the important task before me; commencing, as is meet, with my illustrious lineage, and the heroic renown of the family

“In the brave days of old.”

The biographer of the late Dr. Andrew Crosse, the celebrated chemist and electrician of Somerset-

shire, traces the ancestral stream back to the advent of William the Conqueror, in the year of our Lord 1066. He mentions one *Odo di Santa Croce*, a Norman *thane* or nobleman, who accompanied that prince into Britain, and received his portion in the partition of the lands.

In 1192, at the Battle of Ascalon, during the joint crusade by Philip Augustus of France, Frederic Barbarossa of Germany, and Richard Cœur de Lion of England, the writer finds an *Odo Saint Croix*, who may have claimed the former Odo as his grandfather, or his great-grandfather, or his sublime great-grandfather, or his transcendently sublime great-grandfather, achieving glory enough in a single hour to encircle with a living *aureola* the "fantastically carved head" of every "forked radish" of his posterity down to the morning of the millennium. Leading the forlorn hope of a disastrous day, the said Odo hewed himself a path through the serried ranks of the foe, and planted the banner of the cross upon the ramparts of the citadel, for which valorous deed the lion-hearted monarch promptly endowed him with the honor of knighthood.

Coming down to 1365, I discover the name of Odo Crosse among the English adventurers that accompany Sir Hugh Calverly, under *Bertrand du Guesclin*, into Spain, battling in behalf of the Count of Trastamara against the savage *Don Pedro*, who "fled before them like a stag from a dog in the woods." That this Odo was a descendant of one of the former Odos, and a worthy item in the

chaplain's ancestry, is indubitably demonstrated by the identity of name, by the "white cross upon his shoulder," and especially by his heroic conduct at the Siege of Breviesca. In that terrific struggle he leaped the fosse with a pennon in his hand, followed by his indomitable comrades, who, by means of rope-ladders and grappling-irons, crawled up the bristling masonry like monkeys. But at the top of the double-wall Odo encountered a storm of javelins, and was hurled, mangled and bleeding, to the bottom, while the savage Castilians completed their work by rolling down upon him huge masses of rock. This Odo, I believe, was only a squire; but Bertrand would certainly have made him a knight, had not the Breviesceans made him a jelly.

In the fifteenth century I find the title of Baron Upton in the family, and subsequently that of Earl of Lexington. The latter, with all its emoluments and immunities, was justly forfeited during the civil wars by being arrayed upon the unsuccessful side. Ah! had I been then and there, how faithfully had I labored for the sinner's conversion from the fatal error of his way! and how had the successive generations of the Crosses, saved by my timely zeal, poured their grateful benedictions upon my name for ever!

The family split—I know not when—into three parts—settling, respectively, in Nottinghamshire, Herefordshire, and Somersetshire, where they are still to be found, each branch retaining the identical coat of arms conferred by the royal Richard

and worn by the hero of Ascalon. The crest is a stork, the sacred bird of the East, bearing a cross in its beak, and surmounting a shield with two Maltese crosses, under which is the following motto: "CRUCE DUM SPIRO FIDO." These were the well-known armorial bearings of the Knights Templars; of which honorable confraternity the redoubtable Odo must have been a member.

To the Somersetshire stock belonged the celebrated chemist and electrician already mentioned, whose scientific achievements were sufficient to immortalize the name, and entitle its wearer to the fatherhood of a Norman *thane*; also the Rev. William Crosse, D.D., whose monument I saw seven years ago in the cathedral church of Bath, and who was doubtless what the marble proclaims him—"a man of varied learning, attractive eloquence, and superior piety;" and, last, but not least, George Cross the carpenter, the worthy son of William Cross the school-master, and one of the purest souls that ever tabernacled in Bochim, who knew full well to appreciate the honor of paternity to the author of these imperishable PAPERS.

A member of this branch was one of the officers that assisted, under Lord Berresford, in the organization of the Portuguese army. Having served with distinction in the Peninsular war, he was subsequently created a Knight of the Tower and Sword of Portugal. This taste of glory sharpened his appetite for more, and Sir Joshua conceived the idea of reviving the ancient family title. With this view, he spent a year at the British Museum



and elsewhere, fumbling amid musty and moth-eaten tomes, and ransacking the literary rubbish of centuries, for proof of his illustrious pedigree, till he found a branch of the original stock older than his own immediate household, when he very discreetly relinquished the enterprise. Of this older branch, my worthy cousin, Dr. Robert Cross, of London, is the eldest son; and Master Arthur Cross, his first-begotten, is this day *de jure*, and with the needful effort might be *de facto*, Earl of Lexington.

In the earliest English settlement of this country, one of the Somersetshire brothers pitched his tabernacle in Virginia; and from him sprang all the Crosses on this side the Atlantic previous to the advent of George Cross the carpenter. With every honest American of this name, therefore—especially the poor and the humble—the chaplain claims unquestionable kinship. Illustrious brethren, revere yourselves! Look back through the long line of your ancestry four hundred and ninety-nine years, and see that glorious human jelly lying in the deep fosse at the foot of the double-wall of Breviesca—nay, look a hundred and seventy-three years higher, and behold the mighty crusader, with the Christian banner in his left hand and a good Damascus blade in his right, smiting through helm and cuirass, and trampling the mailed chivalry of Saladin, till he waves the symbol of victory from the citadel—nay, nay, if like most of your name ye are ambitious, and like many of them near-sighted, put on your optical auxiliaries and gaze

a hundred and twenty-six years still farther into the misty morning of your immortality, till you descry the awful *thane* leaping upon the chalk-cliffs of Dover, striding forward in his iron mail to Hastings, and with his own sword hewing himself a goodly slice out of the English domain—and so deem yourselves glorified, with all the generations of your posterity, down to the dawn of doom! Partly to promote your proper self-respect, and that of the innumerable Crosses yet to come—chiefly to rescue from undeserved oblivion the sublime fact of my own stupendous descent, and impress the reader of these PAPERS with due sentiment of reverence for his author—I make these memoranda.

Avast! This phosphorescent light of dead men's bones is a very questionable kind of glory. Go learn from the fire-fly and the glow-worm, which rationally rejoice in no borrowed radiance. Far wiser were it with the flint and steel of genius to compass one's self with sparks of his own kindling, or with the sledge-hammer of indomitable industry to smite out living splendors. *Nam genus et proavos, et quæ non facimus ipse, vix ea nostra voco.* Now, therefore, to the chaplain's personal history.

That history contains a curious series of coincident dates, to which I am superstitious enough to attach something of a prophetic significance. Born in England on the 4th of July, 1813; I landed in America on the 4th of July, 1825; connected myself with the Church on the 4th of July, 1826; preached my first sermon on the 4th of July, 1829;

entered the matrimonial paradise on the 4th of July, 1834; gazed from the cerulean waters of Lake Lemman upon the peerless majesty of Mont-Blanc on the 4th of July, 1857; and, finally, received my commission as chaplain to the Second Tennessee regiment, in the Army of the Confederate States, on the 4th of July, 1861. A lady—aye, a mother—to whom I stated these facts some time ago, asked me, with the utmost *naïveté*, if I had not managed all this myself. Now, concerning the first circumstance, I solemnly aver that, to the best of my recollection, I had no voluntary agency in it whatever, nor was I quite sure of the day of the month till some time after it was over; and as to all the subsequent members of the series, except, indeed, the sermon, I am quite as innocent of any plot or programme.

My very earliest reminiscences are of a strong impression that I was one day to be a preacher, with frequent infantile efforts at pulpit eloquence from the top of a chair or a table—the latter being vividly inscribed upon my memory in crimson lines from a broken nose, when once, in the fervor of my peroration, I pitched headlong from pulpit to pavement. My father was a man of earnest and consistent piety, who carefully brought up his children “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” At six years of age I began to attend the Sunday-school; and the delight I then took in prayer, and the pleasure afforded me by the little hymns I learned, are to this day the sweetest recollections of my life. I courted solitude, and seldom played

with the other boys; preferring my father's company in the shop, because he talked so much to me of heaven, and joined to the sound of saw and plane the hum of my Sabbath melodies.

Ah! as I thus shake the snows of Time from the winter-green of memory, how fresh and fair the years of my childhood lie blooming before me!

I grew up in innocent ignorance of the world, amid the daisy-fields of Lympsam, hating all falsehood and deceit, contracting none of the common vices of boyhood, and, perhaps, never hearing an oath nor seeing a drunkard till I was nine years old.

At that time my father thought to better his fortune by migrating to America. Taking with him one of my brothers, he left the rest of the family behind till he should provide a home for them. Oh, how much my poor mother suffered during the three years of separation, toiling to procure bread for her children till she broke down an excellent constitution, so that all her subsequent years were embittered by sickness, and in the New World she found an early grave! And how much her children suffered, too, subsisting often for twenty-four hours on a single slice of brown bread apiece, sometimes having nothing to eat but the wild mustard-greens, and mushrooms which we gathered from the fields, and deeming ourselves extremely happy when we could sit down to a dinner of potatoes and salt! Schooling, of course, was quite impracticable; and I can not be thankful enough for the good Providence which



brought us to these western shores ; for, had we remained in England, I never should have been able to write my own name; and thy spectacles, O reader ! had never moistened over these mellow prolusions.

In consequence of my mother's illness, we were soon cast upon the parish for support; and myself, with two younger brothers, were subjected inevitably to the horrors of the then existing system of apprenticeship ; which, though not perpetual and hereditary, was, for the time of its continuance, much worse than any American slavery I have ever seen. My brothers fared better than myself. The farmer to whom I was bound was a rough, wicked, unscrupulous man, almost constantly drunk on cider. He never went to church, nor suffered me to go. He would often curse me bitterly without a cause, and beat me in the most brutal manner. I was tasked beyond my strength, and allowed but a meagre supply of the coarsest food. I toiled in the fields,

"From earliest morn to dewy eve,"

at the most arduous employments; dug ditches, spittled teasels, ploughed, harrowed, hurdled, and reaped the yellow harvest; all amid kicks, and blows, and oaths, and threats, which made me fear my master more than I feared the devil; and often I wept bitterly when alone, and wished that I might die. During the winter, in rain, and sleet, and snow, I was employed in picking up stones upon the fallow ground. I had no gloves, and my hands were chapped to the bone, and covered with



chilblains, till the back of each became one bleeding ulcer. My feet, half-bare and constantly wet, were afflicted in the same manner; and I had frequent attacks of rheumatism in the knees, which sometimes rendered me incapable of walking. If I complained, however, I only incurred a few extra cuffs and curses; so I managed as well as I could to conceal my sufferings, and with a broken heart drudged daily on to destiny.

How shall I express to the reader the emotions which I experienced when, in 1857, I visited the scene of my boyhood's sufferings, and stood by the grave of my cruel master! He had died a drunkard thirty years ago. The farm had passed from his family. His aged widow, poor and feeble, was wearing out the remnant of an unhappy life in a dilapidated cottage. The little boy that I had carried so often "a pickapack," through frost and storm, a mile and a quarter across the South Brent fields to school, was lying in the church-yard upon the hill-side. His brothers had wandered far in quest of fortune, and his laughing little sister had become a broken-hearted woman. "For the last shall be first, and the first shall be last."

Let me return. Nearly three years had now elapsed since my father's departure. Recent letters had brought us glad tidings from beyond the Atlantic, and mother and children were all buoyant with hope of an early reunion in the New World. It was a beautiful morning, about the first of May, 1825—the exact date is preserved in heaven—when I was spittling wheat alone upon

the South Brent hill. Beneath and around me lay the loveliest landscape of this lower world—an extensive plain, dotted over with comfortable farm-houses, elegant country-seats, smiling villages, fine old gothic churches, and here and there the remains of an abbey or the ruins of a castle; enclosed on three sides by the Mendip and Quantock hills, as with a wall of amethyst and opal; and bounded on the other by the bright waters of the Bristol channel, opening a cerulean vista to the ocean; while the bold promontory of Brean Down, jutting far out into the sea, pointed away to these western shores; and the Steep Holm, lying like a huge loaf of bread upon the surface, seemed the silent prophecy of future plenty; and the pearly coast of Wales beyond, with its background of purple mountains, awakened many a dream of American scenery. There had been a wedding at Burnham, and at intervals the parish bells—far off, but O how sweet!—rang out a merry peal upon the breeze, then died away into the softest eolian melody. The cuckoo called from the copse, the thrush sang in the hawthorn, a thousand skylarks rained music out of heaven, the air was odorous with the breath of the primrose and the violet, and my heart sang and blossomed with all surrounding nature. Too happy to work, I stood musing in the field, full of sweetest fancies and golden hopes. My dear mother mounted the stile, her face as radiant as the morning. I hastened to meet her. She stooped to kiss me, and her tears fell upon my face. She told me that my

father had sent money from America; that my master had agreed to give up my indentures, and that in two days we were to set out for Bristol, thence to embark for "the land of the free." I embraced her—I wept, I laughed, I leaped, I danced for joy. Then came my savage master, and threw down a folded paper at my feet, exclaiming:

"Thyar, thou lop-yurred, owel-eyed zon of a gun! thyar's thee indenturs! Tyak 'em, if bis a mind to, an' goo along wi' thee mother t' Murica!"

I bowed, thanked him, picked up the paper, took my mother by the hand, and stood trembling with mingled joy and fear; when, seeming to recollect himself, he seized the document and cried:

"Wait a bit, though! Bis too vast, goonah! I d' waent thee t' hern t' Huntspil vust, and vetch I thic bridle at the zaddler's. Than mayst goo. I shaent waent thee any moore."

Away bounded I, over hedges and ditches, and along the highway to Huntspil, swinging my hat as I ran, and shouting, "Gwoin t' Murica! Gwoin t' Murica!" Some boys in a brick-yard cried, "Whaet the deuce is the matter wi' en?" and began pelting me with handfuls of mud. Others, as I passed them, turned and gazed after me with wonder, and many demanded an explanation of my wild joy. I had no time to explain. Onward I sped, crying, "Murica! Murica! Murica!" The distance was soon accomplished—three miles and back again. My master had the bridle, and I the indentures.

The next day all my brothers arrived; and at evening, with warm tears, my gentle mother spread for us the feast of joy. There were pies and puddings upon the table, with sundry bottles and glasses; and in the centre stood a burning taper, like reason amid the passions. From Axbridge, and Burnham, and Bladen, and Lympsham, and Wedmore, and Weston Super Mare, came aunts, and uncles, and fair young cousins, to bid us a last adieu, and their words were fewer than their tears. How sweetly flowed the prayer of my soldier uncle for those whom he was to meet no more till the resurrection!

The second day we were on the way—the mother and eight children—as happy a family as ever set forth upon a journey. Every object that morning was beautiful, and every sound was melodious. The wide earth seemed all carpeted with flowers, and the whole sky hung round with rainbows. My mother's words were never half so sweet before, nor ever blended so divinely the rose and lily on the fair young cheek of my sister. The barking of dogs, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cows, the crowing of cocks, the very braying of the donkey that drew the little cart containing our scanty luggage, all seemed the voices of angels singing in the air—the music of morning worship ringing out of heaven! My mother walked the whole twenty-one miles, and Eliza kept close by her side. Benny, eight years old, rode occasionally in the cart; Moses and Aaron ran shouting in the van; William and Harry whistled up the rear;



and John, with lusty lashes, cheered on the donkey. The entire distance was accomplished in one day; but van and rear soon changed places, and the weary-footed little wayfarers needed much encouragement before we reached our destination. For my own part, I suffered extremely from rheumatism, so that I was obliged to be carted over the last stage of the journey.

Out upon that stupid ancestor of ours! Instead of trudging thus painfully along the stony turnpike to Bristol, we might have occupied some lordly mansion, surrounded with affluence and splendor, had not the miserable blockhead blundered out of the British nobility. Even so blundered Adam out of Paradise, with two hundred billions—and who knows how many trillions more?—of human wretches in his loins. Already some two hundred generations have piled their curses upon his grave, and the fearful accumulation must still go on,

“Till one Greater Man

Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,”

And what execrations, O ye hapless Crosses! are due to that great ancestral sinner, whose political heresy ruined all your hopes—that fallen son of the morning, with whom ye all plunged headlong into Orchus! Ah! little dreamed the burly old beefhead how many fine houses he was demolishing, how many large estates alienating, how many well-formed backs clothing with rags, how many worthy stomachs pinching with hunger, how many bright blue eyes dimming with tears, how many



budding geniuses blighting with poverty, how many genial spirits chilling with despair! The consequences of human acts, words, thoughts, are infinite; and I challenge the logic of the universe to disprove this proposition: that nō man has a right to do, say, think anything whatever without first consulting his possible posterity.

Pardon, O gēnerous Public! this indefensible digression, into which a very righteous indignation hath betrayed me! I believe I was speaking of the family exodus. Blessed be its memory! Even now, after all the vicissitudes of thirty-nine eventful years, from amid the manifold sorrows and perils that environ me, I look back with a grateful heart to that twelfth year of my life—to the day of that toilsome pilgrimage!

A week at my uncle's in the great city, nearly six weeks upon the water, and the land of promise rises out of the blue horizon upon our bows. Ah! talk not to me of the joy of Columbus and his crew at the sight of these long-sought shores! The gladness of the Israelites when they beheld the impetuous Jordan pause to let them pass over into Canaan was not greater than ours!

Happy greetings. A wild forest home in Cicero, Onondaga county, New York. Energetic efforts, awkward enough, at clearing land and raising corn. Worship in barns and groves, with scenes of religious interest such as none of us had ever witnessed. Between two services on a Sabbath, three lads about his own age lead the little Englishman into the dense forest, kneel by his side at

a fallen hemlock, and in succession pour out their hearts with many tears to God. The little Englishman weeps and prays with them. It is a new era in his life; the beginning, indeed, of a new life to him. Henceforth prayer becomes his constant employ.

At thirteen years of age he commences holding prayer-meetings with the boys of the neighborhood, collecting them in groves, in barns, in his father's house, for that purpose. His brother Aaron is converted; and during the long winter the path is well trodden in the deep snow, by which the two go thrice a day, as regularly as to their meals, to pray together in a fallen tree-top. William is converted, Eliza is converted, and deep religious impressions are made upon other members of the family.

The boy is urged to public exhortation. The zeal of the Lord's house hath eaten him up. But he is as ignorant as he is ardent, as uncultivated as he is enthusiastic, as little qualified for instructing an audience as for governing an empire; and but for the grace of God which preserves him, the injudicious urgency of his brethren had doubtless been his ruin.

Many a strange incident occurred—some ridiculous, and others dangerous. Once, when exhorting at a camp-meeting, the people thronging to see as well as to hear, a very large man behind him put his hands under the boy's arms and threw him upon his shoulder; a position which would have been somewhat embarrassing, but his zeal over-

came every other feeling, and he sat upon his human pedestal and finished his discourse. On another occasion, a young man, maddened by the conversion of his sister, rushed upon him in the midst of his exhortation, brandishing a huge knife at his breast; but at that time half a dozen devils, with eyes of flame and triple-barbed tails, would scarcely have intimidated the exhorter.

The day that he is sixteen he preaches his first sermon, at the stone school-house on Pompey Hill; walking thither in the morning and back again in the evening, making thirty miles. He has now crossed the Rubicon of his destiny. He has put his hand to the plough, and can not look back. His ministrations are popular beyond his merit, and successful beyond his hope.

Impressed with the inadequacy of his knowledge, he repairs to the Oneida Conference Seminary at Cazenovia; pawns his knife at the turnpike-gate for his passage; prevails upon the trustees to wait for his tuition fees till he can earn the money by teaching; pays for his board during the winter by sawing wood, making fires, sweeping rooms, milking cows, feeding pigs, and "doing the chores" in general for a family of some fifteen or twenty school-misses. His father, having made a poor selection of land, and proved unfortunate in his new occupation of farming, is not able to aid his son to the amount of a single cent, though he dearly loves him and daily prays for his prosperity. Under all these disadvantages, in addition to that of preaching every Sabbath, sometimes ten or fif-

teen miles in the country, and generally going and returning on foot, he manages to keep up with his classes, and seldom has an imperfect lesson.

Having worn out his clothes and qualified himself for teaching, he retires to the country and puts on the pedagogue; still diligently pursuing his studies; learning the stenographic art without the aid of a teacher; drawing inspiration from Dick's Future State, Pollok's Course of Time, and Holland's Life of Summerfield; and making all subservient to the great work of preaching, which he has never omitted for a single Sabbath since he first opened his commission as an ambassador of Jesus Christ.

Troubles. Envious persecutions. "Heaviness through manifold temptations." Some of the young man's older brethren seem "purposed to overthrow his goings." Brother J. thinks "he is rising too fast, and it is necessary to put a stone upon his head;" but the Quarterly Conference is more tolerant and kind, and J. is afterward deposed and expelled for having "a brick in his hat!" Brother W. criticises his pulpit performances with great severity, and threatens him with the utmost rigors of ecclesiastical law; but that good man, the Rev. George Densmore, pleads for him like a father; and the next year W. sloughs off from the Conference, and shortly afterward proclaims himself an atheist. F. and J. accuse him of affectation and ambition, of attempting eloquence and courting popularity—meantime doing all in their power to hedge up his path by prejudicing the



people against his preaching; but God is still with him, and his grace proves sufficient for him; and one of his reverend persecutors returns to his last and awl, while the other becomes a patent quack-doctor! Thus the young pilgrim's feet are lacerated by

“The thorns which God hath strewed upon the path  
That leads to immortality;”

but the day-star hath risen in his heart, and ever and anon he catches dim glimpses of the distant goal.

“I hold the first printing in the history of a literary man,” says Richter, “to be more important than the first printing in the history of letters.” If the inimitable German is correct, now came an era of no small consequence in the young preacher's life. Solicited to write for a weekly newspaper, he published a poem of several hundred lines on the Deluge. Soon after this appeared passages from a sermon which he had preached in Salina, of which the Presbyterian minister of the place—the Rev. Joseph I. Foote—deemed it important promptly to disavow the authorship—a quite superfluous act, for no one probably would ever have accused him of it. Other gourds grew and withered, other stars shot forth and fell, and none enjoyed their shade or splendor a thousandth part so much as the author.

The lad now unites with the Conference, and swings loose from the world. He is happy, and his labors are blessed. Every day is a Sabbath and every service is a sacrament. The Utica faction so-



licit him to withdraw with them from the Church, and become their permanent pastor; offering him a very liberal support, with what they consider ample indemnity against the failure of the enterprise; but he promptly declines the proposition, and mildly admonishes the adventurers; and thus a wicked plot is effectually foiled and defeated. At the request of the Young Men's Missionary Society of the Allen street Church he visits New York, speaks at the anniversaries, sells his whiskers for twenty dollars, and is publicly advised by Dr. Bond to "cultivate whiskers by the acre for the benefit of the missionary cause!" Two years he labors in the service of the American Seamen's Friend Society, travelling extensively, pleading for the sailor, and collecting many thousand dollars for the noble charity he represents. During these two years he translates from the Welsh the *SERMONS OF CHRISTMAS EVANS*, and writes the *LIFE* of that famous preacher; but his Yankee publisher, James Harmstead, clandestinely secures a copyright in his own name, and then refuses to pay the translator and author one dollar for the work.

Soon after the severance of the Church he comes to the South, and is stationed in New Orleans. At the instance of Dr. Bascom, without any intimation of such intention, the trustees and faculty of Transylvania University confer upon him the honorary title of *Artium Magister*, and after a few months he is called to the chair of *Belles-Lettres* in that institution. On the 7th day

of September, 1847, having armed himself with mercury and mustard against the yellow-fever, then frightfully desolating the city, he embarks on board the steamer "Wing and Wing" for his distant field of labor. At seven o'clock that evening he is suddenly seized with the premonitory chill, and soon follow the unmistakable accompaniments of the epidemic. He retires to his state-room, calls for a servant, endows him with a liberal bonus, engages his services for the siege, and orders a tub of hot water. The boy, well pleased with his gold-piece, promises to stand by him faithfully, and attend to all his wants. Having furnished the bath, however, he instantly disappears, and the patient sees his face no more. In a few hours the latter has lost all consciousness, and his only recollection of the next four days is that of the shadowy apparition of a hand and a spoon, with the taste of something very bitter and nauseating. Suddenly, as if awaking from a confused dream, he hears the clatter of the table, and sickens at the odor of the viands. Soon afterward a sheet of paper, covered with chloride of lime, is pushed under the door into his state-room. In a few moments this act is repeated. Then the door opens, and an angel stands by his side, gazing silently down upon a sole-leather face which he fails to recognize. The invalid feebly articulates—"Bishop Paine!" The latter, for it is he, utters an exclamation of surprise, and drops a tear upon his pillow. Never was episcopal visitation more opportune or more welcome! The good bishop sits, a "nursing father," by the

sick man's couch, till we reach Cairo; where he takes him ashore, and remains with him till he begins to recuperate bravely; then puts him on board of another boat, and carries him up to Louisville, and thence to Harrodsburg; where gentle-hearted strangers minister to his comfort, and whence, in a few weeks, he repairs to his post of duty, looking back into the dim valley where he has been walking hand in hand with death, and penitently thanking God for the renewal of his probation.

It was not till fifteen years after this that I received from the bishop's own lips the story of his connection with the case. He had boarded the steamer at Memphis, on his way to the Kentucky Conference. She was overcrowded with passengers fleeing from the epidemic. The bishop expected to find yellow-fever among them, but inquired for it in vain. He sat reading in the cabin till a late hour of the night, occasionally casting a glance of suspicion at a state-room which he had observed locked up as if unoccupied. At length, about twelve o'clock, the clerk came, opened the door slightly, thrust in his hand with a spoon in it, then relocked the door and withdrew. The bishop followed him, and inquired if there was some one sick in No. 29.

"Yes," replied the clerk, "there is a very sick man there."

"Who is he? Do you know him?"

"No, sir; but I believe he is a Catholic priest from New Orleans."

"Has he yellow-fever?"

"Well, I suppose he has ; and he's going to die too."

"Are you doing anything for him ?"

"Yes, I give him a powerful dose of calomel and laudanum every night after the passengers have retired."

"Would it not be well to inform some of the passengers of his case ? Perhaps the poor fellow might be saved by a little attention. Nursing, probably, is what he needs."

"I am afraid to let the passengers know it, sir. It would produce a panic on board, and two-thirds of them would quit the boat at the next landing."

The bishop dissented from this view of the matter, and gently remonstrated against such inhumanity. To which the clerk replied, that it was no business of the passengers, and if they would attend to their own affairs he would try to discharge his duties without their assistance. Thus rebuffed, the bishop repaired to the captain, laid the case before him, and with much difficulty obtained a promise of admission to the sick man's room in the morning. The morning came, and with it my ministering angel, as already related. The passengers, learning the facts, were much incensed at the conduct of the clerk, and some of them threatened him with a cold bath in the Mississippi. During the four days of my unconscious confinement I must have taken a great quantity of calomel ; for my mouth was dreadfully excoriated, and it was a long time before I could eat any solid food.

Is it not somewhat remarkable, that just seven years, to an hour, from the time of my first attack of yellow-fever, I was seized a second time, in precisely the same manner, and not less violently than before? Several years' residence in Kentucky and Tennessee had produced such a change in my constitution as to render me liable to the disease again; and when the yellow fiend made his appearance in Charleston in 1854, as if in revenge for my former escape, he clutched so roughly at me, and fastened so fiercely upon me, that the physician in attendance despaired of my recovery, and on three successive days I was reported dead.

I am spinning this yarn too long. Another turn or two shall finish it.

Having spent three years in Kentucky, the writer is transferred to the Tennessee Conference, and stationed in Nashville; where he remains two years, and publishes his second book, PORTRAITURE AND PENCILLINGS OF MRS. L. A. L. CROSS. Thence he is removed to South Carolina; preaches four years in Charleston; receives the title of Doctor in Divinity from the University of North Carolina; publishes THE HEBREW MISSIONARY, HEADLANDS OF FAITH, PISGAH-VIEWS OF THE PROMISED INHERITANCE; and writes THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY, which yet remains in manuscript. Then he goes to Europe, and spends the happiest year of his life amid the classic scenes of Italy, the wild sublimities of the Alps, the solitudes of ancient ruins, the gayeties of modern capitals, and



the primrose-banks of his boyhood. Returning, he publishes his travels—a duodecimo volume of five hundred pages—under the title of *A YEAR IN EUROPE*; takes a position in the Spartanburg Female College, of which he is soon after elected president; and continues there long enough to learn the impolicy of employing Yankee teachers in Southern institutions, and discover what “poison of asps” is within the lips of a wicked woman. Thence, after two years, he migrates to Texas, and plays the pedagogue in San Antonio; but Providence smiles not upon his enterprise; and he returns to Tennessee; takes charge of a church in Gallatin; undertakes to publish a volume of discourses entitled *PULPIT CARROONS*; and the stereotype plates are all finished, and the last proofs revised, and the printing begun, when the shock of a sermon which he preaches in Sumner stops the steam-press in Cincinnati!

Hark! It is the voice of artillery from Charleston harbor! “The Lord of hosts mustereth the host of the battle!” Volunteer regiments are organizing and departing. The young men of my flock have all enlisted. At their own solicitation, and that of their noble colonel, I follow them to the banks of the Potomac.

And the rest of the acts of the chaplain, and what he did at Dumfries, and what he saw at Manassas, and what he suffered at Corinth, and how he labored at Columbus, and dabbled in blood at Perryville, and dodged bullets at Murfreesboro’, with his outlooks from Torytown, his hair-breadth escapes

among the mountains, his frightful misfortune in McLemore's Cove, the picturesque manner in which he forded the Chickamauga, and ten thousand experiences and observations very important to be "known and read of all men"—behold, are they not written in the ill-starred BANNER OF THE REGIMENT, and the three preceding books of CAMP AND FIELD?

## XIX.

### YANKEE DOODLE.

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August, 1864.

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“For never can true reconciliation grow,  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep.”—*Milton*.

On the summit of the *Monte Sant-Angelo*, towering five thousand feet above the blue waters of the Mediterranean, my *Ciccrone Italiano* took me by the hand, and led me down from steep to steep, from cliff to cliff, till I stood upon a projecting rock, at whose base, a thousand feet below, beat the surf of the unsounded sea. Even so, in this fourth book, O most docile and confiding reader! have I conducted thee adown the several terraces of military promotion—general, colonel, major, captain, *et altera*—from “the cloud-capt eminence” of the commander-in-chief to the rankless position of the chaplain. And now, as no traveller’s guide ever did, from this last point of the promontory, waving thee an affectionate adieu, I make the infinite plunge, and disappear in YANKEE DOODLE!

I propose not to sketch this gentleman’s history, nor to delineate at length his character; but only to furnish, from the unwritten annals of the present war, a few additional facts, illustrative of his superior civilization and transcendent moral excellence.

In the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico, seventeen years since, it was expressly stipulated—that “upon the entrance of either army into the territories of the other, women and children, scholars of every faculty, cultivators of the earth, merchants, artisans, manufacturers, and fishermen, unarmed and inhabiting the fortified towns, villages, or other places; and, in general, all people whose occupations are for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind; should be allowed to continue their employments, unmolested in their persons”—that “their houses or goods should not be burned or otherwise destroyed, nor their cattle taken, nor their fields wasted, by the armed forces into whose power, by the events of war, they might happen to fall; but if the necessity should arise to take anything from them for the use of such armed force, the same should be paid for at an equitable price”—that “all churches, hospitals, schools, colleges, libraries, and other establishments for charitable and other purposes, should be respected; and all persons connected with the same protected in the discharge of their duties and the pursuit of their vocations.”

Yankee Doodle and his sister Dixie, who were then living in comparative amity upon different parts of the paternal inheritance, though some jealousies and heart-burnings concerning their respective rights and privileges had for a long time existed between them, jointly constituted one of the parties to this important negotiation. Yankee Doodle soon began to treat Dixie very unjustly and

cruelly, claiming the control of property bequeathed to her by her father's will, kidnapping her manservants and her maid-servants, and committing frequent depredations upon her premises. Dixie made loud complaints of Doodle, but proposed an amicable adjustment of the difficulty by an equitable division of the farm and its appurtenances. Doodle hereupon flew into a passion, and swore there should be no partition of the estate, but he would control it all himself, and his sister along with it. He employed as his overseer a certain Abe Inlow—*alias* Lincoln—a potent rail-splitter, who promised to stand by him, setting his foot down firmly, and vowing that Dixie should submit to her brother, or he would beat out her brains with his maul. Whereupon Dixie became dignified, declared herself independent, and began building a wall between herself and her brother. She stontly maintained her right to be free, and declared she would have nothing more to do with so unscrupulous a rascal—would never again cook and wash for him, nor darn his stockings, nor hem his bandana handkerchiefs. Doodle now asseverated, with sundry unseemly expletives, that such contumacy was quite intolerable, and that he did well to be angry even unto death—that is, the death of Dixie; and, utterly regardless of the principles avowed by himself and his sister when they settled their quarrel with neighbor Mexico, and of the rules by which they together agreed to be governed in case of any future misunderstanding with that gentleman, he ordered the ruffian Inlow to collect all hands and



go over and wreak his vengeance upon Dixie, stealing her horses, killing her cattle, destroying her harvests, kidnapping her negroes, robbing her smoke-house and corn-crib, tearing her costly robes to pieces, taking away her last article of jewelry, burning her habitation over her head, and, if possible, planting a dagger in her heart!

Let us drop the figure. Many of my readers must have met with the lately published letter of Major-General W. T. Sherman. His adjutant at Huntsville had written to him in Mississippi for instructions concerning the course to be pursued by subordinate commanders toward "disloyal citizens" in North Alabama and elsewhere. His reply is worthy of preservation, but I have not room for it here, nor even for lengthy extracts. He maintains, with conclusive rhetoric—that "the United States have a right to the lands and the lives of rebels"—that "it is both just and politic to banish them and appropriate their possessions"—that our asserted "right to self-government" is a pestilent "political heresy," which "nothing but death and ruin will extinguish"—that "self-rights, state-rights, freedom of conscience, and freedom of the press," are all the veriest "nonsense and trash"—that these "false notions," nowise to be tolerated, "have deluded the Southern people into war, anarchy, and bloodshed"—that in endeavoring to establish a distinct and independent government, we have been guilty of "the foulest crimes that have disgraced any time or people"—that having "appealed to war," we can not be allowed the

privilege of "appealing to the constitution"—that "war is simply power, unrestrained by constitution or compact"—that the rebels "a year ago might have saved their slaves, but now it is too late"—that "next year their lands will be taken, and another year they may beg in vain for their lives"—that "to petulant and persistent secessionists death itself would be mercy, and the sooner they are disposed of the better"—finally, that "satan and the rebellious saints of heaven were allowed a continuance of existence in hell merely to augment their just punishment, and to such as rebel against the beneficent government of the United States an equal punishment would not be unjust."

Bravo! bravo! General Sherman! O clap your hands, all ye people! shout unto Doodle with the voice of triumph! Meanwhile, behold thyself damned, O Dixie! to the unfathomable depths of Orchus—doomed, with Sodom and Gomorrah, to "the vengeance of eternal fire;" while thy brother Doodle—the immortal plenipotentiary of the almighty devil—charioted by harnessed fiends and armed with triple thunderbolts, pursues thee through the flaming infinite—

"A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!"

Is such, then, the mercy, the morality, the Christianity, the lofty civilization of Yankee Doodle? Is this the sublime beneficence of the gospel which he proclaims—

"With thousand mouths and thousand tongues,  
With brazen throats and iron lungs"—

from press, and pulpit, and congress hall, and

head-quarters in the field? The reader perceives how well his preaching agrees with the terms of the treaty quoted; let us see if his practice in this war does not correspond somewhat better with his preaching.

I. How has he treated our "women and children?" Has he left them undisturbed in the quiet possession of their homes? Has he respected their feelings, shielded their helplessness, and guarded their honor?

Nay, verily; he has insulted them in their own homes; deprived them of the means of subsistence; refused them protection against the brutalities of his foreign hirelings; denied them all right to property, liberty, and life; threatened them with punishment for the patriotism of their husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons; menaced them with extermination; annoyed them with negro guards; burned their houses over their heads; driven them destitute into exile; shut them up in prison; cursed, whipped, murdered, dishonored, and doomed them to a living death!

Raiding through North Carolina in the person of General Wilde, he encouraged his kidnapped negroes to abuse defenceless females, strip them of their jewelry, tear off their clothing, and offer them indignities of which decency forbids the record. On pain of imprisonment for "disrespectful behavior toward United States troops," young ladies were obliged to walk and ride with those "military gemmen ob color," to entertain them in their parlors and at their tables, and regale their delicate

auricles with their pianos and guitars. When a party reported at head-quarters, after a night of robberies and outrages too horrible to write of, their general kindly inquired whether they had been anywhere treated otherwise than as gentlemen; and any lady who had declined Sambo's gallantries was liable to arrest and punishment.

By night they entered a house occupied by a mother with several children; and, in the poor woman's presence, cut a hole in the floor, filled it with pine-knots, and set it on fire. The husband and father, returning at daybreak, found his wife and little ones, within sight of the still smoking ruins, cowering in a fence-corner from the bitter December blast. Another dwelling they fired without giving any notice to the sleeping inmates—a lady and six children—who escaped the frightful catastrophe only by the timely waking of a faithful slave.

These outlaws were at length overtaken by a small Confederate force, who killed and captured a large number of them. A bright mulatto, mistaken for a white man, was sent on to Richmond. Wilde immediately arrested three excellent ladies, ordered his woolly-headed ruffians to tie them hand and foot, kept them in this condition forty-eight hours, then carried them to Norfolk in irons, confined them there as hostages for his captured mulatto, and announced that he would hang them if the latter were not treated as a prisoner of war.

Sherman's men, in East Tennessee, tore up the dresses of women and children, and burned them

before their eyes. They sacked a house where several young damsels were weeping around the corpse of their mother, which lay there awaiting interment. At ten o'clock at night, a lady whom they had robbed of all her stores went to their general, and begged him to furnish her a little flour or meal for her five children, who could not go to sleep for hunger. He dismissed her with a meagre pittance of food, but not until he had extorted from her an oath which she abhorred.

At Maryville, this same magnanimous officer of the most indulgent and merciful of governments took forcible possession of an aged widow's residence, and rudely demanded her keys. The lady promptly told him that she was accustomed to carry her own keys. He answered fiercely, that her property and her life were in his hands, that he would do just what he pleased with both, and that if his demands were not instantly complied with, he should use violence. Whereupon the terrified lady surrendered the keys, the heroic general instituted a thorough search, and appropriated such articles as he fancied both from her wardrobe and her larder.

During the late disastrous raid of Grierson and Sturgis in North Mississippi, ladies were everywhere insulted and outraged by negroes; were whipped, knocked down, and kicked out of doors; and that in the presence of their husbands, fathers, and brothers, who were bound and gagged to prevent any effectual resistance; and little children, robbed of food and clothing, were driven hungry



and naked from their homes into the forest. Just before the battle which scattered them like chaff before the whirlwind, fugitives from their lines came into Forrest's camp and related outrages which made his sternest soldiers weep like children, and fired the calmest spirits among them, with an uncontrollable fury of revenge. Little boys were bayoneted, women treated in a manner too shocking for recital, and whole families burned to death in their own dwellings.

Mrs. Corry, near Bethesda Church, in Virginia, had been stripped of all means of subsistence. She went to General Warren, asking permission to buy a small portion of her own plundered stores. "We keep nothing for sale," replied the general. "Then I will beg," said the lady; "give me, for God's sake, a little something for my starving children!" "Madam," rejoined Warren, "in the Siege of Jerusalem women ate their own children!"

Mr. and Mrs. Lee, of Roanoke, had a son, not yet a year and a half old, whom they called Jenkins, in honor of a well-known Confederate cavalier. A band of Federal soldiers came and inquired for the boy; and when he was produced, shot him dead for his name. His little sister ran to save his life, and came near losing her own, several musket-balls passing through her dress without injuring her person.

Other deeds have been committed, with the connivance or the sanction of commanding officers, too foul and fiendish for registry in these pages. Never, indeed, since Nimrod began the accursed

work of war—never, by any nation professing the knowledge and worship of the True God—were such devilish atrocities practised against unoffending females and innocent children, as are constantly perpetrated by the magnanimous and redoubtable Yankee Doodle.

II. And how has he dealt with those “whose occupations are for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind?” Have “cultivators of the earth, merchants, artisans, manufacturers, and fishermen,” been “allowed to continue their employments unmolested in their persons?” Has their property remained intact, or been “paid for at an equitable price?” Have “their houses or goods” never been “burned or otherwise destroyed, nor their cattle killed, nor their fields wasted?”

Answer, ye charred ruins of a thousand mills and manufactories! Bear witness, ye fragments of demolished machinery, everywhere bestrewing the desolate track of the invader! Echo back the voice, ye spacious mercantile establishments, emptied of your dry goods and groceries, hardware and cutlery, by the plundering hordes of the North! What mean those heaps of ashes, in which I see the remnants of plows and harrows, spades and shovels, hoes and mattocks, and all the various implements of husbandry? Who has chased the fishermen from their smacks all along the coast of Virginia, the two Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida, and all around the northern crescent of the great southern gulf?

A blacksmith of Middle Tennessee, at whose

shop my horse was shod a month before the Battle of Murfreesboro', assured me that his was the only anvil left within a circle of many miles around, and he had secured his by hiding it in the bushes; that the retreating vandals had, to the utmost extent of their opportunity, robbed all the mechanics in the country, so that a tool of any sort was scarcely to be found.

Thos. H. Hill, C. J. Fore, and a Mr. Simms, were arrested by some of Grant's negro thugs in Mississippi, and marched into a canebrake to be shot. Simms, by a desperate effort, made his escape; but Hill and Fore were killed. The murderers then went to the house of Joseph Clark, whom they slew in the presence of his family, and severely wounded his wife. Thence they proceeded to Geo. Hunt's, where they shot Mr. Johnson dead, while his wife and children begged for his life. Several other persons barely avoided their bloody hands by flight. These darkies wore the Federal uniform, and declared that they came on their murderous mission under an order from General Grant.

In North Alabama, some twenty-five Yankees, led by a tory named Harris, of Madison county, crossed the Tennessee river to Beach island, captured Benj. Raden—a man of sixty-three years—with his son, his nephew, and two other persons, and shot them on the spot, killing four of them, and throwing them into the river. The fifth took shelter in the water, seizing some bushes under the bank. Harris ordered his men to cut his head

off with their sabres, but they could not reach him. They then tried to knock his brains out with a rail, but failed in this also. Finally, they fired two guns at him, when he dropped his head in the water; and they, supposing him dead, departed.

The same gang went to the house of Madison Ritchie in the night, dragged him from his bed, drove him before them to the river, forced him into the water, and shot seven balls through him from the bank. They hung an overseer, who had taken the oath of allegiance to Lincoln, because he had helped his employer to put his cattle across the river; and attached a notice to the tree, threatening any one with death who should attempt to take him down. They robbed P. Rollins of several thousand dollars, gave him ten minutes to cross the Tennessee, and threatened him with death if he should dare to return. All these were unarmed and inoffensive citizens.

General Wilde seized more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property in two counties of North Carolina, robbed the farmers of every living thing in his course, and left hundreds of inhabitants without the means of subsistence for a single day. He visited the plantation of Mr. Gregory, a man of seventy years, burned to the ground his valuable dwelling and outhouses, stripped him of all his personal estate, and carried him to Norfolk as a hostage for some of his captured negro outlaws.

When Sherman marched from Chattanooga to

Knoxville he swept everything before him, and left nothing but desolation and ruin behind him. He robbed every family in his course, sparing them not a pound of meat, nor a bushel of meal, nor a bundle of hay or fodder. Bedding, clothing, pictures, window curtains, the relics of buried friends, the very playthings of the children, were carried off; and even

“The family Bible that lay on the stand,” was not allowed to remain there. Tears and remonstrances were answered with oaths and execrations, and often with personal violence. A lady at Athens called upon the gallant commander for protection; to whom he replied, that he came as an avenger and destroyer, that his mission was to crush the rebellion, which starvation was the best means of accomplishing.

His path through the beautiful Sweetwater valley was like the track of a hurricane, a conflagration, an army of demons. Not a fence was left standing; not an article of value or utility was spared. The wretches entered General Vaughn's house, cursed and threatened his wife, broke up her furniture, tore her dresses to pieces, ripped open her feather-beds, and scattered their contents to the wind. Near Morganton they pulled down several dwellings to make their pontoon bridges. In their course through Blount county they sacked every house, desolated every farm, destroyed or carried off all food and forage, and committed almost every imaginable outrage upon the unfortunate citizens. At Maryville they remained only



one night, but during that night they entered every habitation, searched every closet and corner, took every morsel of food they could find, every article of clothing or jewelry, and spared not so much as a pair of shoes or a pocket-handkerchief.

When the invader arrived in Rome, Georgia, handbills were posted up in public places, requiring the people to bring in to head-quarters a full inventory of their effects of every sort, and threatening all concealment of property with imprisonment during the war. Similar notification was served upon all the counties of North Georgia. Farmers were ordered to turn over all their agricultural implements to the Federal authorities, against a certain day, to be destroyed. One hoe, and nothing more, was allowed to each family; and they were permitted to do what gardening they could with this solitary instrument. Every article of provision must be immediately surrendered, and the citizens supplied with scanty rations from a common depository. All stock was taken, the cattle put to pasture upon the growing crops, and the owners of milch cows allowed to draw a quart of milk daily to each family. Those who were permitted to pass through the lines could carry nothing with them but what they wore upon their persons. Thus Yankee Doodle aims to break the spirit of our people, by reducing them to the most abject condition of destitution and dependence, allowing them barely food sufficient to sustain life, and prohibiting the production of anything more.

III. And how has he borne himself toward literary and religious institutions, and other means for promoting the public good? Have "all churches, hospitals, schools, colleges, and other establishments for charitable and other purposes," been "respected;" and "all persons connected with the same," as well as "scholars of every faculty," been "protected in the discharge of their duties and the pursuit of their vocations?"

Here, also, facts are damning. Court-houses, with their records, have been destroyed. Publishing establishments, with all their stock and material, have been confiscated and appropriated. Newspapers have been suppressed; printing-offices demolished, and editors and publishers exiled or imprisoned. Military hospitals, in the vicinity of battle-fields, and within the limits of beleaguered cities, have been shelled and fired while the yellow flag was floating over them, and when they were full of wounded soldiers, with their attendant surgeons and chaplains; and those surgeons and chaplains, contrary to the customs of all civilized nations, have been arrested in the prosecution of their beneficent work, treated as prisoners of war, incarcerated with convicts and deserters, exposed to the rigors of a Northern winter without fire or suitable clothing, and subjected to a variety of indignities and cruelties which might scarcely be apprehended from Camanches and Lipans.

And how many "schools and colleges" have been stopped in their career of usefulness, and converted to other purposes! The venerable Dr.

Stevenson, superintending the education of a large collection of young ladies at Russelville, Kentucky, was torn from his interesting charge in a feeble state of health, carried away in the depth of winter, and confined in Fort Warren. Mr. Elliott's academy at Nashville was one of the largest upon the continent; but several hundred young ladies were driven from its halls to make room for a gang of filthy negroes; its accomplished president was publicly whipped, conveyed to Camp Chase, and detained six months in miserable captivity; and Miss Lucy Lanier, a most excellent lady, who had taught many years in the institution, survived the shock but a few days, and died of a broken heart. Mr. Ragsdale's school, a few miles from the same city, was dispersed, the good old teacher cast into the penitentiary, kept there till his life was despaired of, and released only a day or two before his death. Soule Female College, at Murfreesboro', was broken up, and the building turned into a Yankee hospital. A ban was laid upon the Huntsville Female College, and its president—the Rev. Mr. Wilson—was treated like a felon. Three lady teachers in New Orleans were visited with severe penalties for allowing some of their pupils to draw Confederate flags in their copy-books, and threatened with worse consequences if the offence were repeated.

But Yankee Doodle has gone still further. He has closed many a house of worship, emptied the pulpit, exiled the pastor, and scattered the flock. Sehon and Baldwin, whose praise is in all the

churches—Sawrie and Browning, well known Methodist ministers of Tennessee—can tell you sad tales of the Nashville penitentiary, of Camp Chase, and Johnson's island, where they lay in his iron grasp so long. In Alexandria, he seizes the Rev. Dr. Stewart while conducting divine service, drags him from the chancel, and shuts him up in prison. In St. Louis, he expels the Rev. Dr. McPheeters from his pulpit, forbids his exercising his sacred functions in Missouri, and finally banishes him from the city, prohibiting his return on pain of imprisonment or death. In Virginia, he robs the Rev. W. S. Fontaine of everything he has, drives his family from their delightful seat, and consigns the elegant mansion, with all its costly furniture, to the flames. In Norfolk, he ejects the Rev. Dr. Armstrong from the church in which he has officiated for more than twenty years, and sends him to work upon the Federal fortifications at Fort Hatteras. In Portsmouth, he sentences the Rev. George M. Baine to hard labor, on a diet of bread and water; and condemns the Rev. J. H. Wingfield to drag a ball and chain for three months through the public streets of the city.

And many of our sacred edifices has he desecrated and despoiled. At Vicksburg, he shelled the churches on the Sabbath, while they were full of worshippers. At Point Coupee, he fired at the Presbyterian church merely for amusement, destroying it without provocation. At Plaquemine, he turned the Methodist church into a stable, tied his horses to the chancel-rail, and fed them in the

pews. At Holly Springs, he took possession of the Episcopal church, demolished the organ, tore the Bible to pieces, and played cards upon the communion-table. At Baton Rouge, he installed a Northern preacher in the Methodist church, who drove all the whites from the house by inviting "Americans of African descent" to sit promiscuously among them. In New Orleans, he turned the Rev. Dr. Smith out of his church, and appropriated it to a negro school, conducted by a miscegenating mistress from the codfish coast. In Edgefield, he made a slaughter-house of the basement of Hobson chapel, and tenanted the audience-room with a gang of colored women—"the wives of United States soldiers." In Nashville, he confiscated the property of the Cumberland Presbyterian publishing-house, transporting all its movable effects to the North, and menaced the Methodist establishment with a similar fate.

Lately, however, he has deemed it "necessary to set the foot down firmly," and has commenced a more systematic crusade against the Southern churches. He has commissioned Bishop Ames to descend the Mississippi and steal all the Methodist churches he can lay his hands upon, and fill their pulpits with preachers of his own order, who will faithfully proclaim the Gospel according to Inlow; and the General Conference at Philadelphia has appropriated thirty thousand dollars to this apostolic enterprise. This is no "wolf in sheep's clothing," but a hyena with a lion's mane—a tiger with the stature and strength of a mastodon—a boar



constrictor, stretching from Cincinnati to New Orleans, scattering or crushing the shepherds, and devouring whole flocks at a meal! The Baptist Board of Domestic Missions and the Presbyterian Committee of Home Missions at the North also have received full and formal authority from the Secretary of War at Washington to do the same with the Baptist and Presbyterian churches of the South; and he has issued an order requiring "all generals and officers commanding armies, detachments, and posts" of the United States in the South, to receive such preachers as these boards may commission, "and give them all the aid, countenance, and support which may be practicable, and, in their judgment, proper, in the execution of their important mission." This stupendous system of sacrilege is to be applied universally, and all the Christian communities of Dixie are to be in like manner dispossessed, and their temples turned over to the occupancy of infidel miscegenators from Plymouth Rock.

Twenty years ago an excellent man organized a Sabbath-school in the Crescent City, which he continued to superintend in person till he was superseded by the invader. Under his care it had grown and prospered; and, through his energetic efforts, a commodious house of worship had been erected. When the venerable man, now nearly eighty years of age, was obliged to give place to the provided substitute, he made a brief farewell address to the school, and left scholars and teachers

alike all bathed in tears. These are the splendid triumphs of Yankee Doodle!

IV. And how has he exhibited his magnanimity toward those who, by the fortunes of war, have fallen into his hands as prisoners? Loudly and bitterly, but very unjustly, has he complained of our treatment of the Dutch thugs and thieves, and the gangs of kidnapped negroes, that he has sent to rob our children, dishonor our ladies, deluge our homes with blood, lay our sanctuaries in ashes, and make our pleasant heritage a howling wilderness. Has he, then, shown more gentleness and generosity toward those whom he has captured while defending all that is dear to man on earth?

The groans of a hundred thousand sufferers, like the ceaseless murmur of the sea, bear witness against him, while thousands of bloody corpses and untimely graves appeal to Heaven for vengeance upon the murderer; and many a haggard face, and many a ruined constitution, and many a noble specimen of physical humanity needlessly mutilated by the surgeon's knife and saw—released from his dreary bastiles because for ever disqualified for duty in the field—move about among us, the living monuments of his tender mercies.

The Richmond Dispatch of November 26, 1863, contains an interesting account of a hundred and twenty-four Confederate surgeons, recently returned from various Northern prisons. Some of them were captured during Lee's Pennsylvania expedition, and confined awhile, with a large number of

wounded prisoners, in the court-house at Hagers-town. Their rations were very mean and scanty, yet they were not permitted to purchase food, and scarcely any facilities were afforded them for cooking. The supply of medicines was totally inadequate to the necessities of the suffering wounded, and they were prohibited from receiving the delicacies and stimulants provided in great profusion by the ladies for their relief. The nurses who had been left to take care of them were seized and sent off to prison; leaving only five surgeons to care for two hundred men, not one of whom could do anything for himself. Much suffering and mortality inevitably ensued, which proper attention would have prevented.

The surgeons themselves were at length transferred to Fort Henry. Dr. Newell, who was in feeble health, was required to walk to Chambersburg—a distance of twenty miles. When he became exhausted, the guard picked him up with their bayonets, and beat him over the head with their muskets; and when he fainted and fell, they dragged him along the road by the collar of the coat. Their rations at Fort Henry consisted of worm-eaten crackers, with a slice of tainted pork once a day, and a cup of questionable slop in the morning, which their custodians called coffee. No fire was allowed in their quarters, though the weather was quite severe. One of them—an excellent young man—the son of a prominent citizen in the Valley of Virginia—upon a malicious accusation, manifestly false—was thrown into the “middle room”

—a place used for the confinement of Yankee thieves and cut-throats, whose crimes were deemed worthy of punishment even by their own villanous officers ; and was kept there till the day before the surgeons were sent away, when he was turned out in most pitiable plight—nearly naked, and half-dead from the cold.

The privates were removed, in mid-winter, to Point Lookout—a bleak and dreary place, on the Eastern-shore of Maryland. When the last lot were about starting, a humane surgeon, observing a poor fellow nearly destitute of pantaloons, ran to his quarters and brought him a pair of his own ; but the lieutenant of the guard exclaimed, with a bitter oath, “ No, sir ; the clothes he has on are a good deal better than he deserves ! ”

At Point Lookout, the food given the prisoners consisted of condemned army stores, bought at auction. The sick had no medicine furnished them ; and in cold weather they were denied the comfort of a fire. Some poor fellows who attempted to procure fuel for them were shot ; and others, for a similar offence, had their meat rations withheld for a week. Most of them were almost destitute of shoes, socks, and blankets. A large number, just arrived from Johnson’s island, were robbed of their blankets before they were marched into the enclosure, and were obliged to sleep on the bare ground without covering. Newspapers were interdicted, provisions sent by friends were withheld, and sutlers forbidden to sell anything to the prisoners. A Louisianian, for looking through a



crack in the fence, was shot by the sentinel. An officer, without any provocation whatever, deliberately fired his pistol into a crowd of men, wounding four of them. Fifteen, who refused to work for the Yankees, had their arms pinioned behind them; and in this condition they were raised by a small cord thrown over the limb of a tree, and kept suspended, with their toes barely touching the ground, till they fainted with pain; then lowered to revive a little, and afterward hauled up again; and this horrible intermittent torture was continued for many hours. One dark night, five men, having bribed the sentinels, walked out of the enclosure; but had not proceeded fifty paces when they were charged by a large party lying in wait for them with rifles and pistols; and after they had surrendered, they were beaten over the head with guns, kicked about the earth in the most dastardly manner, and two of them left dead upon the spot.

At Fort Delaware prisoners fare still worse, and the half of what they suffer has never been told. One of our returned surgeons states that nine thousand were crowded into quarters not sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of two thousand. "I have seen swine in the South," says another, "far better provided for. Brackish river-water, impregnated with every kind of filth, is used for cooking and drinking. The sick can get neither medicine nor advice. If the Federal authorities used their utmost endeavors, they could scarcely place ten thousand men in a more horrible situation. Language is inadequate to describe their miseries."



The sentinels were instructed to fire into any room where a light might be seen after nine o'clock at night, but this savage order was not published to the prisoners; and when one of them, after the interdicted hour, raked open the coals upon the hearth to broil a bit of bacon, the savage on guard levelled his musket and drove the poor fellow's brains against the wall.

Morgan and his officers, in the Ohio penitentiary, had their heads shaved, and were thrust into cells thirty-eight inches wide, six feet and a half long, and about the same measurement in height. On the discovery of knives among them, seven of them, including the general's brother, were confined in dungeons, without a beam of light or a breath of fresh air; and their daily allowance, per man, was three ounces of bread and half a pint of water. They were denied their overcoats and blankets, though the mercury was below zero. Having no room to walk, their only expedient to prevent freezing was to stamp the pavement and beat the wall; now snatching a few moments of comfortless sleep upon the cold stones, and then starting up to renew the desperate struggle for life in the darkness. Captain Morgan had been suffering from heart disease, which was terribly aggravated by this diabolical torture. Throughout the live-long night he stood pressing a frozen towel to his naked side, and painfully keeping up the continual motion of his feet. He bore his agony eighteen hours, and then was taken out because the surgeon said he could not endure it longer. The others

remained sixteen days in their dungeons; and, when released, their faces were so frightfully altered that even their comrades failed to recognize them.

But what need of these harrowing details? Daily such horrors are multiplying. Who has not heard of Daniel Bright, captured and hung by the infamous Wilde in North Carolina? of Champ Ferguson, betrayed to Stokes' brigands, and riddled with bullets in his bed? of Gundy and Smith, bayoneted by Butler's negroes, and fastened up to trees with nails driven through the flesh? These are thy compassions, O Yankee Doodle!

V. And how has he illustrated his brotherly-love and benevolent intentions toward that deeply injured race, "Americans of African descent?" He professes philanthropy; and here, surely, if anywhere, we shall find his philanthropy exemplified. Sambo is his pet, his *protégé*, his "ladie-love," and "holie sepulchre." It is for Sambo he mounts his steed and bears his lance in rest. Poor down-trodden creature! shall he have no champion? What puissant arm but Doodle's shall release him from the iron heel of oppression, and restore him to his natural rights and privileges as "a man and a brother?" Let us see, then, in what manner, and to what extent, he has achieved this worthy enterprise.

"It is a notorious fact," says the London Index, "which every English philanthropist should well ponder, that the only authenticated instances of barbarous outrage upon the negro have been committed by Northern men, on Northern soil, or

where Northern armies held possession." "This witness is true."

Many thousands of these deluded creatures were set free by Butler in Louisiana. The men were put into the army, or sent away to work on the fortifications; the young women taken to the soldiers' tents and arms; and the old ones, with the children, turned out to steal or starve. A large number of them were carried to New Orleans and confined like convicts in a penitentiary. The Era, an abolition sheet, describes them as dying from starvation and disease by hundreds, says that the horrors of the middle passage are nothing in comparison of their sufferings, and that the stench from their prison was intolerable, producing apprehensions of pestilence in the city.

A lady states in a letter that she saw, at Cairo, some four thousand of these wretched contrabands, enticed or stolen from their owners. They were shut up in barracks, strictly guarded, knee-deep in mud, with no covering but the sky. They had worn out their clothing, and were generally shoeless and hatless, and destitute alike of blankets and of beds. They were hungry, half-starved, and utterly miserable every way. Dead children were lying unburied in the mire. The negroes said they buried only twice a week, and sometimes they did not pick up the babies. The greater number of the men were sent farther North, while the women and children were left to drag out a miserable life near the camp of their captors.

A number of Northern philanthropists in Nash-

ville went to the African church to visit the colored Sabbath-school. After having made speeches, they dismissed the scholars, requesting certain "young sisters," whom they designated, to remain behind, as they had an important communication to make to them. As soon as the rest were gone, they locked the doors, and the poor girls must give you the sequel.

In Florida, the Yankee philanthropists instituted a brisk slave-trade with Cuba, stealing negroes from the plantations, and transporting them to the West Indies. The business is said to have proved immensely lucrative to some of the Federal officers and their agents.

In Norfolk there are four churches for the colored people. One of these, having a bell, is known as the "Bell Church." Some time ago a notice was circulated among the darkies throughout the city, by order of the provost marshal, that on the next Sabbath something would be communicated in the Bell church of a very interesting character. Their curiosity being thus appealed to, the ringing of the bell drew an immense crowd. The house was filled. Many, who could not get in, stood around the doors and windows. At an appointed signal, a military manœuvre of unwonted brilliancy was executed. The astonished "Americans of African descent" suddenly found themselves surrounded by three hundred soldiers, with fixed bayonets. Resistance was useless; escape impossible. All the males, who were neither too young nor too old for military service, were hurried away.

No time was given for farewells or preparations. In their Sunday-clothes, amidst the wails and lamentations of wives, mothers, children, and sweethearts, they were marched on board the vessels that were in readiness to convey them to the North, to swell the armies designed for the subjugation of the South.

A late Richmond newspaper mentions two men, in Yankee uniform, belonging to Sheridan's ill-fated raid, who were captured and brought to the city. One of them was Major W. P. Hall, of the Sixth New York cavalry, who said he had been eighteen years in the United States service. The other was John Henry Johnson, a kidnapped slave of Luther Duke, of Hanover, who declared that he had never willingly been in the Federal army, at all, but had been captured, uniformed, and forced to fight in their front.

This is a common case. Wherever these philanthropists have obtained foothold in the South, hosts of colored men have been stolen outright from their owners, or seduced by false representations and specious promises; and worked to death, starved to death, whipped to death, driven with bayonets at their backs in the front of assaulting columns; and shot down by thousands upon the field of battle. The Federal philanthropist is the hardest master Sambo ever had; and Sambo is becoming well cognizant of the fact, and learning to dread Yankee Doodle as he dreads the devil. What means the mutiny of the negro garrison at Fort St. Philip? What say the frequent insur-



rections of the miserable contrabands within the Federal lines? Alas! the poor creatures have found themselves deceived. They can not endure the oppressions and cruelties practised upon them by their new masters, some of whom have paid dear for their philanthropy. The following letter, written to a well known colored preacher of Marion, Alabama, shall conclude this formidable array of evidence :

“NASHVILLE, TENN., January 15, 1864.

“*Uncle Stephen* : I know you will be surprised to get a letter from me here ; but I have a chance of sending it by one of Mr. Crutchfield's women, who says she knows you, and has heard you preach often ; and as I can not write myself, a free woman of this place is kind enough to write this letter for me. I was very foolish to leave a good home and kind friends, to come with the cruel, lying, swindling Yankees. They will promise anything to get you off with them, but they never fulfil any of their promises. They told me, if I would go with them, I should be free and rich, and have a white wife. They said that they were dividing all the land of the rebels among the negroes as fast as they got possession of it. I believed the story, and went with them ; but, like the rich man, whose sad fate is recorded in Sacred History, ‘In hell I lifted up my eyes, being in torment ;’ and like him, also, I wish to testify unto my brethren, ‘lest they also come into this place of torment.’

“Instead of being free, I never was so much a slave. As soon as the Federals got me off with them, I was conscripted and assigned to duty with a regiment of sappers and miners. I work all day in muddy ditches with a guard over me, who stands at my back with a loaded musket and fixed bayonet, ready to thrust me through ; and at night a ball and chain is fastened to my arms and legs, and I am driven like an ox to a muddy stall, called a barracks, where I spend the night without fire, and almost without bedding. Every colored man that comes to the Yankees is put in the army, and is required to do the meanest drudgery in the camp ; and in time of battle we are all put in the front as a breastwork for the protection of the

whites. I had rather be a Southern slave, and belong to the meanest master in the South, than to be what they call a colored free man at the North. I had a good home and a kind mistress, and plenty to eat and wear; but here everybody is my master, and I have to clothe and feed myself; and every negro in this country is treated more like a vile dumb brute, or a poisonous reptile, than as a human being. If this is freedom, give me slavery for ever. If ever I get a chance, I am coming home; and every negro here would do the same thing if he could. Warn your friends, lest they also come unto this place of torment, and tell them they ought to be happy in having kind masters and mistresses. I left some clothes in Marion—take care of them for me. Tell Mamma and Oliver howdy for me. Pray for me, Uncle Stephen, and look for me, for I am coming if ever I get this chain off my neck. Give my love to all my friends, and tell them not to come here.

“Your unhappy friend,

“JOHN WARD,

“Servant of Wm. Ward, of Marion, Ala.”

VI. Finally, what proof has Yankee Doodle given, during this unprecedented war, of his piety, morality, and superior civilization? He professes religion, and vaunts his pre-eminent virtues. He stands praying apart in the temple, and thanks God that he is not as other men, nor even as this slaveholder. But “the tree is known by its fruit; men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles.” How, then, does he exemplify his high regard for the laws of morality and religion?

By the robberies and outrages already mentioned? By the conflagration of Hopefield, Jackson, Natchez, Darien, and Alexandria? By the persistent bombardment of Charleston, merely for mischief and spite, long after he has relinquished all hope of its capture? Where is his morality and religion?

Do you see it in his conduct toward his own wounded soldiers? Grant ordered his surgeons and nurses away from his field-hospitals at Spottsylvania, and left multitudes, mangled and bleeding, to die of their injuries or perish of hunger. A Confederate surgeon repaired to the spot, and found them utterly unattended—no one to dress a wound, or hand them a glass of water or a morsel of food. In many cases their wounds were putrid, and some were actually dying of starvation. The kind surgeon remained with them, and did everything in his power for their relief. This is but a single fact. *Ab uno disce omnes.* Where, then, is Yankee Doodle's Christianity?

Do you find it in his provision for the spiritual welfare of his armies? A Federal chaplain, writing from Kentucky to the American Messenger—the organ of the American Tract Society—states his belief, from extensive observation, that the rebels are much better supplied with Bibles than the Northern soldiery; and yet, as everybody knows, the North has far superior facilities for furnishing her army with the word of God. Another writes from Memphis, that there is a sad dearth of reading matter in the hospitals; that only two out of eleven are provided with chaplains; that of the three thousand patients lying there, seventy or eighty die every day; that impenitent men are constantly passing into eternity, begging for some one to pray for them, and there is none to respond to the call. The same writer visits Corinth, Helena, and the Federal head-quarters near Vicksburg, and reports everywhere a scarcity of chaplains—

one to a brigade of five regiments, or a division of twelve regiments—more than half the army totally destitute of religious privileges. Where is Yankee Doodle's religion?

Do you discover it in the character of his army literature, and the teaching and conduct of his chaplains? A returned prisoner, who spent a year at the North, states that among the hymns contained in a little "hymn-book" used by the soldiers, were "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "Old John Brown," and "Come Rally Round the Flag;" that all the tracts he saw were mere political tirades, without one word of Christian instruction; that the chaplain at Point Lookout distributed none but the vilest abolition publications, and never gave the prisoners a word of spiritual counsel or warning; that "repent and take the oath!" was the constant burden of his preaching, and fifteen dollars in greenbacks his reward for every conversion. "Our chaplain suits us exactly," writes a Federal officer; "preaches short and seldom, never obtrudes his religion upon us unseasonably, is always ready for a glass of grog or a game of whist, and swears only when he is intoxicated." A Federal chaplain in the Army of the Potomac states, in a meeting of his colleagues, that he had lately had the colonel's fist under his nose, and that he instantly pulled off his coat, threatened to make guano of the colonel, told him that he had once been a blacksmith, and cautioned him to keep out of the reach of his sledge-hammer. Where is Yankee Doodle's spiritual excellence?

Do you perceive it in any considerable manifes-

tation of Divine influence among his forces in the field? In the Confederate army we have witnessed many thousand evangelical conversions, and the blessed work goes on with still increasing power. The voice of prayer and praise is constantly heard in our camps around Richmond, and in the trenches before Kennesaw mountain and along the Chattahoochee; and many a laboring and heavy-laden sinner has found rest in Jesus, even amid the smoke and din of battle. Has anything like this been witnessed in the Federal army? One of its own chaplains declares that he has not heard of a single conversion in camp from the beginning of the war. The correspondent of a foreign journal, who has seen much of both armies, says that the rebels constantly read their Bibles, and manifest great interest in religious services; but that the Federal soldiers in general neglect both, and seem totally indifferent to their spiritual welfare. The only conversion I have heard of among our enemies, is that of poor old Andy Johnson, as elsewhere related in the language of Colonel Moody, when, in answer to the colonel's prayer, he was enabled to bless God with one breath and blaspheme Him with the next. And the most interesting revival recorded by the press, is one that occurred about a year ago at Fort Delaware; when, in the midst of the chaplain's prayer, the assembly gave three enthusiastic shouts for the Union, and at the end of it added three thundering cheers for the chaplain. Where is Yankee Doodle's superior piety?



Is he “a peculiar people, zealous of good works?” Peculiar enough unquestionably, and zealous enough in a very peculiar way; and so was that other “generation of vipers,” the Scribes and Pharisees of old. “Good works?” Ye sentinel stars of heaven! what an insult to your purity is the nightly rapine, arson, murder, and insatiate lust of his hireling soldiery! Lying bulletins from the battle-field, official reports of victories never won, the use of false colors and the perversion of the flag of truce, the stupendous system of mendacity practised at Washington and sustained by the Northern press—these are the “good works” of this “peculiar people.” Nor these alone. One of his chaplains writes, with a prudent regard for his own well-being, “Were it not that comparisons are odious, and that I might incur the charge of rebel sympathy among some who do not know me, I would state that, in the opinion of reliable informants, profanity is far less common among the soldiers of the Confederacy than it is among our own.” Another says boldly, “The great sin of the army, that which overtops and overshadows everything else, is profane swearing; curses stream from the lips of thousands, from their first waking breath till sleep returns to drown their muttered imprecations.” One of our chaplains, a long time in the enemy’s hands as a prisoner, tells us that the profanity and blasphemy of those wretches far exceed anything he had ever heard or imagined—that they seem to rack their brains to coin strange oaths and phrases of pecu-

liar impiety. A Confederate officer, lately from Point Lookout, states that the chaplain of that post, being asked by a prisoner how he, being a minister of the gospel, could advocate such doctrines as he did, replied, "I do not rest my faith upon the Bible, sir! The Bible is a poor, pitiful thing, and the God of the Bible is more contemptible than the book! My conscience is better than the Bible, and greater than God Almighty!" Where is Yankee Doodle's transcendent goodness?

Look at the picture of home morals drawn by the Northern press. The Springfield Republican—the leading Republican journal of New England—says:

"It is a sad, a shocking picture of life in Washington, which our correspondents are giving us: a bureau of the Treasury department made a house of seduction and prostitution—the necessities of poor and pretty women made the means of their debauchery by high government officials—members of Congress putting their mistresses into clerkships in the departments—an honorable senator knocked down in the street by a woman whom he had outraged—the government cheated in contracts and openly robbed by its employees. Washington was never quite so villanously corrupt as at the present time. In the palmy days of Southern rule—of slavery—there was not half the corruption there is now."

This is indeed "a sad, a shocking picture;" but it is abundantly corroborated by the universal Yankee press. The New York Day Book speaks of "a splendid funeral" given to a profligate woman lately murdered in Philadelphia—body lying in state—rosewood coffin mounted with silver—carriages enough to convey all her sisters in

iniquity to the place of interment—all provided by the public bounty! What was the Parisian Goddess of Reason to this apotheosis of the lager-beer girl—Maggie Baer? Does not the editor of the Day Book justly conclude, “that a people who can endure such a scene without a storm of indignation, can be but a very little way from irretrievable ruin?” Open thine ears, O Yankee Doodle! and hear his solemn homily:

“It really seems as if every foundation of social order, and every bulwark of private virtue even, were about to be swept away by the mad passions of the present hour. Whichever way the mind turns, it fairly reels with dismay at the insanity, recklessness, and even beastliness, of the times. Not Greece, drunk with the blood of a conquered world—not Rome, with her heel upon the necks of enslaved nations—ever exhibited a greater fall from every noble and manly virtue, than this country now presents under the *regime* of the party, *par excellence*, of respectability and religion. When were thefts, robberies, defalcations, and all sorts of crimes, so prevalent as now? When were our cities so full of abandoned women—those creatures whose hearts are compared to hell? Washington is a vast lazaret-house of sin and disease. Our armies are polluted. The natural and untainted negroes of the South have become victims to the crimes and consequences which form the foulest ulcer on the face of civilization. Thus it is in every direction that we see the marks of approaching dissolution on the face of society. The world seems ready to die for the want of honesty and vitality to keep it alive. It is no wonder, however, that such should be the case, when all distinctions between right and wrong are ignored in high places. When thieves are honored with the highest offices in the land, it is not inappropriate to give splendid funerals to prostitutes! If vice is rewarded and virtue punished, who will court punishment, when it is so easy to gain rewards? Washington said that ‘free governments rested for their support upon the virtue and integrity of the people;’ but where is the support of free governments, when cities have

‘splendid funerals’ for prostitutes, and men are bought and sold in the shambles like cattle? Such a people are either madly insane, grossly intoxicated, or else they have permanently lost all that makes life honorable or death tolerable.”

“Our civil discords have produced such crimes,  
Such monstrous crimes, I am surprised at nothing !  
O Lucius ! I am sick of this bad world ;  
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me !”

Avast ! Yankee Doodle is a philacteried Pharisee, a whited sepulchre, a patent humbug, a wooden nutmeg, an incarnate lie !

In France, Austria, Italy, everywhere on the European continent, imagining myself disgusted with imperial or papal despotism, I sang and whistled with a goodly *gusto*,

“Hail, Columbia, happy land !”

I have done with that song now. I repudiate republics. Down with Yankee Doodle ! Down with his liberty-pole ! Down with his “star-spangled banner !” *Vive l’Empereur ! Viva il Papa !* Huzza for the Czar ! the Rajah ! the Sublime Porte ! the Grand Mogul ! Anything, henceforth, save Yankee Doodle and the devil !

XX.  
DOVE'S PLUMAGE.

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September, 1864.

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“Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.”—*Psalm lxxviii*, 13.

The Philistines had captured the ark of the Lord, and Israel had long been without his oracle. When at length it was sent home, the people were afraid of it; and it was permitted to remain many years in the house of Aminadab, and afterward for some months with Obed Edom. But King David, being now firmly seated upon his throne, prepared a tabernacle for it in his own city, and brought it thither with great joy and rejoicing. This royal anthem was composed probably for that occasion, and chanted by the glad multitude as they escorted the holy symbol to the place of its rest. It is perhaps the most difficult psalm in the whole collection, and has been called “the torture of critics and the reproach of commentators.” One says that it contains as many precipices and labyrinths as verses or words. But there is no richer poem in the sacred volume, and none that bears superior marks of Divine inspiration. Its sublimity is equal to its obscurity, its beauties are more numerous than its difficulties, and there are many passages in it well



adapted to edify our faith and hope in God. What picture could be more charming, what promise more cheering, than that which is presented in this delightful contrast of the past and the future of the Lord's chosen people? "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

I. Here are two conditions described—one of weakness, the other of strength—one of poverty, the other of affluence—one of defilement, the other of splendid purity—one of abject suffering, the other of great happiness and honor.

What could give us a more vivid idea of the wretched servility of Israel in the land of Egypt, than his lying down at night in soot and ashes among the kettles and furnaces at which he has toiled during the day, or in mud and mire among the willow baskets and earthen vessels in which he has borne the bricks or carried the clay for building the pyramids and treasure-houses of Pharaoh—too much exhausted to seek a better couch, or too weary of life to care any longer for its comforts, or anxious perchance to avert some of tomorrow's stripes by being ready to resume his task with the earliest dawn of the day?

But Jehovah mercifully heard his sighing, and "removed his shoulder from the burden, and delivered his hands from the pots." With an outstretched arm he smote the oppressor, and set his people free. "He brought them forth also with silver and gold, and there was not one feeble person in

all their tribes." He tabernacled and dwelt among them by the space of forty years in the wilderness. He commissioned a cloud as their captain, and kindled a flame for the banner of their host. When they hungered he sent them bread from heaven, and when they thirsted he brought them water from the flinty rock. He covered them with his feathers; he bore them on eagles' wings. He held them in the hollow of his hand, and guarded them as the apple of his eye. "Yea, he reproved kings for their sake; saying, touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." He made a mountain his pulpit, and preached to them in thunder. He gave them a law from the midst of the fire, and wrote statutes for them upon tables of stone. He took up his abode in their tabernacle, and communed with them from the mercy-seat as a man communeth with his friend. He opened before them a highway through the deep, and cut off the flow of an impetuous river so that they passed over dry-shod. He established them in the heritage of the heathen, in a land flowing with milk and honey, and gave them great riches and honor among the nations. There was no other people upon earth that had God so near to them—that enjoyed such encouraging manifestations of the Divine goodness, such marvellous displays of the Divine power. And so, after all their deep depression and sore distress, they came forth from "among the pots" as glorious as the plumage of a dove shining in the sunlight with its interchangeable hues of "silver and yellow gold."

II. But the text is prophetic, pointing to a mightier change to be experienced by the chosen people, when they shall acknowledge their rejected Prince, and welcome him with songs to the throne of their father David and the dominion of a redeemed world.

For eighteen hundred years the dove that nestled of old in the bosom of God hath "lain among the pots." Condemned to exile and unparalleled tribulation till the triumphant return of his disowned Messiah, the Israelite hath gone forth from his ancient seat—"a wanderer in every land, a citizen of none—cherishing in his spirit all the sullen pride of ruined greatness—exhibiting in his dealings all the caution and timidity of the despised stranger—attracting, by his attachment to the carnalities of an abrogated law, continued mockery and derision—procuring, by his superstition, his obstinacy, and his blindness, the pity of some, the contempt of more, and the neglect of all—deprived even of the only ordinary assurance of pardon by being denied all means of sacrifice, and holding in his hand the word of God without the spirit to understand it."—(Rev. R. W. Evans.) Nation after nation has risen up against the Jews, and they have been oppressed and persecuted beyond any other people that ever trod the earth. Yet in all the lands of their dispersion, through all the ages of their exile, they have intermarried with no other people, adopted the customs of no other nation, nor exchanged their ancient ritual for a new. "And their numbers are still undimin-

ished, and they continue as distinct from the fluctuating multitudes of the nations as the islands of the ocean from the surrounding waves. The waves rise and fall, rage and subside; but the firm-rooted rocks of the islands remain unmoved. The empires of the earth, from Nimrod to Napoléon, have chafed each its little hour against the rock of Judah, and have sunk to rise no more; but Mount Zion stands, and for what purpose her coming King shall soon reveal to an astonished world.”—(Rev. H. McNeill.) It is a problem which infidelity can not solve—a phenomenon to be accounted for only by the admission of a Divine providence looking to some grand development in the future. Why are the Hebrew people kept distinct and peculiar in character and in custom—intermingled with all races, yet amalgamating with none—like their own Jordan, which it is said may be traced, a river without banks, amid the alien waters of the Asphaltic sea? Scattered and peeled—wandering as sheep without a shepherd—followed by the curse as by their own shadow—fire, and suares, and horrible tempests constantly rained upon them out of heaven—how is it that they still survive their judgment—like the bush in Horeb, burning yet unconsumed—like the patriarch’s wife, rendered monumental by the storm which hath overtaken them—consecrated by the lightning which hath smitten them to the dust—signalized as God’s peculiar people by the wrath which hath come upon them to the uttermost? The fact is at once a fulfilment of prophecy, and a prophecy to be fulfilled; and

as sure as the word of God is true, the day shall come when his once cherished dove—so long beaten down by the tempest, and torn by the eagle, and soiled with the mire—shall rise exulting in the strength and freedom of her pinions—her plumage all burnished with silver and brilliant with yellow gold.

The sacred writings teem with predictions of the sublime destiny of the Hebrew race, and they constantly connect that destiny with the glorious manifestation of the Son of God in his kingdom. To dwell upon particular passages may not be necessary, and I have neither time nor inclination for the argument. But what meaneth the promise, so often reiterated, of the universal dominion of David, and of Messiah's sitting on David's throne? Is it not the antitypical David, and is it not the millennial throne? And why hath the New Jerusalem, which descendeth from God out of heaven, the names of the twelve tribes of Israel emblazoned upon her twelve gates of pearl; and the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb, every one of whom was a Jew, engraved upon her twelve foundations of precious stones? Is there no significance in the symbol? Does it not indicate that the Jews are to occupy an important position and to enjoy unprecedented distinction in the new dispensation—the blessed world to come? Truly, "salvation is of the Jews," for Jesus himself was a Jew, and "to them pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises;"



and it is fit that the Jew, thus allied to Jesus in the flesh, and peculiarly honored under the former dispensation, should have the pre-eminence among the nations when Shiloh cometh in his kingdom; and if there is any truth in prophecy, and any cumulation of proof in the repetition of prophecy, and any pledge of a literal fulfilment of the whole in a literal fulfilment of a part, such shall certainly be the transcendent destiny of Israel. The weary-footed wanderer will soon have finished his sorrowful pilgrimage of two thousand years; and God will bring him back to Palestine, and give him rest in Salem; and the long-afflicted people shall become a mighty nation, under the rule of their prince Messiah, enthroned upon Mount Zion; "and the kingdom, even the first dominion, shall come to the daughter of Jerusalem;" and she "shall be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of her God." During the last few years there has been a general movement of the Jews throughout the world toward the Holy Land. They regard the period of their captivity as nearly accomplished, and the day of their promised redemption as at hand. In the Oriental countries, especially, they are looking for the Messiah with an intenseness of hope which they never displayed before. And important reformations are everywhere taking place in their synagogues, and multitudes of them are turning from the vain traditions of the fathers to the surer light of Moses and the prophets. And everywhere they are awaking to a new sense of their

nationality, and demanding the recognition of their rights and privileges as men and citizens. Meanwhile, they are no longer proscribed and persecuted as formerly by the gentiles; but their disabilities and embargoes are removed, and just and equitable laws are enacted in their favor. And Christians begin to feel an unprecedented interest in them, and prayers are offered for them in all our churches, and books are written concerning their prophetic destiny, and eloquent voices plead their cause in senate-chambers, and the press and the pulpit advocate their claims upon the sympathy and the justice of the world, and their condition and prospects constitute an engrossing topic of discourse in all circles of society. Their wealth is proverbial; yet there is scarcely the son of Abraham in the world who might not at any time, on a very short notice, close up his business and set forth for the land of his fathers. Such is the nature of their occupations, and such the condition of their affairs, in all the countries of their sojourn, that they seem to resemble a company of pilgrims sleeping on their knapsacks, with their staves in their hands, ready to arise and march at a moment's warning. And there are more of the covenant people now in the Holy City than there have ever been before since the day of their dispersion; and the number is constantly increasing by fresh accessions from many lands; and all the signs of the times indicate the approach of the day when it shall be said, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their window?"

“And every wind that blows shall waft  
Some long-lost exile home.”

I hear the resolve—“I will arise and have mercy upon Zion, for the time to favor her—yea, the set time—is come.” I hear the summons—“Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.” I hear the song of glad surprise—“This is our God! we have waited for him, and he will save us; this is the Lord! we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.” I hear the advent benediction as the sound of many waters—“Hosannah! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! hosannah in the highest!” And I see the dove rising to meet her coming Saviour, with the breeze of power in her wings of silver and the sunshine of glory upon her feathers of yellow gold.

III. But have we gentiles, we Anglo-Americans, we of these Confederate States, no interest in this splendid prophecy? I can not subscribe to the theory which makes the population of this country the restored Israel of God. That theory seems to me to pervert a thousand scriptures and outrage every canon of prophetic interpretation. Yet I am obliged to regard the words of the royal psalmist as applicable—in an accommodated sense at least—to the Southern people, degraded by their past associations and alliances, and suffering unparalleled wrongs during the current war, but destined to a prosperous and happy future which may well be compared to the buoyant wings and beautiful feathers of the dove.

Hitherto, in most deplorable plight, we "have lain among the pots." Our connection with the North has been degrading, corrupting, enervating, and every way injurious to our prosperity. Sprung chiefly from the English Cavaliers and the French Huguenots, we have been allied—civilly, socially, and commercially—with a people of very different origin and far inferior character. The Yankees, for the most part, are a mongrel race, descended from the Puritans and the Low Dutch; the former, notoriously selfish, cunning, bigoted, and intolerant; the latter, equally characterized by ignorance, stupidity, acquisitiveness, and pusillanimity. What could be expected from such a stock but just the intellectual and moral development which we see in the present race of Yankees, blending all the traits I have mentioned with others still more detestable, presenting to the world the lowest type of modern civilization—the last exhibition of human degeneracy? Such is the people with whom we have heretofore been confederate, and on whom we have been most shamefully dependent. Through them we traded with foreign nations. They grew our wheat and ground our flour. They churned our butter and pressed our cheese. They brewed our beer and drugged our brandy. They bred our horses and manufactured our carriages and harness. From them we procured our railroad iron and our locomotive engines. Our bells were cast at their founderies, our clocks made at their factories, and our steamers built at their docks. They took our rice, sugar, and cot-

ton ; and furnished us wooden nutmegs, poisoned candies, and paper shoes. We brought our apples from their orchards, and our ice from their lakes and rivers. In summer we refreshed ourselves at their baths and fountains, and in winter comforted ourselves with their furs and flannels. We sent our children to their schools, or imported their teachers to educate them at home. Many of us never thought of procuring a new coat or dress, a new hat or bonnet, short of New York or Philadelphia. Your dry goods and groceries, hardware and cutlery, all bore the Northern brand. Your beef came from their stalls, and your fish from their bays, though you had better in your own. Your pins, needles, buttons, hooks and eyes, proclaimed your dependence upon New England. You could scarcely make for yourselves a pan or a spoon, a saw or a sickle, a plow or a wheelbarrow, a gun or a walking-stick, a well-bucket or a washing-machine. You obtained the Paris fashions only through Northern tailors, milliners, and mantua-makers ; and if you would visit Europe, you must embark in a Northern steamer from a Northern port. You read Yankee books, and wrote with Yankee pens on Yankee paper. Yankee desks adorned your school-rooms, Yankee pianos made music in your parlors, and Yankee organs pealed the loud anthem in your churches. You walked in Yankee leather, and your boots creaked with the nasal accent of Connecticut ; while the very matches with which you lighted your segars had in them the odor of New England *ed il inferno* !



Thus "ye have lain among the pots." You have neglected the development of your home resources, and settled upon your lees in criminal indolence and inglorious luxury. And with your Northern comforts and conveniences you have imported socialism, and universalism, and higher-law atheism, and spiritualistic blasphemy; with phrenologists, and ventriloquists, and necromancers, and magnetizers, and strolling thespians, and flaunting courtesans, and herds of vagabond lecturers, and troops of itinerant humbugs. These are all from the hot-beds of Northern fanaticism; the South never produced any such moral monstrosities; and but for your connection with the Yankee race, they had still been unknown among you. Having sown the wind, you have reaped the whirlwind—a corruption of taste, a degeneracy of morals, and a deplorable indifference to religion. Not too soon, indeed, have we repudiated the accursed fellowship, set up an independent government, and determined to be free. It is what we had an unquestionable right to do, according to the terms of the original compact between the several states constituting the Federal Union. It was a right which our Northern neighbors had often asserted for themselves, and which every fourth of July they had annoyed the heavens by reiterating. But now, forsooth, with marvellous consistency, they would sweep us with "the besom of destruction" out of the land for claiming the same privilege and exercising the same prerogative. No sooner have we broken their bands asunder and cast away their cords from us, than they

“Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.”

They fight for the Union, as if they could cement its fragments with blood, and force our love by the demonstration of their hate. They fight for the constitution, as if they would repair its breach by trampling upon its provisions, and maintain its authority by waging a war, every stroke of which is unconstitutional. They fight for negro emancipation, proving their sincerity by robbing the slaves of the last vestige of liberty, treating them more cruelly than the brutes, driving them like sheep to the slaughter, and sweeping them by thousands from the face of the earth. Nay, it is Ahab, instigated by his Jezebel, slaying Naboth to get possession of his vineyard. It is David murdering the blameless Uriah to conceal his own lawless lust and avert the consequences of his shameful crime. It is Joab meeting Abner with a salutation of peace, and smiting him under the fifth rib with his dagger. It is Cain shedding the blood of Abel, just because the latter has been accepted and honored of God, while his own impious offerings have been rejected. They would have our plantations, though they wade through seas of gore to their possession. They would destroy our prosperity, though they desolate the fairest garden of God in the nefarious enterprise. They would bind the iron yoke upon our necks, though they blot out the last vestige of constitutional freedom among themselves in reducing us to so ignoble a vassalage. It is covetousness as cruel as the grave; it is revenge as fierce as hell. Behold your dwellings in flames and your cities in ashes; the aged, the fee-

ble, and the defenceless, turned out to perish; unarmed and inoffensive citizens plundered, imprisoned, or driven into exile; thousands of innocent fugitives hastening away from the demoniac fury of the invader, whose policy is to distress where he can not destroy, and pour the vials of his vengeance upon those whose defenders he can not conquer. Verily, "ye have lain among the pots."

But is there no brighter morrow? Is the dove never to cast the chain from her wings and shake the dust from her feathers? Can God disregard the cause of truth, justice, and liberty? Will he refuse to hear the sighing of the prisoner and the groans of the outraged and the oppressed? Does not our cause appeal to every attribute of his nature and every principle of his government? Have we sought to injure Northern property, or needlessly invaded Northern territory? Is not the war on our part purely one of self-defence? Are we endeavoring to destroy another government, or only to establish and protect our own? Are we resisting any constitutional authority, or holding back the hand of the murderer that is raised against us? They call it a rebellion. It is an insolent and odious misnomer. Rebellion is the act of subjects, not of sovereigns. To allow the term is to relinquish the doctrine of the sovereignty of states—to admit our own inferiority, and acknowledge the Northern right to rule us. Nay, it is a patriotic revolution for liberty and independence. Our cause is as holy as Christianity, and God can not forsake its supporters. And do we not recog-

nize his hand at the helm? Do we not look to his power for aid, and apply to his wisdom for counsel? Is not He our acknowledged refuge and strength—our present help in time of trouble? An intelligent European, who has spent many months with our armies, testifies that he never anywhere else witnessed the prevalence of so powerful a religious sentiment—so pervading a trust in the providence of Heaven. And who that has been in our camps and on our battle-fields is not prepared to corroborate the statement? It is delightful to hear all, even such as make no profession of personal religion, from the commander-in-chief down to the private in the ranks, on all occasions avowing their dependence upon God, and declaring that they look to him chiefly for success and salvation. And is it not more cheering still to see—as I have often seen—the Bible lying beside the sword and the musket, and to hear—as I have often heard—the voice of prayer and praise mingling with the roll of the drum and the roar of the cannon? Even in the intrenchments around Atlanta and Petersburg may be witnessed the worshipping congregation, with the chaplain or the missionary leading their devotions and proclaiming to them the word of God, while the shells are screaming over them and scattering their fragments around them. And will Jehovah leave to their own resources, and to the cruel wrath of their foes, a people who thus cry to him for help, and seek shelter beneath the shadow of his wings? Will he refuse to hear the voice of a pen-

itent nation, imploring his mercy in the time of their extremity? What are the glorious visitations of his grace in our armies—the conversion of thousands of souls—but the living pledges of his love, and significant prophecies of victory? And what see you in the remarkable unanimity and patriotic self-sacrifice both of our citizens and of our soldiers, but the assurance of final success? Was there ever before a people so entirely of one heart and one soul? Was there ever such a fusion of all parties, feelings, opinions, and interests, in a common enterprise for the common good? All these are encouraging indications; and if truth is immortal, and justice imperishable, and liberty indestructible, the dove shall yet come forth from among the pots, spreading to the breeze her wings all radiant with silver, and displaying to the sun her feathers refulgent with yellow gold.

It is doubtless the plan of Providence to make us a separate and independent people. The goodly land is before us, but our way lies through a waste and howling wilderness. The discipline, however painful, will be found profitable in the end. God is training us for a glorious destiny; and our very misfortunes tend to develop our patriotic energies and hasten the day of our deliverance. Peace will follow victory, and our prosperity will return like the morning. We shall have our own commerce and our own manufactures. Our direct intercourse with the European nations will save us millions of money. We shall be able to furnish ourselves with whatever is necessary to our convenience and



comfort, without pouring our tribute into a Northern treasury. We shall drink from our own mineral fountains, and bathe in our own pellucid waters. We shall patronize our own schools, educate our own teachers, and rear our sons and daughters more safely at home. Our industry will be developed in every direction, with new and inexhaustible sources of revenue. The unclean spirit will return to his house whence he came out. There will be an impassable gulf between Dives and Lazarus. We shall be rid of spiritualistic free-lovers and miscegenating missionaries. Our pulpits will be purged from the taint of a skeptical philosophy, and our people will be free from the contamination of New England neology, puritanical fanaticism, and the whole hell-brood of vipers and vampires which have poisoned and drained the very life-blood of Northern Christianity. Thus disenthralled and free, we shall reap an ample reward for all our toils and sufferings—possessing a country whose climate, fertility, and mineral wealth, are scarcely surpassed upon the globe—administering our own affairs without the interference of an envious and wicked rivalry, and enjoying the fruits of our labor without fear of the spoiler—with a national character, a reputation for bravery and heroic endurance, of which any people on earth might be proud—our battle-fields around us, the graves of our patriot martyrs, and a thousand holy memories of the loved and lost, to urge us on to all that is great and good in the career of a mighty nation—eclipsing the glories of

classic Greece and the splendors of imperial Rome. If we are but true to ourselves, we can not fail. Liberty can never be lost to a people worthy of the blessing. God is for us, and who can be against us? "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest, till he arise and have mercy upon us—till he establish us among the nations, and make us a name and a praise in the whole earth. Awake, O dove of Peace! arise, with victory on thy wings of silver, and freedom in all thy feathers of yellow gold!

IV. But there is yet a higher application of the text—namely, to the future felicity and glory of the Church, in contrast with her present condition of humiliation and manifold suffering. The saints have always been a little flock depreciated and persecuted by the world—the dove of Jesus Christ lying among the pots; and so shall they continue to be till the return of the Chief Shepherd, when they shall appear with him in glory—a great multitude which no man can number—with robes of light, and crowns of gold, and palms of victory—more splendid than the solar beams that play with the plumage of the dove.

Do not the Holy Scriptures abound in prophecies and pledges of a glorious regal dominion to be shared hereafter by the saints with their returning Saviour? Are not those who have suffered with him to reign with him—those who have conquered under his banner to sit in triumph upon his throne?

Are not the saints of the Most High to take the kingdom, and to possess it for ever, even for ever and ever? Are they not to come from the east and the west and the north and the south, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God? What meaneth the Shepherd when he saith, "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom"? and when he saith, "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink with me at my table in my kingdom"? and when he saith, "He that overcometh and keepeth my words unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations, and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken in shivers; even as I received of my Father"? These passages are specimens of a numerous class scattered throughout the word of God; and they certainly speak of a reign of the redeemed with their Redeemer, at his second advent, on the very earth where they have served and suffered, but that earth restored to perfect righteousness and renovated in true holiness for ever. This view accords with the entire revelation of God, and seems essential to the completeness, perfection, and intelligibility of the plan of salvation. The scriptures quoted can not possibly refer to the state of holy souls separate from their bodies—a conscious blessedness in the bosom of God, and far removed from all the scenes and associations of materialism. Do they not manifestly describe a real, local, personal, and visible sovereignty of the saints with

their Saviour in the regenerate and blessed world? Is not the language plain, and the meaning transparent? and can the passages be otherwise understood without setting aside some of the most obvious canons of interpretation? Is not this what Jesus prayed for when he asked that his disciples might be with him and behold his glory? and what he promised them when he declared that he would come again and receive them unto himself? and what he means when he pledges them a participation in the judgment of the world and the inheritance of all things?

Perhaps this doctrine may clash painfully with the prepossessions of some who hear me. Perhaps you have seen and felt so much of the sin and sorrow of this earth, that you have labored to detach your better sympathies from so sad a locality, and to associate your immortal hopes with some fancied happier sphere in the far-off realms of ether. It may be a pleasant thought; but is it scriptural? is it rational? is it the most worthy of God? is it the most honorable to Christ? Is not the Saviour's glory too intimately connected with the fate of this unhappy sphere to admit of its depopulation and destruction? Shall satan and his host triumph in the success of their infernal scheme, and laugh at the abortive labors of creative wisdom and redeeming love? Does it not better comport with all proper views of the Divine character and government, that here, where satan has reigned and Messiah has suffered, Messiah should at length reclaim the throne for his people and bruise satan under

their feet for ever? I frankly confess that to me the shadowy elysium of ghosts which figure so largely in the pulpit theology of the times is far from being attractive; I find no sympathy in my nature with so cold and dreary an abstraction; and I am fain to turn away to the contemplation of a substantial inheritance upon the *terra firma* of this material globe, purified by fire and glorified by the presence of the Lord. I love not to think that a world created so fair that God himself pronounced it good, and all the elder children of his power shouted over it for joy—I love not to think that a world wherein the Well-Beloved of the Eternal Father sojourned for a season in the nature of its human denizens, that he might by suffering redeem that nature, and with it the very dust from which it was originally derived—I love not to think that such a world is to be abandoned to the anarchy of hell and cast away accursed from its Creator's presence and its Redeemer's mercy for evermore. But oh, I love to remember that the closing pages of Revelation replace our exiled feet in the paradise from which Adam was driven forth a wanderer and a criminal, and picture the Saviour returning to take possession of the earth which he hath ransomed by his blood, and the heavenly city descending from the empyrean adorned as a bride for her husband, and expanding its glories amid the beautiful scenery of a renovated world—the splendid metropolis of Emmanuel's empire and the many mansions prepared for his people! And this locality of the kingdom does by no means limit the abode or circumscribe



the range of the saints; for while the earth is the chief theatre of their dominion and the scene of their triumph, and the New Jerusalem the place of rendezvous for all their happy orders, why may they not also fill the atmospheric regions—henceforth purged of the rebel host that have occupied them so long under “the prince of the power of the air,” and traverse the immeasurable fields of space quick as the transitions of thought—bright visitants to other spheres and welcome sojourners in other societies of the blessed? With such an endowment of privilege and prerogative, what holier or happier heaven could we desire, than to reign with the glorified Son of man where he was mocked and scourged and crucified, and enjoy the manifestations of his infinite power and grace in the perfect renewal and perpetual blessedness of a once disordered world? O Jesus! if thou but return to dwell among us, “it is good for us to be here;” and if we may walk the redeemed and renovated earth with thee, or serve as ambassadors to the distant provinces of thy boundless empire, we are willing to leave the shadowy paradise of the Pagan, the Papist, and the Moslem, to the enjoyment of its imaginative inventors!

But is not the kingdom of Christ and his saints called “the kingdom of heaven”? How then can it be on earth? I answer, it is called “the kingdom of heaven” because it is of a heavenly nature, and is governed by heavenly laws, and administered by the Lord from heaven; while it is clear from a thousand scriptures that this world is to be

the scene of its manifestation, and the restored and beautified Jerusalem its metropolis. And is it not fit that the place of Emmanuel's humiliation should be also the place of his triumph—that the city of his crucifixion should be also the city of his coronation—and that the very people who rejected him should

“ Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all ”?

And is it not fit that the saints should share the kingdom with him—that the bride of Jesus should be the empress of the world? Is it not fit that those who have been partakers of his suffering should be partakers of his glory—that those who have toiled in his service should enter into his rest—that those who have borne the cross in his train should wear the crown at his side—that those who have nobly confessed him before men should be confessed of him before the angels of God—that those who have cheerfully suffered the loss of all things for his sake should inherit an ample reward in the very scene of their former sacrifices? Is it not fit that here, where he redeemed his people, he should dwell among them for ever—that here, where his representative the Comforter hath manifested himself in their hearts, he should at length take up his own everlasting abode with his beloved—that here, where the Captain of our salvation vanquished and abolished for us the last enemy, we should celebrate in his presence that splendid achievement of his power—that here, where we are purified by his grace and disciplined

by his providence, we should enjoy his eternal fellowship and rejoice in his infinite beatitude—that here, where we sleep for centuries in the dust and awake in immortality to welcome his return, we should be permitted to remain in our glorified bodies with him who is “the resurrection and the life,” amid the transcendant beauties of regenerate nature, the ineffable delights of our paradise restored?

Now this, as far as I am able to gather it from the Oracles of God, shall be “the manner of the kingdom.” There will be nations still living in the flesh, but all converted to the service of the Lord, or subdued and restrained by his power; satan having been dethroned, cast out, and bound in the bottomless pit for a thousand years. And over these living nations the restored and converted Jews will bear rule, with immunities and honors far transcending those of their ancient theocracy; and all will look up to the Jews with reverence, and rejoice in their princely estate, and honor them as the peculiar people of God. But the saints who have been raised from among the dead in the perfection of natural beauty and the perfection of spiritual glory, and those who have been changed in the twinkling of an eye from among the living into the like perfection of natural beauty and spiritual glory, will be superior to these peculiar people; while the holy apostles, prophets, and martyrs will be distinguished even among the saints thus revived and renovated; and from the glorious centre—the metropolitan city—

these blessed servants of the Lord will go forth as royal ambassadors and ministers of the Prince of peace; and who shall say that the happy children of men may not ever and anon catch glimpses of this glorious agency, or commune without dread with these immortal sons of God, even as the guiltless Adam communed with the angel visitants of Eden? And if it be asked what new principles and statutes will be given for the government of the nations still subsisting in the flesh, I conceive that nothing further may be necessary, than the moral law which we now possess, which is perfect in its nature and universal in its adaptation—suited alike to men and angels, and to the future as well as the present and the past. And if it be demanded how long this happy state of things is to continue, I point you to the language of the Psalmist—“The Lord knoweth the days of the upright, and their inheritance shall be for ever;” and to the declaration of the prophet—“His dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.” And if any stumble at the foretold release of satan, and the grand confederacy against the king Messiah after a thousand years of blessedness, I must remind them that the old dragon is to be loosed, but “for a little season;” during which, indeed, he goes out to deceive the nations, succeeds in seducing many from their allegiance, and leads the rebel host of the last apostacy to battle, compassing the camp of the saints and the beloved city; but he is suddenly

arrested by judgment, and cast with all his adherents into the lake of fire and brimstone; and all the wicked dead are raised and doomed to the undying fellowship of that second death; and the impotency of evil thus demonstrated to the universe, the order of the kingdom is henceforth never to be interrupted; but the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever. Oh! who can guess the glory of the renewed world, finally redeemed from the curse and purged of all the bitter consequences of sin—a world in which there is neither winter nor summer, but the wealth of all seasons in one, and that perpetual and unchanging—no darkness, nor tempest, nor deluge, nor conflagration, nor painful cold, nor oppressive heat, nor falling of leaves, nor fading of flowers, nor failure of mellow fruit, nor decay of youthful beauty, nor decline of manly vigor, nor tottering decrepitude of age, nor wasting away of wealth, nor withering of well-earned laurels, nor depreciation of virtuous character, nor fiery visitation of pestilence, nor desolation of gaunt famine, nor enmity of the animal tribes, nor discord of the human denizens,

“Nor horrid alarum of war,”

nor agony of unanswered prayer, nor mental infirmity, nor personal deformity, nor pain of parting, nor languor of disease, nor shivering dread of death—all things restored to the perfection of order, the beauty of holiness, and the stability of eternity—universal nature echoing the voice of the



celestial harmonies, the redeemed of the Lord walking the New Jerusalem, and Emmanuel ruling on an imperishable throne!

Courage, ye fearful saints! "Gird up your loins, be sober, and hope unto the end for the glory which is to be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ!" Are you obscure in the world? You shall soon shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of your Father. Are you persecuted by the ungodly? "Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." Are you weary of this vile body? Christ is coming to glorify it with his own likeness, and every saint shall be the counterpart of his Saviour. Have you suffered the loss of all things? You are destined to "inherit the earth"—"heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ"—endowed with all that infinite wealth can confer and immortal perfection enjoy. Have you been driven from a pleasant home? There is a city of many mansions descending from heaven, in which I expect to see you the occupant of a palace to which the villa of Hadrian or the Golden House of Nero were a worthless hovel or a contemptible toy. Do you weep the fall of your sons in the field? You shall meet them without their scars, glorious in immortal youth, where the fierce tocsin is never heard, and the last enemy can never come,

"And the dirge-like sound of parting words  
Shall smite the soul no more."

Does it afflict you to see your country ravaged by the spoiler? Christ shall renew the face of nature, and these wasted plantations and gory battle-fields

shall teem with all the bloom and fruitage of the first paradise, and no wrecks of ruined cities nor remains of demolished habitations shall ever succeed that second genesis of the globe. Are you sore pressed by your spiritual enemies, the devil and his angels? Lo the descending Conqueror! "Now is the prince of this world judged; now shall he be cast out;" now shall the saints enjoy the Sabbath for which they have waited six thousand years. How sweet the repose after the battle! how rich the reward of the victor! how splendid his imperishable honors! What a magnificent scene, ashaming all the pageantry of earthly power, when the twelve gates of massy pearl shall unfold to receive the triumphant Church, and she shall enter the gold-and-crystal city, never again to know the fatigues of the march and the perils of the conflict; while the seraphim and the cherubim, flocking from every mansion of light and tuning every instrument of melody, shall compass her about with songs of deliverance!

And thou, O my soul! "why art thou cast down, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God!" "The night is far spent; the day is at hand." Already it is morning upon the mountains! What now shall quench thy hope or mar thy peace? Can all the unbelief of earth arrest the day-spring from on high? Can all the malignant power of hell retard the chariot of thy Lord? Will Emmanuel postpone his purpose, and leave his wounded dove

moaning in captivity among the pots? Lift up thy head and rejoice, for thy redemption draweth nigh! "Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Even now his precursors are abroad—his signals are hung out in heaven. "The voice of my beloved! behold he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills!" How sweet the summons! "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away! for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell! arise, my love, my fair one, and come away!" And lo a response from every cemetery and innumerable sepulchres—from city and forest, hamlet and desert, valley and mountain, river and ocean—sweeter than the lutes of angels and louder than the thunders of the sky—the chant of the triumphant Church, hastening to meet Him whom her soul loveth, the rising sun of Righteousness—her mighty pinions flashing with no silver that time can tarnish, and her immortal plumage flaming with no gold but that which glorifies the City of God!

And now, are you ready for the scene? Beware, oh! beware, that ye be not left when the saints are summoned! "The wicked shall lie down, but they shall not be gathered." It is only to gather the elect that the resurrection angels are commissioned. If you are not of the number,

you shall know nothing of that gathering; but shall sleep on in your dishonored tombs till the blessed thousand years are finished, then to awake to shame and everlasting contempt. The kingdom is for the conqueror—the crown of life for the followers of the Lamb. You must have your souls purified, if you would have your bodies glorified. You must enthrone Christ in your hearts, if you would be enthroned with him in the new earth. You must bear the Saviour's cross, if you would wear his diadem; and share his sorrow, if you would participate in his joy. Who yields to his sway? Who submits to his yoke? Who delights in his royal service? Who rejoices to honor him in the camp of his enemies? Who esteems sacrifice for his sake a privilege, and glories in the fellowship of his suffering? Who looks out through his tears for the sign of his coming in the clouds of heaven, and answers his—"Lo, I come quickly!" with an—"Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

"O loved, but not enough, though dearer far  
Than life and its most loved enjoyments are!  
None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free  
From sensual objects, finds his all in thee!

"Glorious, almighty, first, and without end!  
When wilt thou melt the mountains and descend?  
When wilt thou shoot abroad thy conquering rays,  
And teach the atoms thou hast formed thy praise?

"My soul, rest happy in thy low estate,  
Nor hope nor wish to be esteemed or great!  
To take the impression of the will Divine—  
Be that thy glory, and those riches thine!

“Confess him righteous in his just decrees ;  
Love what he loves, and let his pleasure please ;  
Die daily, from the touch of sin recede ;  
Then thou hast crowned him, and he reigns indeed !”

*Mdme. Guyon.*



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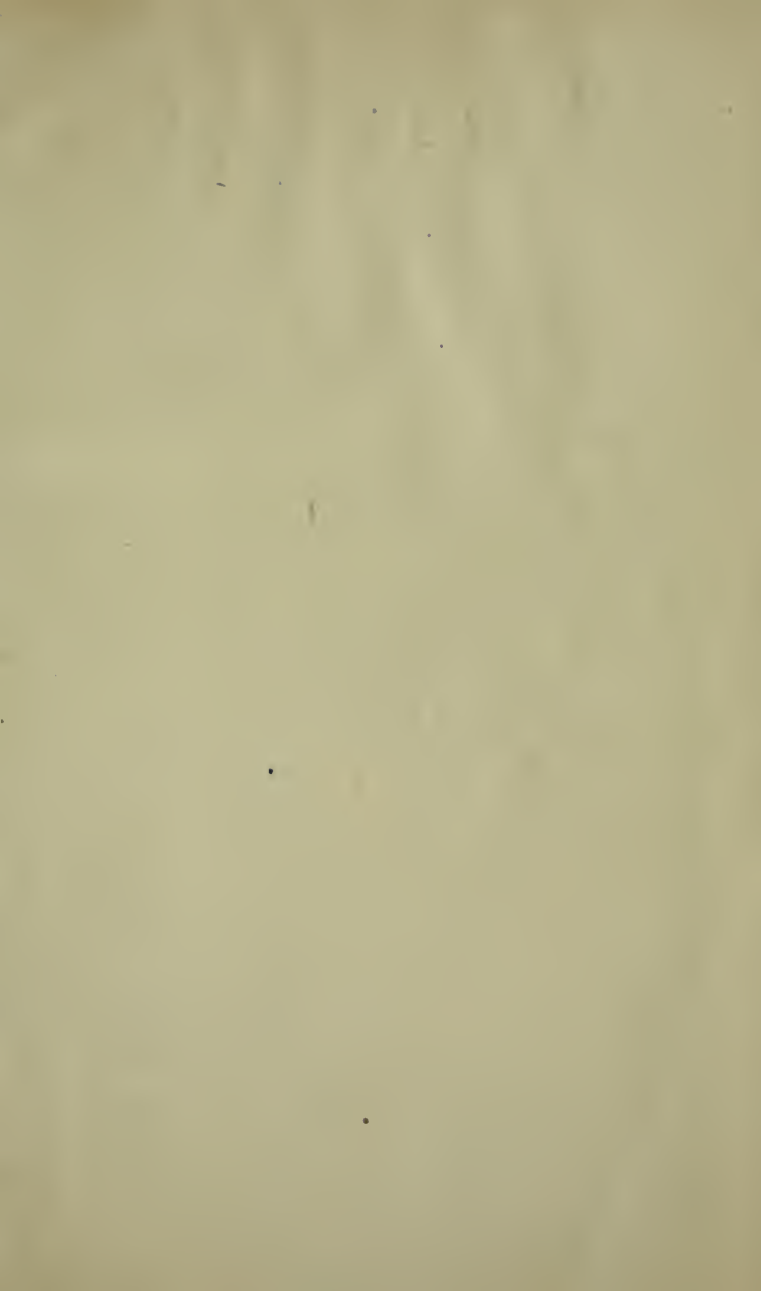
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